THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° [illegible] & Benj. Franklin

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OCTOBER 4, 1919

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1919
1920
VICTORY
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PLENTY
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AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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Hotpoint

You might select the word *convenience* if asked to characterize your Hotpoint Appliances in a word.

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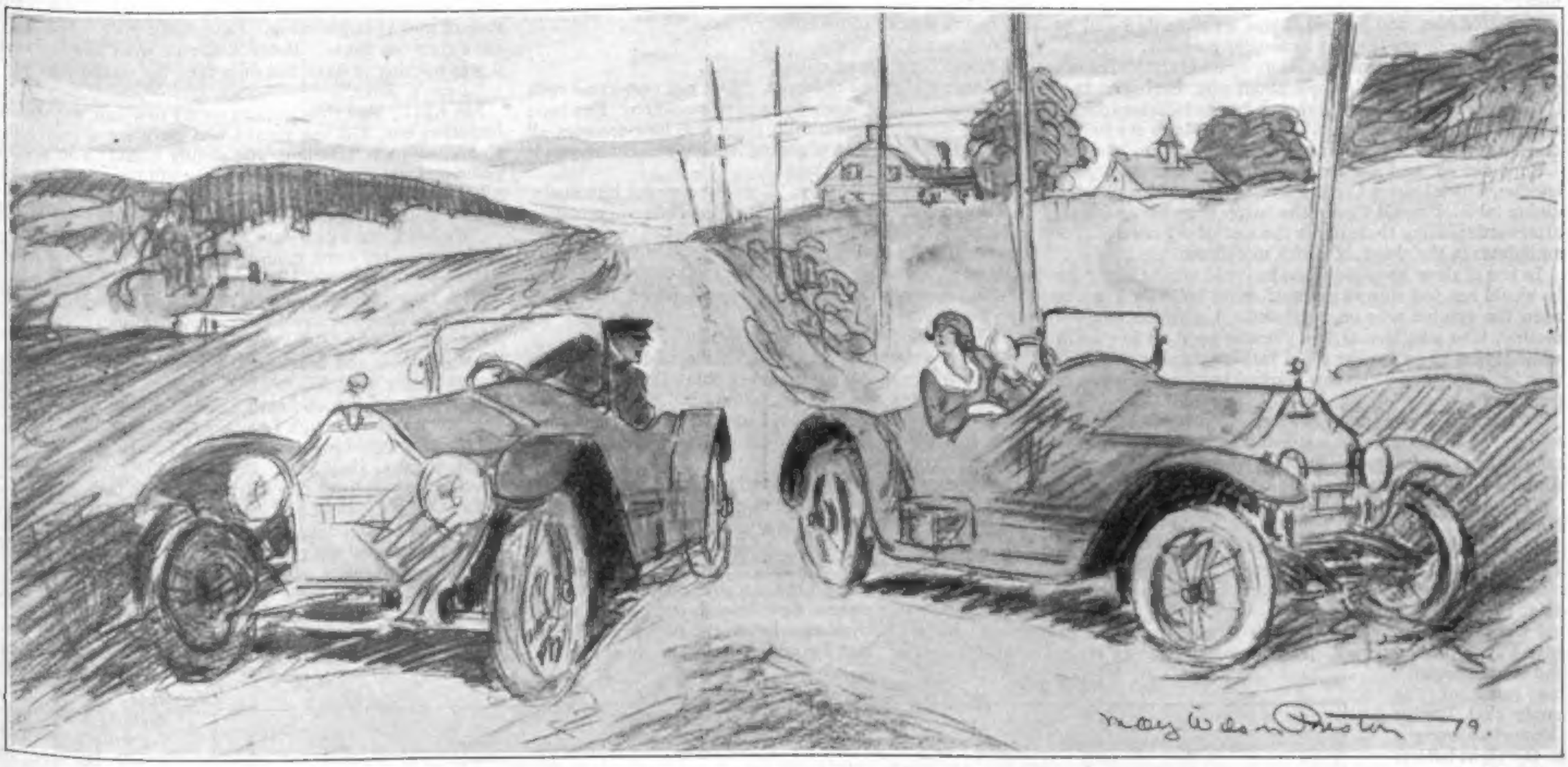


At That I Stopped the Car and Said in a Withering Manner: "Of Course! I am Doing This for Exercise. When I Want to be Really Stirred Up I Ride With All Four Tires Flat"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JUNE 18, 1919.

I HAVE to-day found my beloved diary and have been reading again of those terrable days when my Native Land was in great danger. How strange to recall, in these "pipeing times of peace," as the poet so aptly remarks, that but a mere span ago, as time is measured in history, we were in the midst of the horrors of war and were buying corn meal et cetera whenever we bought white flour, and thinking of keeping chickens to feed it to. Also salad or desert but never both, and my father learning to drive the car because of unwillingness to thus use the man power of the country and also of the income tax.

I am now older and more mature, being aged by the privations of that terrable period, and also by the events recorded in my diary. No longer am I "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." I feel old and oftimes sad, though also happy, because of certain matters being straightened out. At times I look ahead and reflect that before long I shall be a matron and mostly dancing with my husband, and calling up the tradespeople in the morning to order necessary viands, though never hungry just after breakfast and the thought of food not exciting. As my favorite poem, Lucile, with which I have spent so many plaintive hours in earlier days, observes:

Man may live without——
Man may live without books,
But civalized man cannot live without cooks.

Looking ahead I realize that the serious days of marriage are not far from me and that indeed ere long I may become a parent. I hope so indeed, and yesterday while being fitted for my trouseau observed to the young lady that I would have six—three boys and three girls.

But my mother said sharply: "Barbara! Have you no reserves?"

"I believe in being truthful, mother," I said in an agreeable tone. "I no longer believe, as in early years, that I was found in a hollow tree while you and my father ——"

"I don't like that drapery," she said very fast.

She then took a pin from the young lady and ran it into me. But from acident, not design. My mother is one who believes in pretending, such as being nice to people she detests and so on, and that being a parent does not happen until it does; but she is not cruel. She then ordered the bridesmaids' dresses to be brought in and said they were not to be sophistacated, as too much sophistacation was the vice of the age.

After that we departed to purchase gold vanity cases for my eight bridesmaids, sending the bill to my father.

It was while explaining to him yesterday evening that one gives one's bridesmaids gifts at such times that my father said, in a grave voice: "It would be well, I think, Bab, to look forward to such expenses as I am now undergoing, before sending in a requisition for such a familey as you have in mind."

"Providence will provide, father," I said.

"You honor me," he replied.

He then glanced at me and said in a confadential tone, my mother being at that time in the hall: "What about things, Bab? Everything cleared up? Able to look any young man in the face?"

"Father," I said in a tense whisper, "I care for none of the other sex but you and Carter Brooks. All the others were but incidents. I merely wished to send them to war's alarms as happy as possable."

Father reflected while lighting a cigar.

"It's only this," he said. "Men are queer, especially husbands. Very, very queer. And it's rather likely, the President to the contrary, that we may have more wars. I merely want to suggest that the next time your sense of duty begins to work in wartime you roll bandages instead of trying to send the entire Army away happy."

Sitting here and contemplating the pages of my diary, I am moved to the very depths of my being. Some day they will be history, as having been written during a terrable period. They are inscribed with blood, even if aparently only ink. For I am patriotic to the very core, and suffered during my Country's extremity so as to lose six pounds.

Lives there a man with soul so dead
That (who?) never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my Native Land"?

Such sentiments always bring to my eyes tears of national feeling and Americanization.

I had not realised how much the rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills, according to the well-known song, meant to me until Carter Brooks went to a training camp. While not exactly betrothed, as my familey persisted in regarding me as a mere child simply because my sister Leila was not yet married, my parents said that when Carter came back, if of the same mind and if the profundity of my own feelings persisted, I was to be allowed to become engaged. But in the meantime all letters

to be only friendly and if recieved at breakfast to be read aloud.

Ye gods! The sacred fires of love thus passed round with the kidneys or ham and eggs, but usually the latter, while William the butler listened!

"After Leila and Doctor Connor are married," mother said, "we will consider the matter of an announcement. Personally I don't beleive for a moment that you know your own mind. Really," she said to my father, "the unaform may be going to save the country, but it is going to ruin our social standards. The child is not even out yet!"

She then commenced to discuss Leila's trouseau, until at last, goaded to desparation by the mention of chiffon petticoats and camisoles in various dainty shades, while I still wore plain white ones with my name on them in indelible ink as required as school, I retired to my chamber and there wept bitterly. I did not go down to dinner, and at eight o'clock Doctor Connor knocked at my door and got out of one pocket a small pasteboard box with ice cream in it, and out of another six lady fingers.

"I trust to your honor, Bab," he said, "but I couldn' see you die of love with food all over the place. What is it now?"

So I told him, and he said it was a rotten deal and he would get sis out of the way as soon as possable.

He then leaned against the doorway and said: "There's a sort of devine shamelessness about you, Barbara. It—it touches me profoundly. Suppose you tell Carter to send a letter to me now and then? Brother-in-laws are pretty much a totle loss, but now and then they come in handy."

So I did so, and Carter wrote me several passionate epistles, which Doctor Connor would slide to me under the dining table. I would then retire to my chamber and read, afterwards placing them under the seat of my old doll perambulater in the closet, of which more anon.

In one of them he asked when he could get me a ring, as he would not feel sure of me until what he knew I would term the symbol was on my hand. I at once went to mother, who was having the vibrater used on her scalp while trying to remember all of father's familey for wedding invitations and who was married to who and whether dead or not.

"Certainly you will not have a ring, Barbara!" she said coldly. "You are not even a debutante yet. For heaven's sake call up your father and ask him who his second couzin, Annie Boardman, married the third time."

"Mother!" I said distractedly. "Don't you realize that I ——"

"Your Aunt Sara will be sure to come," mother said, in a reflective manner. "I have concealed her like a crime for many years, but there are no decent reserves at a wedding."

I was deeply hurt, and retired to my chamber, where I gave way to profound greif. Hannah found me there later, and at once brought me some of the candy that Doctor Connorhad brought sis the night before.

"If it's the underwear, Miss Bab," she said, "just you stop crying and the minute this wedding is over I will embroider you some myself. I've got a lovely pattern and I'll crochet some lace."

"Underwear!" I said bitterly. "Hannah, were you ever engaged?"

"I thank my lucky stars and all the saints, no!"

"Then you do not know what it is to have sentences meant for your own ears only, read aloud before a butler," I observed. "And not having a ring, or anything in the newspapers."

"I wouldn't put it in the papers anyhow, Miss Bab," Hannah then said. "He may get that good-looking face of his spoiled over there and then where would you be?"

"True love regards the soul, not the face, Hannah," I retorted.

"Probably," said Hannah in a cynicle manner. "But a face helps. And too legs also. And arms. And war is war."

Jane Raleigh then came in impetuously and flung her arms round me, having been away for some weeks at house parties for the school set and not feeling her country's situation as I did. For Jane, alas, "war is only toil and trouble, honour but an empty bubble!"

I got Hannah out and Jane then came and stood looking into my eyes as though to read my very heart.

"Darling!" she said in a tence voice. "Is it true?"

"Is what true?" I asked.

"That you are engaged?"

"Yes and no, Jane," I said sadly, yet with I fear some bitterness. "As to my heart, yes. As to a ring and an announcement, no."

"The familey again?" demanded Jane.

"The familey!" I said, and sank onto my couch.

"What a tradgedy!" Jane cried. "Not even a ring! And I saw one just now that was perfect. You poor dear!" She then powdered her noze and continued: "Where is he now?"

"In the service of his country, Jane."

"At a camp?"

"Practicing to be an officer," I said.

"How awful!" she observed. "Did you ever know such a sickning time? There's not a man anywhere. I've been dancing with mere infants in their first long trousers all summer, and their idea of sitting in a hammick with you is to spill you out."

"Jane," I said brokenly, "I may never see him again. He is no longer mine, but the Nation's. They will probably make him a general or something soon. And then—sometimes I feel I cannot bear it, Jane. Never again shall I smile at an *affaire de couer*."

"Do you really love him so?" she inquired, looking at me wistfully.

"I would die for him, Jane!"

"You are simply magnificent," Jane said. "If only I could love like that! Sometimes I think I am absolutely cold, Bab. I like them well enough until they want to hold hands or something, and then I hate them. I lothe myself for it, to, because just now we should be doing all we can to make them happy."

We then talked for a while, and we both felt that it was the duty of everyone to make as many soldiers as possable happy, either by falling in love, as I had done, or by small kindnesses.

"I don't want to fall in love," Jane said, "as I value my peace to much. But short of that, anything. I am making boxes of fudge for several now, though our cook is a poor prune with no patriotism whatever, and she makes me wash the kettles. But I consider it absalutely my duty."

I then rose and said: "Jane, you are perfectly right, and I have been a selfish pig. From now on I shall think of others than myself. And if you find me greiving all you have to say is M. T. H., and I shall understand. Make Them Happy."

We shook hands and Jane prepared to go, putting some of my best perfume behind her ears as usual and on her handkerchief.

"Of course," she said, "you must start with Carter Brooks. M. T. H., you know."

"But how?" I asked in a distracted tone. "I can't even see him."

"Why not?" she demanded. "Remember, M. T. H.! Have you no courage? Do you suppose if I loved a man to the death that I wouldn't follow him to the ends of the earth? Where is your lip stick? And I'm going to take a handkerchief, if you don't mind."

Hannah always says that if ever Jane meets with an accident they will telephone mother, as most of what she would have on would be marked with my name.

Well, I got my lip stick from under the perambulater seat, and she saw the letters there and said:

"Secrecy! Always secrecy! How they force you to the clandestine and *sub rosa!* I wouldn't stand it, Bab. I'd run off and visit his camp. Everybody does. And they have gorgeous times! Betty Anderson went and she said it was nothing to have five men take her to the movies."

"I can't, Jane."

She was by that time putting on my new vail, as she had forgotten one, but she turned and gave me a searching glance, saying: "Darling, you simply must! You are as pallid and wan as a lily. I posatively will not stand by and see you eating your heart out. Oh, Bab, he's the handsomest thing! And when I imagine him in a unaform ——"

"He looks like a god, Jane."

She stood for some moments reflecting and then said: "Have you any money?"

"Do I ever have any money?" I asked bitterly.

"I could lend you five dollars. And Hannah always has some, hasn't she? Bab, you must go! When I see you there, so white and heartbroken, I could shreik. You are simply fading away."

It is strange, but on hearing Jane's loving words I felt very weak and as though I had anemia. I lay back on my pillows and closed my eyes and Jane fanned me.

"How cruel they are!" she exclaimed. "Have they never loved and lost? He may never come back, Bab."

I felt terrably weak and sad then and shed a few tears.

"I could get ten dollars from Hannah probably," I said. "And I might sell my pink hat to the cook. She ought to give me three dollars. It cost twenty."

Jane got up and observed: "I shall walk round and think it over, maybe while having a wave. I think clearly at such times. But I am absolutely determined that you shall see him, and that soon. We must meet desparation with desparation. Here is the five dollars. You'd better write it down or you'll be sure to forget it."

She then powdered her noze and departed, "leaving the world to darkness and to me." (Gray's Elogy.)

That night while we were at dinner she telephoned. And my father, who loathed war bread and was in a bad humor about it, observed: "Hang it all, Bab, can't we have one meal in peace?"

"I need not go, father," I said in a resigned tone.

"Oh, go and get it over," he remarked. "We've had a few weeks' quiet while she was away, but if her familey can stand her all the time I guess we can once in a while."

So I went to the telephone, and Jane said in a low voice: "Are you watched?"

"Probably," I replied.

"How Cruel They are!" Jane Exclaimed. "Have They Never Loved and Lost?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Don't betray yourself, darling. I've thought of a way. Why can't you go in your runabout? You wouldn't need a railroad ticket then. Can't you do that?"

My heart leaped in ecstasy, but I remained calm.

"Yes," I said.

"Would you like to have me along as a chaperone? Just say yes or no."

"No," I said.

"Oh, very well," she said coldly. "But I do think, Barbara Archibald, that if you are going to start off by being jealous of me ——"

However, here my father called to me and I was obliged to hang up the reciever. I returned to the *salle a manger*, and mother said: "It is certainly suspicious, Barbara, when your conversation with that girl is limited to yes and no."

"The Bible says, 'let your conversation be yea, yea and nay, nay,'" I observed cheerfully. I was indeed feeling very friendly to everyone, because I had decided at once to do as Jane suggested.

"Barbara," said mother in a terrable voice, "you are too old to be impertanent."

"I wish you wouldn't mix me up so, mother," I said. "I'm too old to be impertanent, but not old enough to be engaged or to come out or to visit my future husband at his scene of duty. I must be at the age for something."

I observed this in a wistful manner, because my familey does not understand me and never did. I am easily led, but not driven, and the iron had entered my soul and made me feel hopeless and alone. But mother only sighed and said it was a salad night, and for father to be careful of comments, as William made the salads and they tasted like furnature polish.

That night when Hannah came in to lay out my *robe de nuit* I asked her to lend me ten dollars.

"What for, Miss Bab?" she asked. "Have you brushed your teeth and said your prayers?"

"Ye gods!" I muttered in despair. "One would think I was eight, Hannah!" I then added, seeing her set her jaw, "Hannah, dear, I need it like everything."

"What for?"

"If I tell you I'll lie, Hannah," I said gently, but very firmly. "You would not want to force me to do that, would you?"

"Well, hark to that!" said Hannah, tucking in the bedclothes as though I were but a mere child. "Now see here, Miss Bab, you are up to something and I know it. There's a look about you that's to good."

"Only ten dollars," I repeated coaxingly.

She then sighed and said that she had her insurance money laid away and I could have it, provided I returned it by the twenty-fifth, when due. Which I promised, and as soon as she had brought it, I pretended to fall into "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

At three A. M. I rose from my couch and dressed and went through the sad procedure of burning my love letters. I watched with eagerness to see which word remained to be the final prey of the ardent flames and it was "ring." It was an omen! But alas, I knew it not!

I then dressed and carried my bag downstairs and to the garage, of which the key is kept in a pantry drawer along with beer openers, corkscrews et cetera. Owing to no chauffer, the rest was not hard to one of my temperment, which is fearless but cautious, and ere long I was in the streets of my native city, lying as calm as a corpse, but to waken again in the morning "like Lazarus emerging from the tomb." (Bible.)

I was by that time somewhat nervous, as if I bursted a tire I had but one spare—and that patched. Also because of not knowing the way to Carter's camp, except that it was too hundred miles away in a westerly direction. I therefore took the main road west and went very fast, desiring to get as far as possible before having to purchase more gasoline.

Of that trip, until the last fifty miles, I shall say little or nothing. I got breakfast at a farmhouse of bacon, two eggs and milk, for which repast they charged me nothing, when they learned that I was on my way to see my *fiancés*. But for luncheon, being ravenous, I went to a hotel in a town and there ate a large amount, including steak, potatoes, asparigus and so on, ending with ice cream. This repast amounted to two dollars, and with gasoline four dollars and twelve cents, I had remaining for hotel at camp et cetera but ten dollars and 88 cents.

"I am All Right," I Whispered Feebly. "Joy Does Not Kill"

When I had gone one hundred and twenty miles I met with a sad misfortune, for a front tire blew out, owing to heat probably, and I had but little faith in my spare. Alas, my fears were but to true! With but fifty miles to go, the spare exploded with a loud noise, which went through my very heart. Had I been of the sort that sheds tears easily I would have expressed my despair in weeping, for I considered it possible that my father would follow me in the large car and be very unpleasant, owing to the temperature being 96° and missing a day from business. I therefore decided to go on the rim, but bumped dreadfully and got a headache.

It was while thus proceding, with jaw set and somewhat irritible, that a car came up beside me and a young officer driving it observed: "You're sailing rather a heavy sea, aren't you?"

I then looked at him and he was smiling, which did not agree with my present mood, so I replied: "I like it. It is a sort of change."

"Haven't you got another tire?"

At that I stopped the car and said in a withering manner: "Of course! I am doing this for exercise. When I want to be really stirred up I put some nails in the road and ride with all four tires flat."

"Strange!" he said, as though reflecting. "And she has a sweet face to!" He then looked at me and said: "If you are doing it for your liver I'll say you need it. I'll look into the situation a bit if you're sure you don't snap."

I am glad to say that at that moment I remembered M. T. H., and I swiftly recovered my poise. I became gentle and friendly at once and watched him pleasantly while he emerged from his car and kicked my tire and observed: "It was cruel of you to bring it out at all. It should have been left to roam about the old pasture and die in peace. You've sure killed it."

"If you are only going to critisize ——"

"And stand a critic, hated and caressed," he said. "That's Byron. But I hope you don't read Byron."

I percieved then that he was a person of education and relaxed my frigidity somewhat, relating him the circumstances, though not saying to whom I was fleeing or why, and my fear that my father in a green car was pursuing me.

He whistled at that and said: "Speed is my middle name. How about putting the little bus in the shade somewhere so the flies won't bother it and letting me take you on to this friend you are going to visit at the camp? I'm practising to be an officer also."

My tortured soul grew calm. While not as handsome as a god, he was yet very good looking and had the stamp of college about him. Possibly Yale.

I agreed graciously, and in a short time we were on our merry way, he observing: "If father catches us he will have to be going some."

The fifty miles passed with the rapidity of a dream and in a short time we were in the town near the camp. His name was Kenley Stratton, but he said most people called him Ken. He also said that he had never been in love, and felt now that he would not try to make a girl care for him, as he was going to war and nobody could tell what might happen.

"Besides," he observed, "I have never yet seen a girl I could really fall for. That is ——" He then sighed and asked me to have a cooling drink of soda before going to the hotel.

I would have refused, my every thought being with Carter Brooks, but I remembered once more my motto, Make Them Happy, and I agreed. My conscience is absolutely clear. I had no thought of flirting with Mr. Stratton. I am not one to count scalps. With me, to love once is to love always. Besides, I was thrilled with the town, which was simply packed with unaforms, while army cars dashed gaily by, and moving-picture theaters, soft-drink stands and curbstones were crowded with the defenders of the nation, and ever and anon a procession of them went by, carrying shovels, picks et cetera.

From this martial scene I turned away reluctantly and entered the drug store, there to encounter the first "rift in the lute" of my happiness. For I had only ordered a peach sunshine with powdered nuts and marshmallow cream and a dash of maple sirup on it when I felt a touch on my arm—and it was Carter Brooks!

"Bab," he said in a hoarse tone. "Why, what are you doing here?"

He looked perfectly wonderful but very stern, and when I introduced Mr. Stratton he nodded without shaking hands and demanded: "Where is your mother?"

"I have run away, Carter," I said in a trembling voice. "I am alone; or rather Mr. Stratton is with me."

He then turned and looked at Mr. Stratton from his head down to his feet, and said: "I see. Well, I'll not intrude."

But Mr. Stratton said he had to go and report somewhere-and went away, forgeting to pay for the peach sunshine and for a milk shake he had had, and I was left alone to face the eternal triangle.

(Continued on Page 54)

DOINGS IN DRYLAND

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"No Sir-ee! Nothing of the Kind. You'll Find That They Won't Cut Off the Good Old Booze in New York"

THE way to go into a thing is to go into it, whether that thing is an ocean or an article. There is no particular sense in standing on the shore and trailing a tentative toe in the cold water.

Jump in and get it over with. Likewise in an article such as this is planned to be there is no virtue in beginning mildly and working up to what is in mind. Have at it at the start. Consequently I shall begin these few field notes on the workings of prohibition—so far as it has worked—with a report of my conversation with a barber in Los Angeles, because the barber fairly well expressed in local terms what will sooner or later be proved in national terms and has been proved in state terms in a good many states, and I string along with the barber in the matter, knowing what he says to be the fact.

However, that will not prevent my mail from being all cluttered up with letters from the numerous citizens who have had their personal liberty so frightfully abraded by prohibition, who will call me everything from a Puritan kill-joy to a prohibitionist fanatic, both of which I am neither, as the Berks County orator said, so herewith the barber:

He is a barber who works in a first-class shop in Los Angeles, who lives in a bungalow in a good section of the city and who makes excellent barber money. Also he was talking after Los Angeles had been dry for fifteen months, not for a few days, as the portions of the country that came under the law on July first had been. He had a basis, not an assumption.

House Paint vs. Nose Paint

"I USED to spend from three to five dollars a week for drinks," he said, "when the saloons were open here. Sometimes, if I got on a sort of Saturday night bat, it was more than that, but it averaged about four dollars of my wages every week. I live in a neighborhood where a lot of men of my class live. Most of them spent as much as I did for drinks and a good many of them spent more, running up to half their wages each week in some cases.

"When prohibition came here and they shut the saloons none of us in that neighborhood had any reserve stock of booze on hand. We are all working men, and with the saloons open hadn't laid much money by, though most of us are paying for our homes. So that left me with from three to five dollars a week on hand that I didn't have on hand when the drinks were going. Well, as I didn't spend that money on drinks I spent it on the family and on myself and on the house. I repainted the house and papered a couple of rooms and bought a piano for the girls. Also I paid up some bills at the shoe store and at the butcher's that had been running quite a time.

"Now that is exactly what has happened all through my neighborhood. There is hardly a man out where I live who hasn't repainted his house or bought some new furniture or got a phonograph or a piano or put in a lot of flowers or is paying on an automobile since Los Angeles went dry. I don't know anything about other sections of the city, but I do know that most of the men who work in this shop have had the same experience and I do know for a certainty that that is what happened out where I live."

That's what the barber said. An hour later I talked with the manager of one of the biggest hotels in Los Angeles, a former center of conviviality.

"Without going into receipts," he said, "the income of the hotel was worked gradually back to what it was, and we haven't raised prices much either. The thing that hits me about prohibition, as a man running a big business enterprise of this public sort, is first the better discipline among my employees—and I have a large number of them—and second the better behavior of my guests.

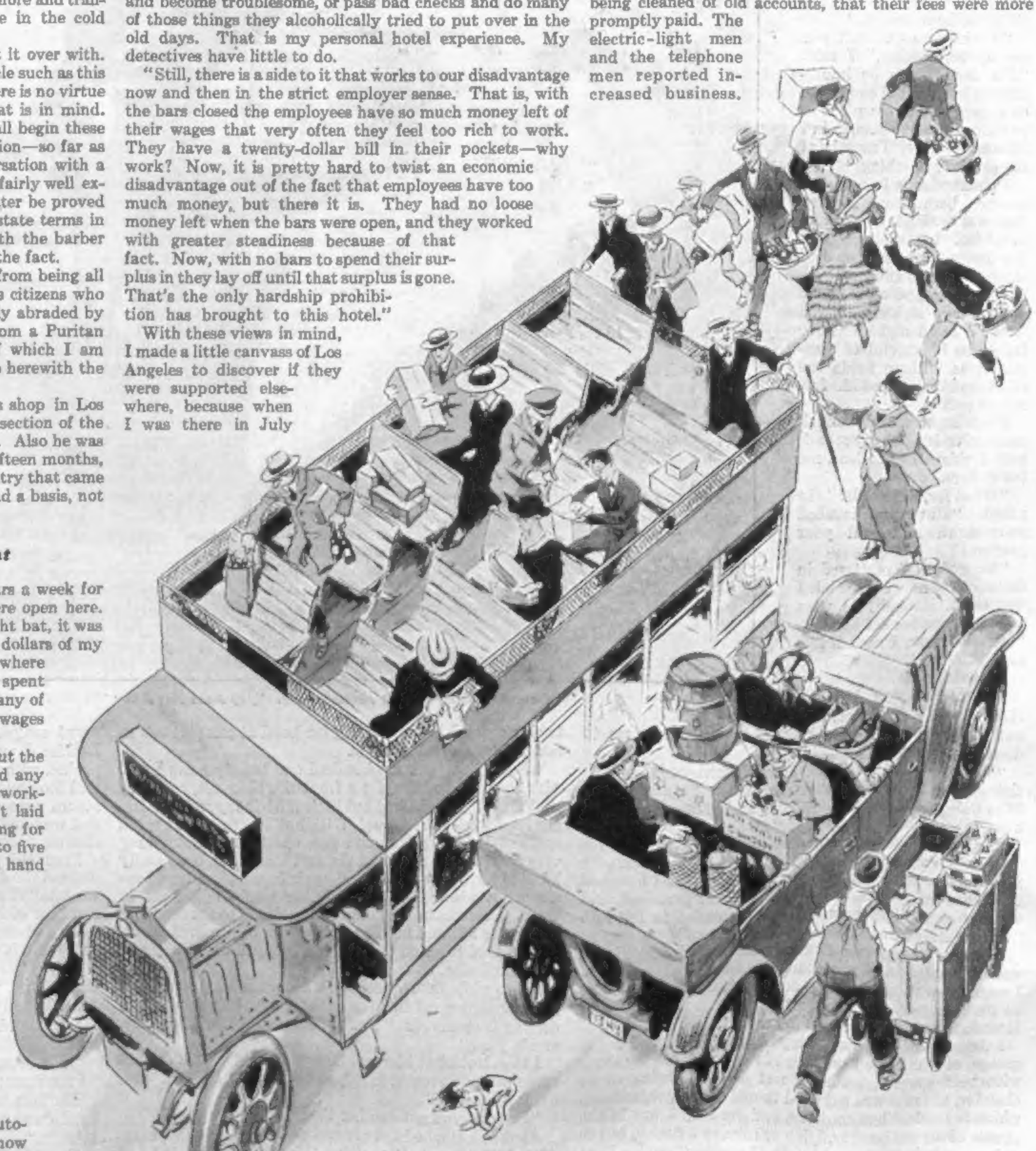
"I have found during the fifteen months we have been dry that my employees in every department work better, give better service and are in all ways more dependable than they were when the bars were open. On the other hand, I am about to discharge one of my hotel detectives. We always have had two, but now there isn't enough work for two and hardly enough work for one. With the bar closed we find we have none of those disturbances we used to have now and then; that young men do not get tipsy and become troublesome, or pass bad checks and do many of those things they alcoholically tried to put over in the old days. That is my personal hotel experience. My detectives have little to do.

"Still, there is a side to it that works to our disadvantage now and then in the strict employer sense. That is, with the bars closed the employees have so much money left of their wages that very often they feel too rich to work. They have a twenty-dollar bill in their pockets—why work? Now, it is pretty hard to twist an economic disadvantage out of the fact that employees have too much money, but there it is. They had no loose money left when the bars were open, and they worked with greater steadiness because of that fact. Now, with no bars to spend their surplus in they lay off until that surplus is gone. That's the only hardship prohibition has brought to this hotel."

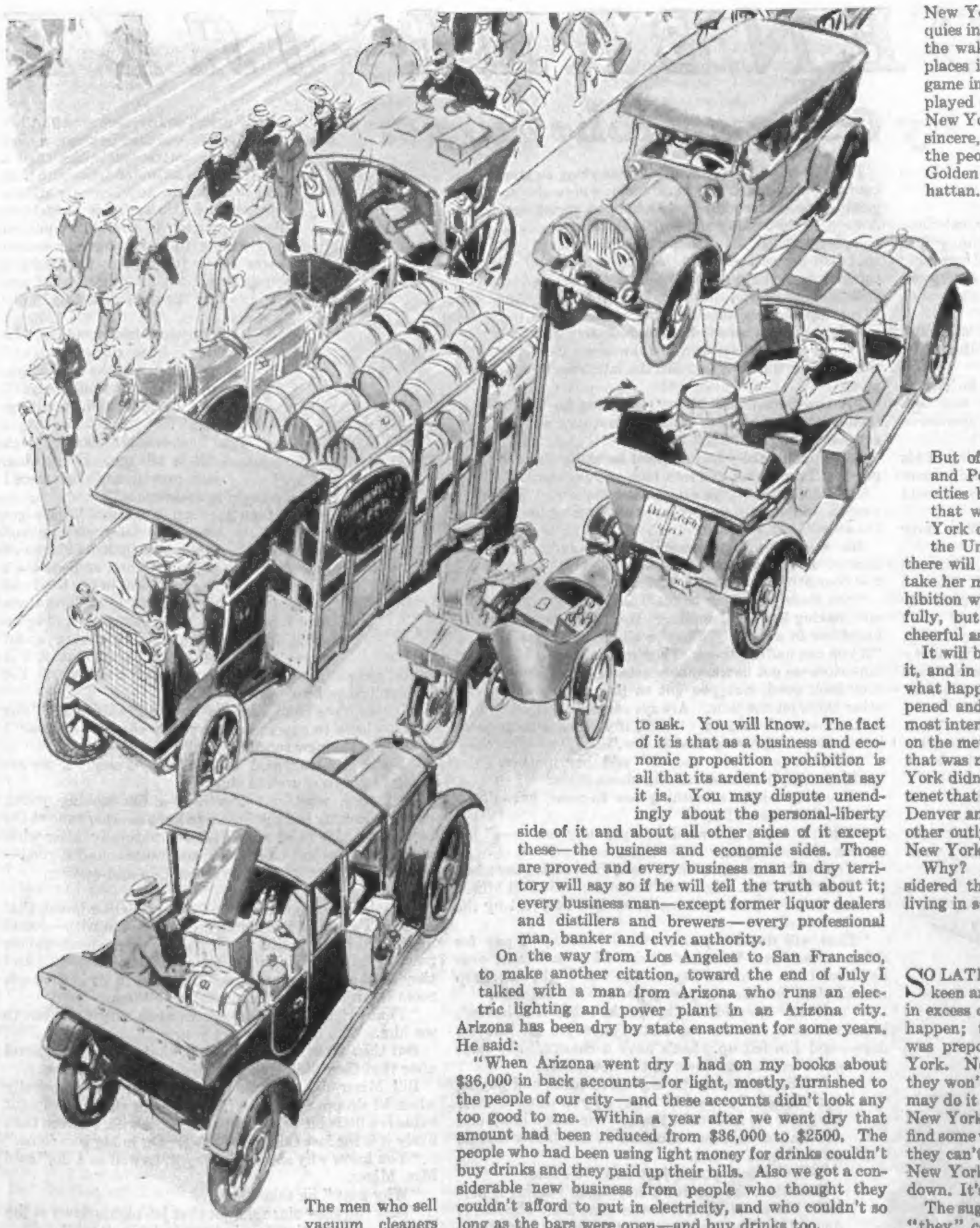
With these views in mind, I made a little canvass of Los Angeles to discover if they were supported elsewhere, because when I was there in July Los Angeles was well settled in the prohibition groove. Until July first there had been adjacent spots that were wet, but the city itself had been dry for more than a year. I have been in Los Angeles many times in the past twenty years and know many people there. It is quite true that the majority of the men I know are of the class who are likely to—and do—protest violently against the infringement on their right to take a drink or let it alone that prohibition entails. I didn't bother with these, for I know all their arguments by heart, having heard them in all parts of the country for the past ten years.

Where the Booze Money Goes

INSTEAD, I talked with business men, retailers, wholesalers, with professional men, with men who run the public utilities, with the police and with the amusement men. The testimony of all these men was identical. The business men said that more money is being spent in the stores, that bills are paid more promptly, that a better class of goods is being bought by the wage earners, that the trade in clothing and shoes for children is largely increased, for example. The professional men said that their books were being cleaned of old accounts, that their fees were more promptly paid. The electric-light men and the telephone men reported increased business.



In the Tonneaus of Eight Out of Ten of These Automobiles, Within the Bodies of Limousines, Stacked to the Roofs of Taxicabs Were Cases and Packages of Liquor



The men who sell vacuum cleaners and electric washing machines and electric toasters and waffle makers and so on said they were doing more than ever before. The automobile men can't get enough low and medium priced cars. The police say there is a marked decrease in arrests for the usual lawbreakings incited by liquor, and so on. An interesting phase of it was what the laundrymen said. Three months after prohibition came in the laundrymen found themselves swamped with work. It increased tremendously. The reason for it: Women who when their husbands were buying drinks were compelled to do their own washing found themselves with enough money on hand to have their washing done for them. Those are some of the things that happened in Los Angeles.

Wet England vs. Dry United States

THERE are numerous other large cities in this country which were dry for greater or less periods of time before July first—Seattle, for example, and Portland, Oregon, and Salt Lake City and Denver and Spokane and Detroit and most of the large southern cities except New Orleans. I have talked to business and professional men in most of these cities after they became dry, but I shall not go to the pains of setting down here what they said. Ask for yourselves if you happen to be in one of these places where prohibition has been in force for a period of time longer than July first. If you happen to live in one of these cities or in any dry town in the previously dry states you won't have to ask. You will know. The fact of it is that as a business and economic proposition prohibition is all that its ardent proponents say it is. You may dispute unendingly about the personal-liberty side of it and about all other sides of it except these—the business and economic sides. Those are proved and every business man in dry territory will say so if he will tell the truth about it; every business man—except former liquor dealers and distillers and brewers—every professional man, banker and civic authority.

On the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, to make another citation, toward the end of July I talked with a man from Arizona who runs an electric lighting and power plant in an Arizona city. Arizona has been dry by state enactment for some years. He said:

"When Arizona went dry I had on my books about $36,000 in back accounts—for light, mostly, furnished to the people of our city—and these accounts didn't look any too good to me. Within a year after we went dry that amount had been reduced from $36,000 to $2500. The people who had been using light money for drinks couldn't buy drinks and they paid up their bills. Also we got a considerable new business from people who thought they couldn't afford to put in electricity, and who couldn't so long as the bars were open—and buy drinks too.

"There is one phase of it, however, that bothers us. We find that there is less disposition among the men to work full time now than there was in the old days. That is, they have no place to spend their wages on Saturday nights and they wake up on Monday mornings with money in their pockets instead of broke. So, they argue, there's no use working so long as there is cash on hand, and they don't work as regularly as they used to. Apparently to get their full service it is up to us to provide some means for spending this extra money or the condition will continue. They argue on Monday mornings: 'Why should I go to work to-day? I have money in the kick. To hell with work until that money is gone!' That situation is getting serious."

This condition may be general in dry communities. I do not know. I never heard it discussed before and I leave the intricacies of it for the wranglers. I do recall, however, the statement of Sir George Paish, one of England's leading economists, that a wet England cannot compete industrially, notwithstanding differences in costs and in labor in favor of England, with a dry United States; as likewise I recall numerous British opinions that this country fell over the edge of the cliff when it went dry; which opinion—it may be remarked—is quite prevalent in this country also in certain sections. All that may go as it lays. This article is neither an argument for or against prohibition. It is a record of certain things that have happened and other things that have been said.

The two most interesting wet points in the country when the universal drought came on July first were New York and San Francisco. I observed the obsequies in New York and arrived in San Francisco before the wake was over. The difference between the two places in the pre-July days was that drinking was a game in San Francisco and a job in New York. They played at it in San Francisco and they worked at it in New York. Not that there were not numerous earnest, sincere, laborious drinkers in San Francisco, but that the people largely drank as an obbligato to life at the Golden Gate and considerably as a motif in Manhattan. Moreover, the San Franciscans took the advent of prohibition as an incident to be considered in its philosophical bearings and circumvented as casually as it was accepted, while the New Yorkers held the whole matter to be an outrage, to be protested, fought and frustrated by main strength.

My observations in New York extended only over a period of three days from July first—and these were largely retroactive. The story of how New York staggers along under the burden of prohibition will not be ripe for a year, because New York in the early stages was sullen and ugly and even vicious in its protest and in its determination not to submit. But of course New York will submit, just as Seattle and Portland and Denver and Detroit and all other cities before July first submitted and just as all cities that were wet on June thirtieth will submit. New York does not think it, but New York is in and of the United States, not superior thereto, and though there will be vast subterfuge and evasion New York will take her medicine. San Francisco, for example, met prohibition with a laugh and is getting along under it gracefully, but New York met it with scowls and isn't so cheerful as might be.

It will be a year or so before New York settles down to it, and in the meantime the interesting phase of it is not what happened after prohibition came, because what happened and is happening now isn't the eventuality. The most interesting feature of the perpetration of this outrage on the metropolis of the country is the state of local mind that was noticeable before the law went into effect. New York didn't believe it. New York held stubbornly to the tenet that while it was all very well to make Detroit dry, and Denver and Salt Lake City and Seattle and Portland and other outlying settlements, they couldn't do this thing to New York.

Why? Because New York is New York. They considered themselves some sort of a nonamenable people living in some sort of extra-legal abiding place.

But the Impossible Happened

SO LATE as June twenty-ninth I had people—ordinarily keen and sagacious people—offer to bet me sums largely in excess of what either of us ever saw that it never would happen; that it couldn't happen; that the whole thing was preposterous, absurd—not to be put over on New York. No sir-ee! Nothing of the kind. You'll find that they won't cut off the good old booze in New York. They may do it elsewhere, but not in New York. Never! Why, New York won't stand for it! At the last minute they'll find some way out of it. The flat fact of it is that they can't do a thing like that to New York. New York won't take such an outrage lying down. It's against all reason! They can't do it!

The suggestion that the devastating "they" could do it—had done it, in fact—and that the first of July would see New York legally, if not actually, dry was received with hoots of derision. New York simply wouldn't believe it, because New Yorkers consider themselves the premium Americans, in a class by themselves; not because they are but because—living in New York—they derive that conception of their importance from their environment. People from the outlying districts, coming to New York, are likely to dub New Yorkers as provincial. The reason for that, of course, is that

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He Rigs Up a Still and Goes at It One Way or Another

OLD GENERAL JAZZ

By George Kibbe Turner

A LITTLE more jazz there!" said Tommy Foley, coming into the front room, where they all sat listening. He was a lively one—full of comical up-to-date sayings; he went to every vaudeville, you might say, that came to town—especially since he was back in civvies.

Bill Mixer, whose girl he was going to marry, sat there in his shirt sleeves, the way those old-time Johnny Bull Englishmen do round the house—sweating and pumping out music from the mechanical piano, making hard work of it, for it was brand new; they'd just got it that week before Easter.

"Some music box, pop, huh?" said Tommy, when Bill got through the jazz tune he was playing. "Here—try one of mine!"

He smoked cigarettes himself outside, but he always brought up a couple of cigars Sunday to smoke with Bill. Fifteen cents apiece anyway. He was a good spender—especially since he'd come back from across.

"It ought to be good," said Bill Mixer, speaking of his piano. "It cost me good and proper. But the old woman 'ere 'ad to 'ave it," he said, winking so hard you could hear it almost.

"That ain't true, Bill," said Mrs. Mixer. "You know it."

She was a little thin woman with bony hands, who wore her hair parted down the middle, very smooth, like the photographs of Queen Victoria, and sat back generally and let Bill do the talking.

"It must have been grandma," said Tommy Foley, having his joke. That was Bill's mother; a strong hearty old woman, chunky like Bill, always with one of those little lace napkins the old Englishwomen wear on their hair; but so deaf she couldn't hear herself think.

"Anyway," said Bill, speaking of his piano again, "she's a good one. I picked her out myself. Look at the grain on her. That outside case—what! Make no mistake: I know wood when I see it!"

"It certainly must have set you back some, pop," said Tommy. He was always calling him "pop" now.

"What of it?" said Bill, hitting his pocket. "It's right there. And it's mine to spend—or to keep, just as I want to. I tell you what I think, Tommy; and you mark my words! We're hentering into a new hera. We are going to see things different from now on. We're going to divide a little more, and not let these capitalists and profiteers get it all. We can afford to live like human beings."

"It will be all right, I suppose," said Mrs. Mixer, and gave a little sigh, which kind of contradicted what she said.

"It is all right—if I say so!" said Bill, looking at her. Like all those old-time Englishmen he wouldn't let anybody tell him what he was going to do round his own house. "And the girl wanted it, didn't she? And you like it well enough yourself, now it's come."

"I do like it; yes, Bill. It's beautiful. I said so—if we can only afford it," she told him.

"I come pretty near knowing what I can hafford, and what I can't," said Bill Mixer, still glaring at her.

"Since you got your new scale of wages, huh?" said Tommy, jumping in and taking his attention and holding him off with her. "In The Painters and Decorators?"

"Eighty cents an hour; and a dollar and twenty cents for overtime," said Bill, puffing on his cigar. "They had to come to it."

"They did, huh?" said Tommy, looking at him as if he thought he was all right.

Bill Was Feeling Mean and Down in the Mouth When He Got Home

"Did they?" said Bill Mixer, looking off with a grin. "They did. And right away too—starting the first of May. Make no mistake. The capitalists have been getting it all up to date; but now we are going to have some of it. From now we are hentering ——"

"Hello!" said Tommy, jumping up, not listening to him. "Here she comes now."

For Violet, Bill Mixer's girl he was going to marry, was coming out through the back room, where she had been getting dressed for church, with her new spring clothes on. A good lively-looking girl—with big blue eyes and a fine complexion. Bill Mixer had named her after the duchess that had her estates in the county in England where he came from. She was quite a dresser too; not that old stiff English style, but regular up-to-date American. Where her mother wore her hair parted down the middle, and had since she was fourteen, she had on those new puffs down by the ears—changing three or four times a year. All the latest as it came along!

"A new hera," Bill Mixer was going on telling them. "We are going to come in from now on and get some of our deserts."

But Tommy Foley had stopped listening now for good. "Turn round and let's look at you," he said. "Some doll, huh?" he said to her father. "The women will turn round to see that coming down the aisle."

He was quite a dresser himself—and some dancer. Everybody said they were the best pair on the floor at the Jolly Six Dances.

"She looks all proper to me," said Bill, stopping and looking her over, smiling. He thought quite a lot of her in a way. "They're all right," he said, "if you can hafford them. They're like these white hinteriors we get in these new colonial houses nowadays; they look good, but you got to be painting and decorating them all the time. Always something new!"

"Is that so!" said Vi. "Well, if you want to know it, hardly anything I've got on is new."

"What about those shoes?" said her mother. You could see they had been talking about them.

"I've got to have something new to wear, haven't I," said Vi, "on Easter Day?"

"When I was a girl we didn't pay any ten ——" her mother started saying.

"That will be enough of that," said Vi, breaking in on her.

"They come 'igh. 'Igh and 'andsome," said Bill Mixer, looking at her. You could see he spoiled her, just by the way he looked.

"That will do—for you too!" she said. "I pay for these, remember. You don't," she said; and came over and kissed him on his bald spot. She was bright and sharp and all that, but she was pretty good to the old man.

"Come on," she said. "Change the subject. I haven't heard anything else but the cost of shoes for the last few days—and I'm fed up. Let's have a change," she said; and went over and sat down at the new piano.

"When it comes to expensive ideas and paying out the coin," she said, "what do you think of this? He got it for me—didn't you?" she asked him; and she smiled over her shoulder at her father and he grinned back at her.

"You're only young just once," he said.

And then she sat down and began playing it herself. She could work it better than Bill; she had it down fine—you could see that watching her sitting there running off one of those dozen rolls that came with the instrument.

"A little more jazz there—this time—eh, wot?" said Tommy Foley, looking over at the old man, grinning. That was a favorite expression of his last spring; he was getting it off all the time.

And then she played some more of the rolls—all lively stuff, jazz music mostly, they had picked out to amuse themselves with.

"Some box!" said Tom to Bill.

"See that grain on her side there?" said Bill, taking his cigar out. "See how it lies. There's a good piece of veneer!" And after that Tommy got up a minute and stood beside Vi, and his eye fell down on her new shoes where she was pumping on the piano.

"I can see now why she got them," he said. "She got them to work the new piano with—so all the boys would get a look at them!"

"They come 'igh," said Bill Mixer, saying things over two or three times, the way those Englishmen do. "'Igh and 'andsome. But we must have them."

"How high do they come anyhow, Vi?" said Tommy Foley, leaning over and looking down—getting fresh.

"That will do for that," said Vi. "Ring off on that stuff."

"They're 'igh enough, you will find, when you have to pay for them," said Bill Mixer, having his joke again.

"That's all right," said Vi, getting up and getting red a little. "You don't have to pay for them, do you? Nor you," she said to Tommy—"not yet!"

"It Certainly Must Have Set You Back Some, Pop," Said Tommy

"Not yet," said Tommy, seeing he had her going, "but soon." And then he stepped over to where Grandma Mixer sat, stiffer than a lamp-post in a London fog—with that old lace napkin and lavender ribbon on her head. He was a comical fellow; he was ringing in the old woman on everything to hear what she would say. It was funny too. She couldn't understand one quarter of what you said to her. She got it wrong all the time.

"What do you think, grandma?" he said, yelling. "Are they too high?"

"'Ow's that?" said the old woman, leaning over. "What's that he says?"

"Shoes!" he hollered, pointing. "Too high!"

"'Igh?" she said, leaning back again. "It is all 'igh. Everything. I never seen provisions so 'igh since I started housekeeping."

And then they all laughed. "She's got prices on the brain since they went up so," said Mrs. Mixer, explaining it. "She can't hear anything you say to her, and she can't read much. So she gets ideas in her head and she just sits here mulling and mulling them over in her head. And every now and again she'll burst out saying something about prices now. She gets so mad over it I'm afraid sometime something may happen inside her. Yet it's comical to hear her too."

"Times have changed since her day," said Bill. "She used to have to squeeze every penny she got. She ain't gone onto the new schedule yet."

"Come on, you," said Vi to Tommy Foley, "if we are going to get to church in time."

And they went out together—a fine-looking young couple—leaving Bill getting up to have another tune at the new piano. He liked to fool with it, naturally, after what he had just put out on it. And the music sounded good—that kind of jazz stuff, so lively and up-and-coming.

They had the young people—that particular bunch that Tommy Foley and Bill's daughter Vi were in with—round nights after that quite a bit, playing over those twelve records, having a high old time with themselves. And they all thought it was great. Bill liked to sit in the back room in his shirt sleeves and listen to them.

"That's right," he said to them when they came out to see him. "Go it while you're young!"

But then after a month or so it kind of died away, and after that they didn't play the new piano much of any.

Bill Mixer did not take that very kindly—especially when Vi dropped it herself. "I should think she might value it a little bit 'igher," he said to his wife. "More than likely it is the last thing I'll have for her in her own 'ome."

"You know why she don't play it, as well as I do," said Mrs. Mixer.

"Why not?" he asked her.

"How can she—since she got that job nights down at the Parisian—in addition to what she is doing days?"

"Folderol and peacocks!" said Bill, who never wanted her to go there anyhow. "It'll cost her more than she gets out of it; she'll get more expensive notions there than wages—you mark my words. But it won't kill her—only two nights a week," said Bill Mixer, "in a millinery shop!"

"And all Saturday afternoons—on top of what she has to do in the mill!"

"That gives her four nights and Sundays, so far as I can see," said Bill Mixer, "to play me a tune or two."

"She's all tired out—that's why," said Mrs. Mixer, "when she gets home."

"All for just buying new duds for herself, eh?" said Mixer back. "That's good sense!"

"No—paying for old ones—mostly," his wife answered him. "She never got paid up yet on that fur coat last winter."

"To say nothing of ten-dollar shoes!" said Bill.

"What's ten dollars for shoes nowadays?" said Mrs. Mixer, turning right round from what she said when she was talking to Vi herself. "There's more of them paying twelve or sixteen dollars. A girl's got to have something, hasn't she—especially the year she is getting married?"

"That's the way," said Bill Mixer. "You women all talk together when it comes to spending money."

"Spending money! What's that to you? You ain't spending it on her, are you?" she answered him, getting touchy and excited, the way she always seemed to be now when he talked to her about expenses—just the opposite of how quiet she generally was. "Lucky for you you've

got a daughter that's got spirit enough in her to go out and earn her own board and clothes."

"'Ave it your own way," said Bill Mixer, not wanting to start an argument.

"And what's more," she told him, "now we are talking about it, I've got to have more money myself—from now on."

"More money!" said Bill Mixer, roaring almost. "What next? Didn't I give you all I had pretty near on Saturday?"

"I can't help that; the boys have both got to have shoes—and some clothes, too, before long."

"What do you do—work on them nights with a file," Bill asked her, "so as to wear them out quicker?"

"And food too!" she said, her face getting red round the cheek bones and white everywhere else. "I have got to have more for the table. And when it comes to that, I haven't had a dress for a year and over."

"When 'ave I had a suit of clothes?" Bill asked her.

And she didn't say anything.

"You can't 'ave it, that's all," said Bill. "Not another dollar. Because why? Because I 'aven't got it."

"It's your doings, anyway," she answered back, getting redder and whiter still. "If you hadn't bought that piano we'd have been all right. What sense was there in it, I'd like to know?" she said, talking faster and faster. "You might have known more!"

"Known!" said Bill Mixer, getting his back up. "How would I know when I just got a twenty-five per cent raise in my wages, that all 'ands were going to turn in and ruin me—including my own wife and family? How could I know that?"

"I don't care," said his wife. "I won't have you blaming everything on me all the time." And she burst out crying.

She was like that lately; sore and touchy—whenever you spoke to her about expenses. He could hardly make her out.

"There, there, old woman," said Bill Mixer, patting her on the shoulder a bit. "I apologize. It ain't your fault or mine, altogether. They're all round—these profiteers and capitalists. They're robbing us right and left. There should be a law against it."

But she just sat there crying her apron full, and when she would not stop Bill got up himself, feeling mean and low in his mind, and went in the front room and began looking over the new piano again. He hadn't been in to see it himself for several days.

"Look here," he said, coming out, roaring again. "What's happened in there? Who done it?"

"Done what!" said Mrs. Mixer, stopping crying, scared.

"Who tore that great gouge all down the side of her?"

"It wasn't so much," his wife answered, wiping her eyes.

"On the best side! The very best piece of wood in it. It's took not less than a hundred dollars off her anyhow. Who done it?"

"One of the boys," she told him finally, "I believe."

"Which one?" Bill Mixer said, seeing right off that she knew.

"Raymond, I suppose it was."

"I'll snatch his 'ide off him," said Bill Mixer, "when I get him!"

And his wife started up crying agin.

"What's the matter with you now?" he said. "For the last few months there has been no living with you."

Just the same it did not seem right to him to have that new piano standing there, never used, after all he had put out on it—less than four months after he had got it into the house. He didn't take it very kindly.

"'Ow is it," he asked Violet, "you don't seem to care no more for your piano your old dad got you?" he asked her. "Don't you like it any more?"

"Sure, I like it, pa," she told him. "Only I'm too tired for anything much when I get home."

"I Never Seen Provisions So 'Igh Since I Started Housekeeping."

"What are you doing, my girl?" he said, looking at her quick—for his wife kept telling him all the time how bad she looked. "Killing yourself just to dress up a bit? Don't you do it," he said, joking her. "'E'll like you just as well as you are. What's the use of killing yourself for a few duds when you are going to get married anyhow?"

"I can't go round like a washwoman, can I?" she said, talking sharp, the way she always did when you talked to her about her clothes now. "It costs money to dress!"

"'Ow is it on the old bill?" he asked her. "The one you 'ad last winter? 'Aven't you got all the hinstallments paid on that yet?"

"Pretty near paid for," she told him. "Not all, though."

"Why ain't you?" he said, surprised. "Nine months ago—the clothes must be worn out by this time."

"I can't go round all summer, can I, with a fur coat on?" she said, talking sharp again. She had had bad luck with that fur coat; it never was satisfactory. And it made her speak up when you mentioned it. "Have some sense," she said to him. "I have got to have some new things, haven't I?"

"I didn't say no," said Bill.

"Especially now I am working in the Parisian evenings—you have to have some little things, haven't you, in a job like that?"

"Why do you?" Bill asked her.

"Oh, have some sense, pa," she told him. "If you are selling styles you have got to show some style yourself, haven't you?" she asked him. "You can't go round with a shawl and wrapper on like a washwoman, can you?"

"What's the use then?" said Bill. "If you 'ave to pay out more than you get in, and kill yourself in the bargain. You 'ad better quit—by far."

"What's the use of anything?" she answered back in that sharp voice again as if she was thinking of crying.

"There, there," Bill Mixer told her. "Cheer up, my girl. You ain't going to sacrifice everything for style—your 'ealth and looks and all? Quit it—that's all. Quit it!"

"Quit it?" she said. "How can I quit it? But it makes me mad sometimes, just the same."

"What does?"

"Everything—the way it costs. It's just round and round, it seems like," she said. "The more you earn the more you have to spend; and the more you spend the more you have to work again! You don't get anywhere. You never get caught up with your bills."

"It's these profiteers," said Bill shaking his head; "that's what it is. And these capitalists. If they 'ad them in Hengland they'd soon show them! They'd have a law in double-quick time that would take the 'ide off 'em before they got started."

"If they had had one they'd have had government tanneries over there supplying all the shoes for all the soldiers all through the war," said Violet, who always got up and talked like that when Bill got to comparing the United States with the way things were in the old country.

"Well, anyhow," said Bill, changing the subject, and going back again, "I should think when you are tired it might be some good to play your piano—it might cheer you up a bit."

"Well, it might ——"

"What is it?" asked Bill, noticing she stopped a bit. "Is there any other reason?"

"Well, yes," she told him. "I suppose there is, maybe."

"What?"

"It needs tuning quite some," she told him. "We used it so much at first."

"Why didn't you say so?" he asked her.

"I was going to have it done myself," she said, "just as soon as I got the money together to, but I never seem to have it yet."

"Don't you never do that again!" said Bill Mixer. "Understand?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know. Why not?"

"I guess you have troubles of your own," she said. "I never saw it till lately, pa, what you were up against. Ain't it rotten? I never felt that way till just lately. Round and round—you never seem to get anywhere! I'm kind of tired, I suppose. It's this hot weather, I guess, lately."

"Chirk up, my girl," he told her. "I'll have her tuned up now in double-quick order. And you can enjoy yourself and please your old man, too, playing to him. Don't bother your pretty little 'ead about that. I'll have her tuned up for you, and I'll get you some more lively records—to kind of cheer you up. You can pick them out yourself—some of this here jazz you are always talking about."

"Next time," said Violet, speaking up, "I'm going to get something different for a change. You can't have jazz all the time. I'm getting kind of sick of it."

"You're tired to-night, that's all," said Bill. "You go to bed early and rest up a bit, and you will feel different."

"She ain't looking well," he told his wife at bedtime. "I don't like it. I'm going to have her piano tuned up for her and get her a few more records for the music machine. We got those others pretty well worn out listening to them."

"Where you going to get the money from?" asked Mrs. Mixer, talking sharp again.

"Oh, I'll get it all right," he told her. "Don't you fret!"

"You haven't paid your regular bills yet," she told him, "without getting fancy records for that thing."

"Never you mind," he said, getting his dander up again at the way she always spoke up, disputing him in everything now. "I'll have it."

"How?"

"We're going to have some more wages after September first," he told her; "if you want to know. We are going to have another raise. They're raising everything all round; the whole country is full of these profiteers; and if that's the game we will have some of it, too, for ourselves, while it's going.

"It's These Profiteers. If They 'Ad Them in Hengland They'd Soon Show Them!"

"This is new times—a new hera. The workingman has got something to say now. And you mark my words," said Bill. "Make no mistake, if they don't give us this raise we will see they do! We'll strike. But you keep that under your hat for now. For we ain't giving it out yet."

But it was not more than a day or two after that when his boss came over and started talking with him about it. He was a young fellow who had only been in business for himself a short time—trying it out to see how it would go.

"What about this thing they claim Council Six is going to pull on us for September first?" said the boss.

"What are you speaking about?" Bill answered, playing innocent and looking puzzled.

"A dollar an hour, and a dollar and a half overtime! And a five-day week."

"'Ow would I know?" Bill told him, the union not being ready to give it out until they took a vote of the membership whether they would go out on strike if they had to. "But I'll say this—it's coming to us by rights."

"Not from me; you can count on that now," said the

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NEW FEET UNDER THE TABLE

Too Much of This ——

By Forrest Crissey

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE thirstiest man in America, searching the dryest spot of all Uncle Sam's arid domain for a shot of drinking liquor with a real kick in it, is a model of indifference and insincerity alongside the large employer of labor in his hunt for the basis of an abiding understanding with his men that will hold them to their jobs, insure production and give his company a fair chance to make a modest return on its investment.

All over America the large employer is working overtime on this job—and he is getting the best counsel that he knows how to procure to help him in the task. He knows that the slogan of industrial salvation to-day is production. This is the cry from every corner of the earth—and the megaphones of demand are all aimed at the Statue of Liberty. The factories and mills of America are the focal center of a world-wide pressure for production never known or felt by the industry of any nation before. It must be met. America is in the habit of meeting her obligations, economic or otherwise. She isn't going to back water or welsh on her job. Rising to great emergencies is in her blood. She has grown strong and great doing just that sort of thing.

Any man who is breathing the mental atmosphere of a decade ago is sure to receive a sharp jolt if he comes in contact with the real leaders of industry to-day. Even the professional man who flatters himself that he is in fairly intimate touch with business affairs is likely to get a decided shock if he happens to listen in on a discussion between the live ones who are grappling with this problem of finding a footing on which employer and employee can do real teamwork. And if he pursues the inquiry out into the plants where a wholehearted and determined effort to work out this problem is being prosecuted he will probably ask: "Can this be the same old world in which foremen hired and fired at will and superintendents told complaining workers to go to hell?"

For one thing, such an investigator would find a heap of new feet under the council table at which the working policies of the companies are decided, and most of them shod with heavy brogans of the shop type.

Education for Employers

LATELY I have accumulated quite a sheaf of surprises of this character myself. In the lounge of the Cleveland Athletic Club—which seems to be largely inhabited by live ones—I joined a group the other evening comprising the presidents of two manufacturing concerns, two employees, and the president of the Cleveland Industrial Association. Not being asleep they were discussing the question of how to establish a better working understanding with their men. The member of the group whom I would have picked as being not only the most conservative member of the little party but also a shrewd, rather cautious and decidedly hard-headed executive quietly remarked:

"Of course, we're discussing the Browning plan and all the other plans of workers' representation on the basis of what they may accomplish in educating the men in the responsibilities, difficulties and problems of the management. But I guess it's no secret that the average management stands in still greater need of being educated in the problems of the workers. I'm getting some of it every day and the more I get the better I understand my need of it. The fact is that we're right now called upon to settle the scores for the sins of our industrial fathers, who held the viewpoint that labor was an inert commodity, a machine to be bought at the lowest price possible, pushed as hard as it would stand to be pushed and then disposed of to the best advantage obtainable. Some of the employers in this class went the limit, while others seasoned their treatment of labor with considerable personal kindness and some lofty paternalism. But they didn't recognize that their employees had any real claim on them beyond the lowest wage at which their labor could be bought.

"That viewpoint seems rather odd and antiquated to some of us now, but the fact remains that there are yet thousands of employers who are in dire need of that education which comes from putting their feet under a table along with those of the workers from their shops."

"Are you strong enough in your belief," I asked, "to allow yourself to be quoted as to what you have just said?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Charles F. Lang, president of the Lakewood Engineering Company. "I'll take the responsibility for that statement and I'll add that it will surprise me if any progressive employer in this country resents it. The war has crowded all employers a lot closer to their men, made us realize that production is a coöperative process and that in the past we were inclined to underappreciate labor's part in the teamwork of capital, management and labor. I'll confess that that contact had a mighty humanizing effect on me, and I think most progressive employers will admit the same reaction. I've always had what you might call the man-to-man feeling for the worker, but it was certainly accentuated by the experiences of high-pressure war production. Steps to get into intimate touch with workers and to open the doors so that they may learn at first hand what the management is thinking and doing, that would have seemed radical before the war, are tame, conservative and relatively commonplace to-day."

Ideal Profit-Sharing

"LIKE most employers who realize that the world has turned over and that labor has come into a new position, I'm only groping for the basis of a sound fair working understanding with my men, one that will give them a degree of contentment that will make them slow to quit jobs and that will inspire them with an interest in the business that will keep production up to the point where it should be. The only way to inspire such an interest is to give them a fair share of the profits on their production. No other substitute will be accepted. The day when conversation could be put into a workman's envelope in place of wages is past. That water went over the dam a long time ago and we might as well understand it clearly.

"Personally I'm of the opinion that the ideal form of employee participation in profits is that of actual shareholding. Anyhow, that is the line along which I'm trying to feel my way. Put it this way: I'd rather the men on our pay roll would work with me than for me. I'll take my chances as to tenure of position and size of salary with them any time opportunity offers. That's my feeling toward the men. There are only two shareholders in our company now who are not employees or directors. But I'd like to see virtually every employee a shareholder—every one who has been tried out as a faithful and loyal worker.

"From a profit-sharing experience during the war I've come to the conclusion that our men feel that we're making every effort to be fair with them; that we want to give them their right share of the returns and also are trying to give them right working conditions and good, square, human consideration in every way. On the other hand, I've learned to have a heap of faith in their responsiveness to any square, open-faced, businesslike appeal. This furnishes the right basis on which to build a permanent plan of coöperation that will stand the strain. Of only one feature of that plan am I certain: It will be something that the workers have just as much a hand in making as they do in turning out the product that we sell. It's going to be their plan—not mine. Our force—about a thousand men—is not so large that the men can't do a big part of shaping the plan by which they will be represented in both the

profits and the points of company policy in which they are directly concerned. I'm not much of a believer in ready-to-wear industrial-relations plans. They seldom fit, I'm afraid. Again, I think that the best plan of workingmen's participation will be found to be a growth, and rather a slow growth too. If I believed to-day that I had the best industrial-relations plan in the world for our outfit all figured out I wouldn't spring it on our workers. I'd try to feed the principles of it to them slowly so that they would virtually think the plan out themselves and feel their way step by step to the finished thing. Then we'd have something that would probably work, because they would understand it and feel that they had contributed to it."

A manufacturer in the Middle West recently illustrated this point of expecting workmen to get a complete grasp of a plan and put it into immediate operation by relating this experience:

His superintendent, foreman and the boss of a certain gang worked out a premium plan for its members, who were eager for its benefits. After it had been in force for only a few days the superintendent discovered that this gang was fairly boiling. It had more troubles than an automobile in its final stage of decline. And they made so much noise that the operating head of the company heard the disturbance and called for an explanation.

"That gang," resentfully explained the superintendent, "wanted a chance to make better pay and so we doped out a premium plan that would give the men twenty to thirty per cent above their wages. Now they're fighting among themselves about it and are so sore that they want to throw it overboard, go back to the old wage and forget it. Some understand it one way and some another and ——"

"How long were you and the foreman and the gang boss studying on the plan before you put it up to the men?" asked the operating vice president.

"Oh, about three weeks," was the answer. "We put in several days of solid time on the thing, and ——"

"Yes," interrupted the vice president, "and you expected the men to grasp it in a day or perhaps an hour. You are supposed to be more capable, more accustomed to planning and thinking than the workers under you, but this experience isn't very reassuring on that score."

There isn't any nourishment for the worker in any plan that he can't digest, and acute indigestion is always painful. A whole lot of disturbance in the stomach of labor comes from the fact that employers are trying to feed complicated premium, bonus and coöperative plans to their workers—stuff that is indigestible to them. But this consideration offers no reason for withholding effort in the right direction, because scores of simple and understandable plans are now in operation and giving stimulating and satisfactory results.

The Movement Gaining Momentum

ON THIS score Montague Ferry, formerly with the Industrial Relations Department of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and now with the Armstrong Bureau of Related Industries, declares:

"To many employers the labor problem is more complex and more hopeless than ever before, but those who study it and have the feel of it know this is not the case. Ten years ago coöperation between the employer and the workers in his plant was practically unheard of except in very small plants where almost daily personal contact was possible.

"To-day coöperation is getting to be common, and while mistakes are made and setbacks suffered there is not the slightest doubt that the movement is gaining momentum and producing splendid results.

"Alert manufacturers and constructive labor leaders are learning that the interests of employer and worker are actually mutual; they are learning to sit down together and discuss the problems confronting them without prejudice or bitterness; they are tasting the satisfaction of real coöperation toward a common end.

"The slogan of the successful ones is this: 'What can we do to make this plant useful to the nation, to those who buy its product and a credit to the community? What can we do to make this institution a good place to work in, a productive unit in the country's commerce and a profitable venture for all of us?'

"When men tackle constructive things they have little time left for selfishness and bickering. Sincerely undertaken by both employers and workers and carefully guided through the earlier stages such a movement is to my mind virtually a sure cure for industrial unrest in any plant."

Mr. Ferry speaks from intimate and responsible contact with scores of large plants employing many thousands of workers toiling under intense pressure for high production.

In attempting any plan to procure better teamwork with his employees the shrewd employer will first attempt to get a close firing line on the latter-day attitude of labor. He can't get far without that. The wage code of the great mass of workers to-day may be roughly sketched in about these terms:

We will get nothing that we haven't earned.

We want ours in the pay envelope pronto—not in prize packages in Christmas stockings, not in end-of-the-year-perhaps bonuses, not in long-distance conversation, not in clubhouses or welfare schemes.

Also we want some say as to the kind of place in which we work and the treatment we get.

This is about the point at which the worker starts. He is open to slight modifications of his creed provided he is convinced that his employer is in earnest and on the square in his efforts to come to a working understanding along these lines. For example, if he gets a share in the company's profits whenever the stockholders get theirs he is inclined to feel that this is real profit sharing, that it is worth while. The dividend or bonus that is deferred to the end of the year has not much pulling power with the average worker. If it comes quarterly, monthly, or gets into his regular wage envelope he responds to it in increased production, in stimulated loyalty and in constructive coöperation. This appears to be the common observation of employers who have made a consistent effort to get on a basis of better understanding with their workers.

Two Types of Effort

IN THE main this effort divides itself into two types: The loosely knit plan that depends upon mutual education and mutual confidence for its force and the more elaborate and highly organized plan that delegates certain definite authority and responsibility to representatives of the workers and guarantees them specific rights and privileges. The first form of plan is generally for the organization of small or medium size; the second is suited to companies employing several thousand men.

There is an example of informal coöperation between employees and management that has been in force in the Browning Company of Cleveland, Ohio, for about two years. The main output of this plant is locomotive cranes. At present there are five hundred men on the Browning pay roll; at the peak of war production the employees numbered about seven hundred. The Browning plan is about as simple as a one-piece bathing suit. Mr. Sheldon Cary, president of the Browning Company and originator of this plan, makes this concession:

"When I realized that the time had come to get on a closer basis of understanding and coöperation with my employees I collected the literature of all the employee-representation plans that I could scrape together and then I took hold of the job of digesting them. Honest, it was a heart-breaking task. It was an adventure in unlimited language.

"Some of the stuff was so involved that it needed a mighty clear-headed lawyer to interpret it so that an employer of years of experience could understand it. It made me grin to think what a group of average shop workers would say if that mess of language was put up to them. They would just naturally say that the management had hired a mighty clever lawyer to put things over on them and camouflage traps with a lot of plausible language.

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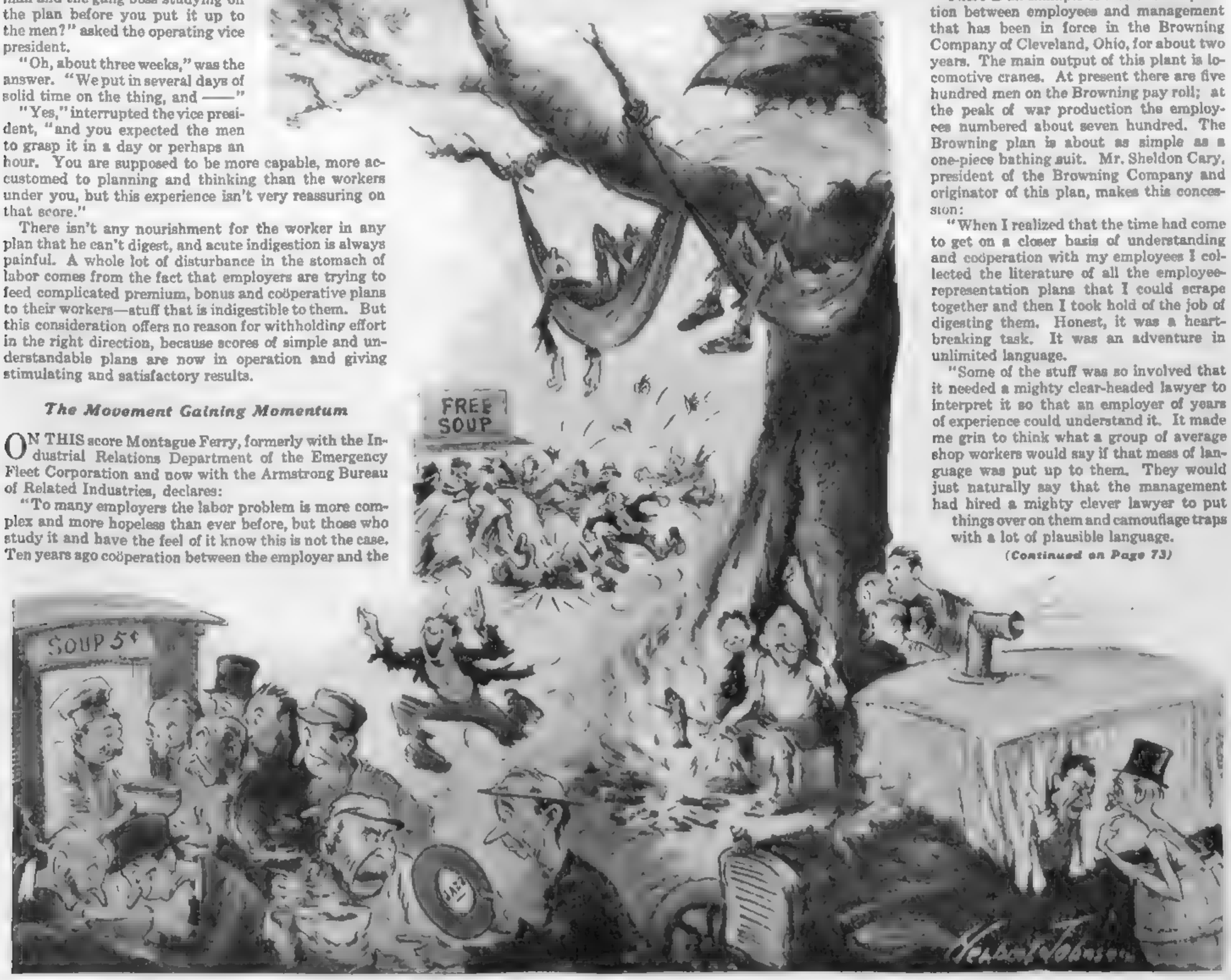

Leads to This

DRIFTWOOD

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

He Followed Them With His Eyes Until They Faded Into the Haze That Lay in the Bend of the Stream Below

BELOW St. Louis at evening in the difficult six-foot water that swung from the Sullivan light to Pelican Bar the wheel of the Gilmore steadied under the gentle hands of Captain Jack.

"Wind ripples—those that lay ahead," he said to the cub beside him, from whom he had taken the wheel. "That break at the bar is a drifting snag, soggy and old by the way she jumps. Enter it on the report, for she'll hang up the bar. We will take the crossing under a slow bell until we hit the five-foot water. Ring for a leadsman, starboard and port."

The jingle tinkled up from the engine room and the panting engines silenced to half-ahead.

"I'll stake my head against a Swede iron staybolt," a cylinder whispered through the steam line to the boilers for'd, "that our young Jackie Morgan is at the pilot wheel. Gad, it's good to rest for a minute!"

The battery of boilers hissed in derision.

"One of these sure-thing bets, Cylinder. You can feel the kid-glove touch of his hands clear to here."

Up aloft the hog chains quit their sullen grunting.

"There's a man that knows!"

And there in truth in the pilot house of the finest boat of the government fleet on the Mississippi was a gentleman who knew the crazy river from St. Louis to the Gulf better than a man knows the contours of his own face—a lightnin' pilot if any ever deserved the name.

When the great towboat and her brood of pile drivers and quarterboats and barges were clear of the downstream limit of the bar Captain Jack signaled for full steam ahead. He spoke to the young man beside him:

"Go below and ask the captain to come up for a minute—and have a waiter bring us some coffee."

Presently the captain of the boat entered the pilot house.

"We will tie up about midnight a little above Driftwood Bend," the pilot said. "There are some bad snags reported in the Sunflower crossing and it's risky to run it to-night."

And a little above Driftwood Bend headlines and breastlines were run ashore, for the word of the pilot was law.

At Driftwood Bend in a day of indecision the Mississippi had made an irresolute ten-mile swing from its southern objective before it regained its course. In the broad included acres lay the water-logged scrape of the cargoes which the flood had carried from the river's empire to the north. Quiet water now where once had been a sullen eddy of sinister brown currents, and in this quiet water a dead history of endless yesterdays.

Here were acres of floating things—trees and shattered houses, fence rails and logs, boats and fragments of the greater structures with which man had tempted the rush of the rising waters that flowed from the melting snows.

Here, too, deep beneath the floating mass of cottonwood and walnut, were the bones of drowned animals and the corpses of dead men.

The great field of drift was dotted with little areas of open water wherein the languid cottonmouth pursued at times the agile and nutritious frog. At evening waterfowl played within these spaces and on the margin of these little pools bushes grew from wind-blown seeds, green against the gray of the drift. The margin of the field which lay against the stream was forever fringed with ambitious willows whose lives persisted until some passing storm might destroy the intimacy which existed between their temporary roots and the transient supporting soil whose mass was founded on some shattered tree.

Great gales might rock this wide expanse until its fabric groaned, until its laced logs shrieked with the stress of contact; driving rains might darken the dead field, the lightning might ignite some little temporary beacon fires; but Driftwood Bend endured through the march of the years.

Clear of Pelican Bar, Captain Jack drank his three cups of coffee with the master of the boat in the pilot house of the Gilmore. As the night progressed the steward was summoned from time to time, and by the time the boat tied up Captain Jack was drinking his tenth cup of the evening.

In his stateroom he made ready for bed. He fumbled for an instant with the diamond pin in his tie and then he noticed suddenly that his hands were trembling. He held his right hand out before him the better to remark the irregular pulse of the tremors which actuated it.

"Tobacco!" he said.

He lay down and tried to sleep. At three o'clock he got up and opened the outboard door of his stateroom. From a cabinet in the wall he removed a box of cigars. From the boat's rail to the shadows which lay black beneath the willow on the bank in the darkness of the night was a distance of forty feet. Captain Jack essayed a preliminary swing to assure himself of clearance for the throw and then the box of cigars winged its flight away from his hand.

"I'm done!" he said aloud. "When a man eats so many cigars that he can't sleep it's time he quit."

He walked through his stateroom and entered the cabin of the boat. A watchman sat reading under a green-shaded light.

"Bring in some coffee," Captain Jack said, "and we'll have a drink."

The watchman presently returned from the galley. Captain Jack drank two cups of the steaming black fluid and went to bed for the second time that night. After an hour of wakefulness he got up and dressed. He sought the watchman, who was on the lower deck.

"Let me have a lantern," he said. "I'm going ashore for a few minutes."

The watchman retrieved a lantern from the locker in one of the pile drivers which lay alongside the Gilmore. He handed it to Captain Jack after it was lighted and burning properly.

"I got her f'm th' pile driver or I'd been here sooner, Cap'n," he apologized.

Captain Jack walked to the bow of the boat where a stage plank led from deck to the shore. The lighted lantern traced a trail to a point on shore opposite Captain Jack's stateroom door. There for a space of ten minutes it hesitated, wavering in widening circles until finally it winged a sudden arc toward the black water which flowed beside the hull of the Gilmore.

It flared brilliantly for an instant as it struck the water and hissed a protest at its sudden destruction.

Captain Jack made his way to the stage plank in the dark. Once during the difficult journey he paused long enough to explore the upper pockets of his vest.

"Damn those cigars!" he said. On board the Gilmore he sought the watchman. "The lantern is overboard. Give me your pipe and all the tobacco you've got. You haven't a cigar, have you?"

The watchman had no cigars. Captain Jack did the best he could with the watchman's aged satisfying pipe. At dawn he slept.

Bridge steel is tough and ductile and men who build bridges gradually accomplish in their own characters that of the metal of their trade. Hard work is a matter of course with them, punctuated through the day with little periods of idleness and moments of great stress.

Six-part falls of seven-eighths, six-nineteen plow steel, swinging from the booms of a creeper on the top chord of the great cantilever truss that laced in the sky above the Mississip' inched a diagonal member to its place in the fabric of the bridge.

Waiting on a swaying plank swung from the top chord with old sisal lines that had been bought for pure Manila, Jimmy Rivet and his partner stood ready to connect the member with a six-inch pin as soon as the son-of-a-gun showed daylight forty ways through the pin plates.

Upstream a thousand feet and coming strong, the Gilmore and her tow chopped the placid surface of the river into a million little cross currents. Jimmy watched the black plume from her funnels obscure the serpentine white water that danced in miniature from her wheel.

"That squirrel wants to keep clear of us or some day he'll have a lump of steel clean through his boilers. About time f'r somethin' to happen—four days now an' nobody killed."

His partner looked at him from the other end of the staging. "Shut up—talkin' that way brings 'em!"

From the pilot house of the Gilmore Captain Jack looked up to where the river arm of the bridge swung over the channel.

"Might be something drop," he thought. "I'll stand out in the clear." He gave the wheel a half turn. "Never passed here yet but something dropped."

The eye bar showed clear in the pin plates. Jimmy Rivet surged at the connection with a great frenzy of effort—and something dropped.

His partner clutched at the bight of the sling as the plank fell away from under his feet. By the time he stretched out in safety upon the wide cover plate of the top chord the circles in the water two hundred feet below

him were fading about the common center where Jimmy Rivet had disappeared.

From the pilot house of the Gilmore, Captain Jack saw the sprawling form of the man hit the water.

"Another one!" he said. "Take the wheel—and back her when you get below us. Order out a boat, I'm after him!"

Between the pilot house and the little bulkhead aft that caught the spray of the wheel Captain Jack got rid of his clothes.

He remembered that he must leap far out to clear the draft of the wheel. He realized that he was very tired—that he was not a good swimmer—that nerve can take the place of skill and strength.

A hundred feet before him the form of the man who had fallen came to the surface. Then ever so slowly it sank.

"The chop of the pier currents lasts for a thousand feet," thought Captain Jack. "A thousand—feet. You'll come up—again. Damn you! I'll walk the bottom—if I have to—but I'll get you!"

Seventy seconds later the boat crew hauled Captain Jack into the stern of a skiff which had raced toward him, and close in the embrace of Captain Jack's left arm was the limp form of Jimmy Rivet. From the deck of the Gilmore the captain hailed the bridge crew through a megaphone.

"We'll take care of your man—he's alive. See you on the upstream trip."

Captain Jack dressed and returned to the pilot house.

"I'll take her now," he said. "That's bad water a mile ahead. Ask them to send us some coffee."

The man brought the coffee.

"I seen you do th' Brodie, Cap'n Jack. Gee, that was purty work! He says he's all right now—says he feels a million. He wants to come up to—to thank you f'r savin' his life."

Captain Jack smiled.

"Let him come up if he wants to. How is it they make this coffee so weak lately?"

Presently Jimmy Rivet came up the stairs and into the pilot house. He looked at Captain Jack.

"Was it you?"

The pilot smiled and nodded his head.

Jimmy Rivet looked long at the man who had saved his life. Finally he spoke.

"I'm done high climbin'," he said. "From now on, wherever you go I'll drag along—until I pay you back."

That night his name went upon the Gilmore's pay roll as oiler.

The Gilmore stopped at Fortune Island long enough to deliver a quarterboat and three pile drivers to the project then under way at that point. Half a dozen clerks checked the property lists when the transfers were made.

"Everything clear," one of them reported to the master of the Gilmore. "Except there's a lantern short on Driver 144."

"Ask the watchman what he knows about it and then write a report of the shortage to the St. Louis office," the captain directed. "Inclose an affidavit if you can."

The red tape began to wind round the lantern which just then was submerged in the muddy currents upstream near the point where Captain Jack's cigars lay scattered under the willows on the bank.

A lantern wrapped with red is a danger signal, but this was one that Captain Jack overlooked.

At his club in St. Louis Colonel McDonald, the engineer officer in charge of the river improvements, graciously permitted his waiter to bring in to his table enough dinner for two engineer officers. The colonel attacked his gratifying rations with an unusual enthusiasm. Back of his appetite was thirty-six holes of golf with a little overtime played at the nineteenth to the melody of tinkling cubes of ice entirely surrounded with something now somewhat difficult to obtain.

By the time the colonel had sogged down in his favorite chair in the lounging room he was making plans for the improvement of himself, the Mississippi River and all way points.

"Fifty pile drivers with seventy-foot leads," he thought. "Ten or twenty new quarterboats, at least four new dredges with thirty-inch suctions—maybe thirty-six inch—four new towboats."

He drank a liqueur which had been served with his coffee in the lounging room.

"Gad, yes! With all the forests gone in the North and floods and refugees and rescue trips every season now we'll make that ten towboats. This river's got to amount to something. First thing to-morrow I'll make recommendations for plant enough to work her over from here to the Gulf. I'll make a river out of her what is a river!"

The old Mississip' in some way heard of the colonel's plans. That night at the height of her paroxysm of laughter she quit being a river at various spots between St. Louis and the Gulf and became here and there a sand bar.

With fifteen or twenty packets tied up or aground her mood changed.

"Snow!" she said to her northern dominion. "I want a few million acres of you to melt all in a bunch." She looked over the spring line of cloud-bursts. "You may send me a half dozen choice cloud-bursts every week from now till I tell you to stop—and none of those skinny little imported things either. I want the soggy old domestic Middle West cloud-burst."

Being a cranky old lady, she got what she ordered.

Being a cranky old gentleman, all Colonel McDonald got out of his broad planning was authority from the War Department to let the contract for the construction of the one stern-wheel towboat.

And to this boat, as a fond blind father might lavish his time and fortune on an only daughter, the colonel gave all the pep he had that wasn't needed for golf.

"She'll be queen of the river," he boasted. "The biggest and finest thing that floats from here to New Orleans. Queen of the river—we'll call her the King, by gad! Good name that!"

Snow crystals in the North forgot their geometry, wilted under the industrious sun and mingled with their neighbors. Individuality gone, they began a long journey in the disguise of plain water.

Throughout the central empire drifting clouds encountered the quick cold airs of evening, and the rains descended.

Saturation was accomplished in a week so completely that the corn crop took a fifteen per cent jump; boys had to wipe off their feet good an' come in the back door under penalty of getting a good lickin'; titles to umbrellas were easily forgotten by otherwise perfect brethren, and the creeks rose until the mudcats swam into the attic where the muskrats stored their babies.

In the St. Louis office several keen engineers plotted gauge heights on logarithmic paper, seasoned the pink sheets with a sprinkle of integral calculus and convinced themselves that the Mississip' would reach flood stage before pay day. The weather bureau observed the official goose bone and checked the engineers' figures exactly. Down on the levee old Uncle Tip, who swept out the Lee Line wharfboat now and then, listened to the shootin' pains in his left and only leg and 'lowed he'd see the rampageneat flood whatever was, within the coming two weeks.

Washington digested the dope and wired some orders to various points along the river.

"Expect extreme flood stage Friday," Colonel McDonald wired. "Suspend operations and secure all floating plant."

This telegram was delivered to all projects downstream from St. Louis.

On Friday the old river lived up to all scientific expectations. And while the engineers were congratulating themselves on the accuracy of their figures, telegrams and mail reports from the upper river began to drift in.

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From the Top of a Farmhouse, Which Had Lifted From its Foundations and Drifted Until it Encountered Some Bending Oaks, the Crew of the Gilmore Rescued a Farmer's Family

Shall We Hand Back Our New Industries to Germany?

By Edward G. Lowry

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

JOSEPH W. FORDNEY, of Michigan, is talking. He is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Hear him:

"I know a chemist in my state who told me that he was making a certain article. I do not remember what it was, bromine or something from bromine. If I now remember it the price in this country was thirty-seven and a half cents a pound. He found there was a good market in Germany for his product and he sent men over there to work up the trade. He was almost unable to supply the demand at forty-two cents in Germany.

"One day an old German came to his office and said that he represented the chemical industry in Germany. 'You are selling your material in Germany. We want you to get out.'

"My friend said, 'I am going to stay.'

"'Well,' said the old German, 'we believe that we own this market.'

"My Michigan friend said, 'I am not going to get out until I get ready.' He was a scrapper.

"The German got angry. 'We have in Germany a yellow-dog fund. The manufacturers put up half the money, and the government the other half. We will use that against you. We will put you out of business if you do not get out of Germany.'

"My friend did not get out. In about thirty days the price of his article went down to twenty-two cents in this country. My friend had to get out of Germany—and up went the price to thirty-seven and a half cents. That illustrates the competition that our manufacturers had to contend with in Germany, and they will have the same conditions again unless we provide some law to prevent it."

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of the Chemical Foundation, capped this story with another: "As soon as an industry in which the Germans were interested and which trespassed upon their export-selling plans began to show its head in this country they went at it tooth and nail. They began to sell not only below what it cost in this country but below the cost of production in their own country, and in some instances—I think, in many—there was no limit to which they were not willing to cut prices in order to get business. I will tell you of one instance out of hundreds which have come to my personal knowledge."

Germany's Commercial Barbed Wire

"UNTIL about 1910 there was no production of aniline oil in this country. In that year the Benzol Products Company was organized to make aniline oil on a large scale. At that time the price of aniline oil was about eleven and a half cents. The Benzol Products Company could do the work and make money at that figure. They had not got fairly started when the Germans began cutting the price. The cutting continued until the German price reached six cents. One large customer was approached by the American producers with an offer of aniline oil for eight and a half cents, an unheard-of price up to that time. The answer was, 'I won't take your product at eight and a half cents or any other price, because whatever price you name I have the assurance that the German producers will undersell you.' The Alien Property Custodian's report gives a dozen other instances which show the absolute ruthlessness of the German producers." The German big-business machine was a part of the German war machine. The Hun conducted business in foreign countries as an invader—ruthlessly and without any thought of fair play. We used to thank our lucky stars that the German horde could not land on our shores. But his business machine had found a lodgment here, and it was as destructive and as difficult to overcome by our business men as was his war machine by the soldiers in France. Thousands of business men who never saw the war know the essential Hun characteristics almost as well as the men who fought on the Somme and the Meuse.

When the war began American business was unprotected against German methods. We were dependent on the Germans for essential commodities, and until the war was actually upon us the American interests did not fully realize their helplessness and their weakness, and what it meant to be in the power of a German. Now they know, and they are resolved to make here at home all the things which before August, 1914, we had to have from the Germans or go without; some of the things we cannot do without. This is a brief account of the effort of American producers and the progress they have made.

When the war got under way and importations were stopped we found ourselves dependent on foreign sources, chiefly German, for supplies of chemicals, dyestuffs, drugs, optical glass, knitting needles, chemical porcelain, alloy steels, potash, surgical implements, scientific instruments and war minerals of several sorts. Secretary Redfield has been one among many to voice the awakening sense of the business men here at home to the need which the war has enforced upon our thoughts of a larger outlook, a more distant vision than has been the case in our commercial life.

As the Secretary of Commerce puts it: "Too much in buying and selling, in shipping, we have concerned ourselves with the immediate transaction in hand. We have thought of the cheapness of the particular purchase and have lost sight of what was really economical. In this way we have played into the hands of merciless competitors, have built them up at our expense, and fallen into deep danger because of our short vision in permitting vital necessary industries to grow up in the hands of foreign competitors while we remain entirely dependent upon them.

"We now know it was not safe to go without a dyestuff industry or the manufacture of optical glass or of essential chemicals; yet before the war forced upon us a larger vision which makes us see this clearly it is more than doubtful whether a co-operative dyestuff industry akin in its character to the Chemical Foundation could have been created among the users of these materials. At once ourselves the largest producers of the raw materials from which dyestuffs were made and the largest consumers of the finished goods, we confused cheapness with economy, and suffered for the false assumption.

"We should never again find ourselves in the position that developed in the early part of the war, where, needing certain linen, we made none; needing potash, we produced little if any; needing chrome and manganese, we had to send abroad for both; needing optical glass, we made almost none; needing dyestuffs and explosives, we produced far too little."

The making of dyestuffs and chemicals is an essential industry both in peace and in war. Makers of dyestuffs can turn to the making of explosives and poison gases virtually without a change in their organization or processes. Their manufacturing processes run hand in hand. Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, one of the chief, and certainly the most dangerous and effective, German spies in this country, boasted: "In no other field has German efficiency proved its superiority as in that of chemistry. It is no exaggeration to state that the German chemist has contributed to the success of the campaign as much as, if not more than, the strategist, the army and navy, and that therefore the present holocaust may be justly called the chemists' war."

Chemical Industry's Ramifications

EIGHTY per cent of her explosives and all her poison gases were manufactured by Germany's dye factories.

The making of dyestuffs is therefore doubly a key industry. A key industry may be of minor importance in itself, but it is one that vitally affects the welfare and permanency of other industries which may be vast in extent and if hurt would threaten a national disaster. Without dyestuffs the whole vast business included in the manufacture and preparation of textiles, leather, paper, inks, lithographic art and paints would fall into a precarious condition. This has been vividly brought home to the American interests concerned by the threatened dyestuff famine caused by the outbreak of war.

In England, France and Japan government subsidies have been granted the dyestuff makers, and in addition the license system of imports has been adopted. What the American Government will do for the industry has not been decided. When the emergency rose while the war was on, the domestic dyestuff makers went straight ahead and spent great sums under the most inefficient and expensive conditions in the erection of factories. By their courage they gave the very critical first aid to many important industries and kept them going.

Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, has a bill pending in Congress to give relief to the industry producing dyes and allied chemicals without which it is obvious that dyemaking cannot survive when international competition is restored. Since the war began probably more than $300,000,000 has been invested in this industry, which is now competent to supply nearly all the needs of the American market. Upon the conclusion of peace, however, enormous quantities

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

RODIN'S statue of The Thinker shows a burly young man seated on a bowlder, a stump or some other blunt object. His mouth is pressed firmly against his knuckles and he is indulging in ground-and-lofty thinking of the most virulent sort. He appears to be surrounded by a rich dark-blue haze of gloom; and his absorption in his thoughts is so evident that any imaginative person cannot see the statue without thinking that he hears the wheels revolving in The Thinker's head with a low, penetrating, buzzing sound.

Nobody can be quite sure what The Thinker is thinking about. I used to think that he was thinking about love. He had that dazed, hopeless, helpless sort of look that goes with that sort of thinking. I wasn't at all sure about it; but that was what I thought. Recently, however, a great light has burst on me and I am almost positive that I know what is in The Thinker's mind. I think that The Thinker is thinking about buying himself some clothes and shoes and shirts and things. That, I think, is why The Thinker looks so numb and dejected and depressed and presents the appearance of having lost not only his best friend but also all his near-and-dear ones, as well as his dog and his pocketbook and his clothes and all the rest of his real and personal property.

Prices in the Dear Dead Past

IT SEEMS only yesterday that the papers were printing advertisements explaining that a complete outfit of male attire, including a classy derby hat, a refined bow tie, a neat but not gaudy suit of blue serge, a pair of sturdy but attractive shoes, and all the undertrappings which go to make the completely dressed man, or gent, could be purchased for $10.85. I was always suspicious of that $10.85 outfit; and something told me that if the neat but not gaudy suit of blue serge were to be exposed to a light thundershower it would give evidence of cowardice by blenching to a sickly green shade and running violently. None the less, there was a time when a suit of clothes and all the fixings could be purchased for $10.85. That is an undeniable fact.

It is a far cry, however, from the price of clothes in those rare old days to the price of clothes to-day—a very far cry. It is one of the farest cries that was ever cried, crewed or crowed. In fact I think it is more than a cry. It verges on the supercry and has become an ear-piercing shriek and a hair-raising bellow. The same thing, I may add, applies to the price of everything else except yeast cakes and two-cent postage stamps, which were selling at two cents when this article was written but which may have risen fifty per cent by the time it is published. It is indeed a far screech from the prices of old to the prices of to-day.

If The Thinker is as destitute of everything as he is of clothes and is thinking logically he is not only thinking with considerable loathing about buying himself raiment, but he is also thinking of purchasing a square meal and some toilet articles and maybe of renting an apartment for the winter and possibly of negotiating for the services of a person who used to be known as a cook but who now prefers to be graced with the title of house manager. From these thoughts it would be very easy for The Thinker to progress to agonizing speculations as to where he is to get the money to pay for all this and gradually to work up to such harrowing thoughts as to whether it wouldn't be better to save his money and stay naked and either freeze to death or be arrested for indecent exposure. The entire subject is one to make anyone press his hand to his fevered brow and break out in a heavy perspiration.

There is a convention which holds that men should not weep; but none the less I venture to state that there are many men who after reading the recent announcement that the best grades of ready-made suits would retail next spring at one hundred dollars a suit had to struggle with themselves not to yield to the impulse to go off into a corner and have a good cry. There was a time not so very long ago when men most foully insulted the shoe dealer who had the unmitigated gall to charge five dollars for the best pair of shoes in his establishment. On first hearing the price they would be stricken speechless. At length they would recover enough strength to move their fingers and roll their eyes weakly; and shortly after that by straining every muscle they would manage to rid themselves of language which characterized the shoe dealer as a thief, a cutpurse, a thug, a harpy, a dacoit and a footpad of the lowest and most loathsome sort. Then they would pay for the shoes and take them home and spend the next few months telling everyone of the extortionate price they had been forced to pay.

According to the reports which have recently been circulated, however, the price of a good pair of shoes is about to strike twenty-five dollars with a loud resonant crash in the immediate future. It makes one wonder how any shoe dealer could ever have demeaned himself by accepting such a beggarly sum as five dollars for a pair of shoes; while the very thought that a price of five dollars caused wailings and gnashings of teeth is enough to make one start from his slumbers and tremble with shame at his erstwhile miserliness.

There was a time in the dear dead past when I was addicted to the myths and legends of the long ago. I loved to read tales starting "Once upon a time" and telling how the old witch, after studying for thirty-seven years in the College of Witchcraft and Sorcery, was outwitted by the handsome prince in the purple tights who didn't know a magic wand from a magic lantern. I fairly devoured the piquant narratives of the period when a blacksmith shop was a necessary adjunct of every fashionable tailoring establishment on account of the chilled steel vests and trousers which were affected by society leaders. I loved Gluta von Linsensuppe and the strong and fearless Counts of Limburger and the deep bass notes of the old Rhenish bungatarters and the humpbacked Rhinestone castles. I loved the Table Round and the whistle of the trusty falchion and the keen-edged meat ax as Sir Martingale the Red and Sir Batter du Bellicose brasted each other in the midriff for the favor of the beautiful Lady Melisande of Marrowfat. I ate that stuff alive, as the saying goes.

Facts That Have Become Fairy Tales

TO-DAY, though, I can't get a quiver out of it. I need stronger meat. When I want to get the old thrill that used to go with the fairy tales I pass over the stories of Rapunzel and Snow-White and Sinbad and Cedric von Stussberg and Wm. Tell and Agatha von Addlepate and all the others, and get down an old, tattered, leather-covered volume which bears the fascinating title, "Day Book, 1824."

This book was the property of one of my forbears, who late in the 1700's and early in the 1800's ran a flourishing

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SYMBOLS

By HENRY PAYSON DOWST

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"Mine Was to be a Symbol—of Achievement, of Success, of Character. Yours Was a Material Thing of Show and Indulgence. Don't You See the Difference?"

WHEN J. Lancaster Bell left the state penitentiary it was the most natural thing in the world for him to seek his wife. He was a personable-looking man, thirty-four years old, thick-meated, something under six feet tall, and dark. A few weeks of freedom would restore the natural ruddiness to his cheeks. His eyes were brown, not very large, rather deep set. One hears that men with eyes like that are inclined to shrewdness. It is equally true that they frequently possess a disarming directness of gaze with a glint of good nature.

Bell owned a firm jaw and a mouth not ungenerously modeled. His hair, dark and of fine texture, had thinned noticeably from brow to crown and was beginning to show scattering touches of gray. For some time the prison authorities had not required him to have his head shaved and his hair was now scraggly, not really long, but in need of trimming.

J Lancaster would never have impressed you as a criminal type. He might have been a book agent or a country school-teacher. Yet he was a criminal, guilty of numerous predatory acts whose legal consequences he had escaped, and he had once been convicted and sentenced as a swindler.

His asset was an undeniable likableness, his liability an overweening desire for the things that money buys. Money he had not regarded as very difficult to get, for the simple reason that he declined to be hedged about by the normal obstacles which so often separate an honest man from his desires. He believed the average conventionally minded citizen, observing the legal restraints of commercial traffic, to be dull of ambition and slow of wit.

And he was convinced that many crookeder men than he had prospered richly and with impunity. Sure, they had!

They'd done lots of things J. Lancaster would never stoop to, such as robbing widows and orphans and the frugal but ignorant proletariat. He was kindly, generous, soft-hearted to the point of fatuousness. He'd never harmed a fly.

It was just the blamed tedium of following the straight and narrow path. He was intolerant of the necessities of integrity, impatient of its ponderous delays. The time to enjoy a thing was when the desire was hot within him. He wanted what he wanted when he wanted it. Too much anticipation took all the jazz out of realization.

The average man tells the truth by impulse. It requires effort to be dishonest. Only under stress of circumstances does the normal man lie or steal. Truth is obviously the easiest way.

Not so with the minority whose thought habits run counter-clockwise. They have left-handed brains and can be honest only through effort. They are an extreme between whom and the wholly virtuous there are, praise be, many gradations.

Having thus niftily elucidated a bit of psychology that has given the criminologists no end of trouble, let us observe in J. Lancaster Bell what happens to a man who has to try in order to be honest.

He had been released, by reason of good behavior, some weeks before the stated limits of a sentence imposed because he had been unable to curb his love of the beautiful. He had wanted a diamond, a big one. His hands were smooth and shapely, his nails round and strong, with neat white edges. J. Lancaster was proud of his hands and believed himself qualified in an unusual degree to enhance the beauty of a diamond by wearing it. So eventuated the affair of the Fullerton jewels.

Fullerton possessed many diamonds, together with other worldly endowments obtained through inheritance, but, lacking wits, was no fit custodian of these things. To take advantage of Fullerton's mental ineptitude seemed to J. Lancaster Bell a logical short cut diamondward.

And so, through a not too subtle though quite ingenious process of chicanery, composed mainly of inside information concerning certain stocks, Bell possessed himself shortly of the coveted property, along with a sizable section of Fullerton's bank roll. It was the easiest thing in the world.

But Fullerton raised an unsportsmanlike howl of agony and ran weeping to the police as a child seeks its mother. A confederate of J. Lancaster ignored the time-worn, not to say threadbare, tradition of honor among thieves and snitched for the salvation of his own hide. Through the undoubted collusion of a prejudiced district attorney and an untemperamental judge J. Lancaster lost diamonds, bank roll and liberty all in one swell f—fell swoop.

He could not overcome a resentful feeling toward Fullerton. Thus he reasoned:

"Poor boob! He ought to've been trimmed. Wasn't he trying to beat someone else? Wasn't he looking for a sure thing? Sure! Birds like him make me sick. S'pose he'd got what he went after? Wouldn't it have been at the expense of a lot of unlucky suckers? Wasn't he figuring on an unfair advantage? He thought he was. He's no better than I am. If he'd got away with the gravy he was counting on would he have raised any complaint about a crooked game? He was willing to be a crook, all right, if it paid. Guys like him deserve to lose. They haven't got any brains."

Perhaps this virtuous consciousness sustained J. Lancaster Bell through the tedium of nearly four years in prison; or it may very well have been his high hopes of a future in which he intended to make no more such blunders.

In any case the released man was far from despondent as he boarded a train, to be carried with satisfying swiftness from the vicinity of that hateful residence.

II

IN GRAY'S MILLS dwelt Mrs. Cynthia Lampton, ostensible widow, and mother of five-year-old Thomas Lampton. Also, and vastly to the convenience of the ladies of the village, she did business there.

"Seems as if," said Mrs. Page, wife of William O. Page, superintendent of the mills, "Mrs. Lampton always has just what you happen to want."

This was the general opinion. Yet Mrs. Lampton's store held but a limited stock of merchandise of the sort commonly classified as "smallwares and notions." There was something fortuitous in the way you could drop in almost any time and find just the number spool cotton the larger stores happened to be out of.

Of course the Lampton emporium was so small and unpretentious you didn't expect much and therefore marveled at what you could get. And then the proprietress was so obliging. If she didn't have what you wanted she could always send for it.

There was a story about Sam Gleason, prosperous farmer, and crabbed old John Gore, who sold hay, feed, coal, ice and, on the side, a line of agricultural implements. Gleason came into town in a hurry one day to get some parts for his mowing machine. Gore, as usual, was unable to supply them and didn't know how long it would take to get 'em, what with shippin' conditions bein' so bad and all.

"But my work is held up, John. Can't you wire for 'em? I'm losin' money every minute that machine's out of commission."

Gore fussed and puttered among some dusty catalogues.

"Pity you wouldn't carry a decent line of farm machinery and parts," grumbled his customer.

"What? Tie up a lot o' money in stock? The' ain't enough demand."

"You'd have demand if folks knowed they could get what they wanted from ye. Can't you telegraph an order and get me a whole new machine, instead of bothering with repairs? This fair weather won't last forever."

"Don't know how soon ye'd get it. Who's goin' to pay for the telegram?"

"Oh, hell!" boiled Sam. "You're a grand business man, I don't think! Bet ye Cynthy Lampton'd sell me a mowin' machine before you could make up your mind to dip your pen in the ink bottle."

"Mis' Lampton? You're crazy!"

"Ain't neither. She's the smartest storekeeper here. Womenfolks say they can get anything from her. Durn if I don't think she'd do as well by the men."

"Rot! What's she know 'bout mowin' machines?"

"Bet ye a two-dollar box of five-cent cigars she'll have me a machine here in two days."

"Make that a dollar box and I'll go ye!"

Gleason stumped off huffily. In five minutes he pushed open the door of Cynthia's little shop.

"Mis' Lampton, my wife tells me you're the most accommodatin' merchant on Main Street. You don't happen to have a vertical-lift mowin' machine with a six-foot cutter bar, do ye?"

Mrs. Lampton, startled, looked up at the big farmer. She was a smallish woman, blue-eyed and fresh, radiating a capable and alert energy. Men seldom came into her shop, except salesmen to sell goods or citizens to do small pin-and-needle errands for their wives.

"Goodness, Mr. Gleason! Are you in a hurry?"

She caught the twinkle in his eye, sensed a good-natured challenge. Something was afoot.

"Want it immediate. Old one's disabled, and John Gore's out of parts, as you'd know he would be. I cal'late it'd likely be more ee-conomical to buy a new one, instead o' monkeyin' and fiddlin' with that old rattletrap. She's forever layin' down on me when I need her worst."

"Yes, I should think it would be better. Excuse me a minute."

Gleason waited, half amused, half anxious. After all, a man hadn't ought to be a fool jest to be smart and show old Gore a thing or two. Cynthia reappeared, pad, pencil and catalogue in hand.

"Seventy-nine dollars and sixty-five cents, free on board car at South Fork. Shipping weight seven hundred and sixty-four pounds. I'll find out from the freight agent how much it will cost to get it here. Then to save time, if you say so, I'll telegraph—no, I'll telephone the factory and arrange about the shipping. You'll want it to come by fast freight. It mustn't be sent in a way car. I'll get all the particulars over at the station. Will you be back here in half an hour or go to see the agent with me right now?"

"Gosh!" cried the farmer. "You do work fast. The womenfolks was right about you. Go ahead and see what you can do and let me know. I'll be here. I'll pay whatever expense you're put to. Want any money on account?"

"Your credit is good with me, Mr. Gleason. Now if you'll excuse me ——"

That afternoon, however, Mrs. Lampton hunted up Mr. Braley, president of the local bank, and borrowed seventy-five dollars on a thirty-day note. This happened Monday. Late Wednesday Sam Gleason loaded a bright red-and-yellow mower on his automobile trailer from the freight-house platform. Ostentatiously he stopped on his way home and shouted to old John Gore to come out and pay up his bet.

Gore paid it, grumbling that he guessed the cigars cost Gleason a pesky sight more'n they did him. Well, Gleason was rich enough to indulge a whim like that, even if telephone and transportation charges amounted to twenty times the value of the cigars. He thought the outcome goshdinged well worth the money.

As it happened something far more tangible than the satisfaction of winning from old Gore fully justified the expense, for the new mower enabled Gleason to beat by some hours the first of a succession of heavy storms that would have caused hundreds of dollars' damage to standing grain. And Cynthia found her little shop the best advertised in the county.

The Lampton store was a small remodeled dwelling house sitting close to the sidewalk and parallel with it. The entire ground floor of the main house was given over to the business. At the back a one-story lean-to provided space for a combined kitchen and sitting room. The house was of the story-and-a-half type, the streetward slope of its roof broken by a pair of small dormer windows, one for each of the two chambers on the second floor.

Flanking the street door were sizable windows for the display of goods, but the exhibits therein were scarcely impressive. Cynthia had never mastered the art of window trimming, and her stock in trade seemed hardly to lend itself to such a purpose. She had all she could do to run the store, keep house and bring up young Tommy.

Within a year she had found it necessary to employ help, and Molly Peterson was clerking in a sort of intermittent fashion. Molly had had a couple of years behind the counter in a large store in Medford, the county seat, but her father having died she had come home to be with her mother. She was glad to help Cynthia a few hours each week at much less than regular wages.

Casually you would have thought Cynthia's situation rather comfortable. Several male neighbors thought so too. Any one of these would have cheerfully assumed a share of Mrs. Lampton's responsibilities and helped her with the heavier work under an arrangement duly sanctioned by church and state. A pretty wife with an established paying business holds out many advantages, even in a little mill town where the prospects of future growth are not unlimited. Cynthia had her own ideas about such a partnership and offered no encouragement.

"Smart, independent and spunky," was the Gray's Mills characterization of Mrs. Lampton.

On an afternoon in October, warned by the thickening shadows, Cynthia called from the door of her small kitchen: "Tommy! Tom-mee!"

"Yethum," replied Tommy, from what appeared to be a sandbox at the back of the yard. "I do' wanna come in."

"It's suppertime, honey. Come along. Mind mother."

Tommy explained that he wath buildin' a railroad with earth and a thtathion—an operation which ought not to be halted by trivial considerations like supper and bed. But his mother was firm, and the youngster, a trifle resentful, permitted himself to be seated, napkined, and served with a large bowl of milk and cereal.

"I do' wanna eat thupper," he informed her. "I wanna bunny rabbit an' a windin'-up auterbeeler. When ith Chrithmuth?"

Molly Peterson spoke from the doorway leading into the store:

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Lampton, I'll run along now. Mother's had one of her headaches to-day."

"All right. I hope she'll be feeling better to-morrow."

Cynthia busied herself with simple preparations for her own supper, while her son enlightened her concerning his future:

"When I grow up I'm gonna have a thtore and keep nothin' to thell but auterbeelerth and lem'nade."

Over the doorway into the store hung a small bell on an easily vibrated spring. From this spring a fine wire ran through a hole in the wall and along the ceiling to a pivoted dog, or trigger, actuated by the opening and closing of the street door. This bell now gave tongue to the news of Molly Peterson's departure. Cynthia and Tommy were cozily alone in the warm kitchen, and the woman set a frying pan on the stove, laying upon the swiftly heating surface a slice of ham—pink, and laced delicately with a network of white fat. This sizzled and gave off a smoky, titillant odor.

"Can I have thome ham?" demanded Tommy.

"A tiny taste, perhaps. Eat your cereal like a good boy. Mother has to light the lamps in the store. She'll come right back."

Cynthia stepped through the connecting doorway and walked along behind the counter, which extended parallel with the rear wall of the shop. A man stood examining the titles of a row of reprint fiction on a shelf. His back was toward Cynthia and in the diminishing light he appeared to be rather bulky but in no way extraordinary. On the floor at his feet rested a small traveling bag. Probably he had something to sell. Cynthia believed he had entered the store as Molly left, for the bell had sounded but once.

In this occurrence there was nothing unusual, yet Cynthia felt a distinct shock and the odd twinge that surprise may cause at the base of the throat. Standing there, match box in hand, she gathered her forces courageously:

"Was there anything ——"

The man turned quickly and confronted her.

"Lank! Lank! When—where—how ——"

"Hello, Cynth'."

He covered the short intervening distance, laid his hands

That Night He Walked the Floor Again. It Was the Coffee, He Said. He'd Been a Dern Fool to Drink That Second Cup

on Cynthia's shoulders and kissed her perfunctorily on a passive cheek.

"How are you, Cynth'? And how's the kid?"

"I'm all right. We're all right. We've—got along."

"Were you going to light up? Here, give us your matches."

He took the box, and successively touched the wicks of each of the three large hanging lamps. There was a kind of deftness, an instinctive know-how, in his movements. Having lighted up he went and sat on a stool in front of the counter.

"You look nice, Cynth'. You look fine. Where's the young one?"

"Having his supper in the kitchen."

"H'm. How're you going to explain me?"

"I—don't know. It depends—on you, I guess."

"I suppose so. You seem comfortable here. I'd be sorry to do anything to upset your apple cart. I don't want ——"

"Mercy!" cried Cynthia. "The ham!"

She hurried away. In the kitchen the ham was on the verge of scorching. Tommy had devised a new system of commercial milkways on the white oilcloth that covered the table and was directing a maritime traffic of crumbs.

"Can I have thome ham?"

"Mother'll be right back."

Cynthia's mind was a chaos. She had foreseen this moment and thought herself prepared; but the event was premature by at least six weeks and had happened in a way utterly different from her picture of it.

Back in the store she asked: "How about your supper, Lank?"

"Your ham smells good; but I'm not hungry. Had my dinner at the Junction about two-thirty, so I don't want any supper now. Tell you: I'll go over to the hotel and leave my bag, and come back after you've put the kid to bed. Then we'll talk things over. Don't you worry, Cynth'. You looked scared to death when you first saw me. No need of that. But I did want to have a look at you and Tommy. Maybe you can think up some way to explain me."

"Mother, I want thome ham!"

Tommy appeared suddenly, saw J. Lancaster Bell, paused and surveyed him critically. Then he marched straight up to him and demanded his name.

"Wouldn't that bump you! So this is him. Well, my name is Riddlety Friddles and I'm hunting for woozle-pigs. Are you a woozle-pig?"

Tommy shook his head. "I'm a boy."

"All right, young feller." The visitor picked Tommy up and set him on a wide knee.

"What'th a woothle-pig?"

To Cynthia, J. Lancaster said over Tommy's head: "Go eat your supper. I'll wait and entertain Tommy. He sort of takes to me, doesn't he?"

Cynthia had to admit that her son did take to J. Lancaster. This should not have surprised her, for she herself had taken to him years ago. She now remembered that in the old days every child he knew looked upon him as a kind of whiskerless Santa Claus.

In the kitchen she rattled the dishes to make J. Lancaster think she was eating. But she was too agitated for food. The sight of little Tommy on the man's knee roused a flock of might-have-beens to tease her. Some tears dripped down over her softly rounded chin and made little dark spots on the otherwise spotless texture of her shirt waist. She tidied the kitchen and returned to J. Lancaster Bell.

"Come, Tommy, it's bedtime. Tell Mr.—Friddles good night."

Tommy rehearsed the formula usual on such occasions.

"Oh, yes, you do want to go to bed," said Mr. Friddles. "If you don't I can't ever take you to see the muffin bird or the polly-wumpus."

"Aw right," consented Tommy. Then, uninvited, he threw his plump arms round the neck of Riddlety Friddles and kissed him violently.

"I like you, Riddlety Friddleth," observed the child. "An' I'm a goo' boy too. I know howta mind my mother."

When Cynthia had gone to tuck her son away Bell leaned his chin thoughtfully on the heel of his hand. Sitting there with his toes curled round the two front legs of his stool he looked like a big wistful boy.

"Hell!" he grumbled. "What is it about kids that always gets to me so hard?"

III

"TROUBLE with me," explained J. Lancaster a little later, sitting at ease in Mrs. Lampton's kitchen, "is always having to pike. You can't help piking unless you have a bank roll."

"Do you call it piking to be honest and work hard for your money?"

"Oh, it is as a rule, I should say. That is, the hardest workers don't make the most money. If they do they make it for someone else; or if they make it for themselves the slick chaps get it away from 'em."

"That is the belief that has got you into trouble."

"Well, who was it I was trying to make money for, I'd like to know? Who wanted a limousine and two hired girls and a house in a swell suburb? You can't say I was altogether selfish, can you, Cynth'?"

Cynthia winced. Lank was unjust. Yet in the dim recesses of consciousness stirred a feeble spark of self-accusation. Promptly, however, she came to her own defense:

"Lank, don't be childish. You always criticized a poor sport. Do you think you're sportsmanlike?"

"Well, listen, didn't I ——"

"But You, You Poor, Stupid, Misguided, Blackmailing Sneak, You'd Probably be Tarred and Feathered if You Tried to Put the Skids Under Me!"

"Lank! Please! The limousine I wanted was a twenty-five hundred dollar one, in five years—something to live and work for. I believed you clever and capable enough to get it—I still think so. It wasn't my idea of a limousine that got you in trouble, but your own, the ten-thousand-dollar one you wanted as soon as you thought of it. Mine was to be a symbol—of achievement, of success, of character. Yours was a material thing of show and indulgence. Don't you see the difference?"

"No, I don't know's I do—that is, not exactly. I get your notion in a hazy kind of way. Strikes me as far-fetched, sort of round Robin Hood's barn. I always figured on the very thing I was after, not some dizzy ideal. Of course, though, it's all in how your mind's geared. Amounts to the same thing in the end, regardless of what name you call it. I'd as lief have a good eight-cylinder symbol as a Sazerac or a Jacquard, so it ran smooth."

Cynthia sighed. She was standing at a cloth-covered board resting on two chair backs, ironing some white things. The warmth of the kitchen and her exertion, as well as the excitement of the moment, had deepened the color in her cheeks, and her eyes were bright, though the slight lift of her brow betrayed an anxious perplexity.

Bell watched her with an appreciative eye. She was the prettiest woman in the world, and the best. That odd idealism expressed the finer side of her, the side he had never been quite able to comprehend.

"Anyhow, Cynth', you don't have to worry about me. I've learned my lesson. They don't catch me pulling another bone like that. I'm sure going to try to be honest."

Cynthia set down her iron.

"That's just it," she said. "You have to try to be honest. You must stop and think when you tell the truth."

"Don't everyone?" inquired Lank innocently. "I mean, some of the time?"

Cynthia laughed a resigned half hopeless little chuckle.

"Most people have to make special effort if they want to be crooked."

Bell pondered this remark for some moments.

"I guess I'm a bad lot," he announced.

"Oh, Lank, don't say that! I'm sorry I spoke. I haven't any right to judge. Please don't let what I said discourage you."

"Go on, Cynth'; bawl me out. I need it. I guess I don't blame you, considering what you thought I was when you married me, and what I've turned out to be."

J. Lancaster displayed all the earmarks of deep contrition. He was almost convincing. Cynthia regretted the shadowy doubt lingering below the surface of her thought.

"I have to hand it to you, Cynth', for the way you've managed. You're smart, there's no two ways about it. Folks round here suspect who your husband is?"

Mrs. Lampton shook her head.

"That's good. Don't think I'll stay long in Gray's Mills. I'd better leave before I get you in bad. People in a little country town are apt to be awful bigoted."

Swift misgivings took hold upon the imagination of Cynthia. But her fears were not for herself.

"What will you do, Lank?"

"I'll get along all right. I'm no one's fool, you know."

"But you're so handicapped. It's going to be hard for you to—to —— You'll be lonely and they—some of the ones you used to know, who were with you when ——"

"You mean the gang? Not much. I tell you I'm going straight. I don't want anything to do with them."

"But they won't let you alone. You are ingenious and clever. They'll think of a hundred ways you can help them, and before you know it —— Oh, Lank, why can't you stay here, with me? I—I used to help you, sometimes. If you had been a little more patient, contented to work and wait, by this time we'd have been well off. And think of all it would have saved you from, and me—all of us. You mustn't go back to the old crowd.

"This is a little dull town. The people are country folks, simple and kindly. They've been good to me. I came here four years ago an utter stranger, with just the little money I had left after I sold our things and paid the bills. I wanted to hide if I could, and still give Tommy a chance. This little store was for sale, because the old man who owned it was sick. I paid him what I could, took over the business and before he died I managed to settle the balance. Now it gives Tommy and me quite a nice living.

"People like me and trust me. I could go to the bank and borrow four or five hundred dollars on my note if I needed it. It has all come in less than four years. I've been careful and honest ——"

"You said it!" cried Bell. "That's the answer. When you've got a reputation people trust you and lend you money. You get a chance at the big pickings."

"Lank!"

Bell checked himself so suddenly he skidded.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You can grab your opportunities. If you have a good thing people will hop to it, take your tip, back you up. I mean you gotta make good before they'll—er—take any stock in you, see?"

"Of course. That's why I don't want you to go away. It seems as if my standing here ought to help you. People would give you a fair chance for my sake."

"Don't fool yourself. Why, do you know what would happen to your reputation if they got wise to me? How much could you borrow at the bank if the directors knew your husband had done time? Folks wouldn't buy a package of pins from you, and all the old ladies that think so much of you now would go Phariseeing past on the other side getting a lame neck trying not to see your name over the door.

"Whose are all the doughnuts and cakes in that case? Truck that women have left here for you to sell. Suppose they knew about me? Would one of 'em trust you with a dozen cookies? Not on your life! She'd have a picture of me lifting the twenty-four cents and then chasing the little boy that bought 'em.

"I tell you you can't afford to have me within a thousand miles of you. Not that I don't want to stay. When they let me out I made a bee line for this town. I thought you needed me and I'd get a job and bring home the envelope. Now I see I'd only hurt you.

"But oh, Cynth'! That Tommy's a peach of a kid all right!"

J. Lancaster rose, fished in his pocket for a cigar and looked round for his hat.

"Lank," said Cynthia, "don't. I'll take the chance. Maybe all you say is true, but I can't let you go. Stay in

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A TALE THAT IS TOLD

By William Allen White

DECORATIONS BY J. P. TILLAC

OURS is the cynical profession. We reporters always come to scoff—and if we do remain to pray our prayers rarely get into our work. And when seventy-five of us—American reporters representing every kindred and tribe of newspaper expression—gathered together in Paris last winter and spring to watch the peace show, the seats of the scorners were full.

We American reporters were divided roughly into three sections: The reporters for the great dailies in the larger American cities, who used the cable free and daily—and most of these men came from the Atlantic seaboard, though interior cities like Detroit and Chicago and Kansas City were represented. Second, there were the representatives of newspapers who wrote weekly letters and used the cable once a week. They distributed their letters through newspaper syndicates. Frank Simonds was the dean of that group. And third were the magazine men, who wrote once or twice a month and rarely used the cable. The correspondents of newspapers which had kept representatives in Europe during the war were given the first rights to the American wireless service, and each newspaper got two hundred words of wireless a day, which the correspondents supplemented by a cable story.

The cables were generally two or three days late and sometimes a week behind with their messages. A syndicate man with a weekly cable letter had to file it Wednesday for Sunday's paper, and even then it often was delayed. The three press associations—the Associated Press, the International News Service, and the United Press—were treated upon terms of exact equality. And so far as that goes no American newspaper man ever felt that he did not receive fair treatment. Except in one instance no cable was intercepted or censored, and that censoring was done technically under the rules, and no one's expression was in the least controlled or interfered with. The socialist papers had exactly the same privileges that the New York dailies had, and we reporters felt that the Powers were playing a square game with us.

For a month before the Peace Conference opened we trailed across Europe, a more or less gaseous and flamboyant tail to the presidential comet. We stood in the presence of kings and princes; we gorged ourselves at banquets; we swilled the flat beer of England, the *vin ordinaire* of France and the sweet champagne of Italy until we were weak and weary, sick and sore. Then came a time when we were cooped up in Paris, waiting for the big show to open.

Salad and Chicken in Plymouth Hall

TO WHILE away the tedium and to keep us out of mischief, first the French showed us the Hall of the Clocks, where the Peace Conference was to assemble. It was a rococo atrocity covered with gold-leaf wreaths and fruits, and putty-colored Cupids and nymphs caught on their way to the bathroom Saturday night. By way of irony we called it Plymouth Hall. And a San Francisco reporter, noting the green foliage of a fern under a particularly festive putty-colored nymph wandering round the wall looking for the soap or the nail brush or the shower, insisted on calling the greens and the pretty lady *salade et poulette*, which was considered a good joke at the time. But it was a dull time.

There the American delegation—minus the President, who was always in his holy of holies—decided to put on some charades for us. Accordingly every morning at eleven the members of the delegation lined up in Secretary Lansing's room at the Crillon Hotel and invited the reporters in to ask questions. Always it was a solemn occasion. There they stood—grand, gloomy and peculiar: Secretary Lansing with befitting iron-gray hair and mustache, decent gray trousers, two-buttoned cutaway, bound with aggravating proper black braid, and his features to match in aggravating diplomatic composure. Back of him ranged General Bliss in regalia, Commissioner White, immaculately respectable in conventional black, and Colonel House, generally sitting on the head of a lounge or the arm of a fat chair—the only one in the group not prim, proper and prismatical. And in a wide crescent, ranging clear across the room we stood—seventy-five American reporters whose expense accounts were chugging away while we waited day by day for news.

We must have seemed like a hungry mob to those elegant leisurely gentlemen whom we attacked every morning. We barked questions. Secretary Lansing, as spokesman, tossed us the stale dog biscuit of noncommittal answers. Sometimes Colonel House threw us a little raw meat of news. Or General Bliss would venture to give us the milk of the word. But generally it was an empty rite. And day by day we went through the rite, waiting for the Peace Conference to open.

One day a godless reporter from Chicago named Evans—which he probably pronounced Ivvins—catches me by the arm as we started in to the morning obsequies and says he, "Come on, old dear! So long as the tent isn't up for the main show there is no moral obloquy in going into the side show to see the ossified men."

And yet we were innocent enough. The European spectacle of the masses thronging about President Wilson, his high-keyed idealism, which fell upon them like manna, the note of fraternity he was striking in all his speeches and the avidity with which the common people of Europe heard his message, did not at first strike us as curious. We did not see how aghast the ruling classes of Europe were at our President's ingenuous discourse on international moralities. It meant nothing to us, this high talk of a better world. We had just come from a country exalted by a lofty dream of democracy; so exalted indeed that men were denying themselves bread, were going without butter, were turning in the names of their neighbors and friends who violated the food regulations; so exalted that they were going in debt to their ears to buy Liberty Bonds and giving their incomes to the Red Cross; so exalted that they really believed that the war was a high emprise in the short hike to the millennium. We had come from out of 100,000,000 people with a fixed idea that this was a holy war. And when our President spoke our language we failed to realize with what ribald jeers the ruling classes in Europe were receiving his message, while the hearts of their subjects flamed in high hopes. Yet even while this big news escaped us we thought we were good reporters. But gradually as the conference opened we saw the truth. We realized—and with the realization even the cynicism of a cynical profession was strained—that we Americans live in another world than Europe—that we reason with different minds and that they think we are mad.

The realization of our American isolation came when President Wilson formally abandoned Point One of his Fourteen Points—"open covenants openly arrived at." We assumed that the Peace Conference would be an open conference. We thought it would be like a great congress, the parliament of the world. And we presumed that all other reporters would take the same attitude—even if statesmen weakened.

The Truth About Europe

WHAT was our surprise when we called a meeting of the reporters of the Allied press to find the French frozen solidly against an open session, the Italians standing with the French, and only the British open to argument. It took from seven in the evening until four in the morning for the American press committee to convince the British press committee that it was wise to demand publicity and an open session of the Peace Conference. The French never were convinced and the Italians came only halfway. It was in that mêlée for open sessions that a ribald reporter from the Detroit News put this cabalistic legend on the bulletin board in our American press room:

"Open covenants openly arrived at—A. W. O. L."—absent without leave.

And alas, after that our American illusions also were absent without leave! We realized that the exaltation of the war was gone from Europe—for a time at least, and from the Paris conference with some permanency. Whatever idealism was left in Europe was an aspiration of the common people and not a guiding star of the ruling classes in charge of the actual governments of Europe. So they closed the conference to us and mockingly left us the skeleton of publicity in a sham open session. We had four or five of these open sessions at which only what was agreed upon was done, and that with perfunctory boredom. And we were bored and they were bored and our readers were bored, and so gradually America learned the truth about Europe after the war.

And the truth about Europe, so far as it affected the Peace Conference, was that England was disturbed over her colonies, with native unrest in the whole Mohammedan world, in Egypt and in India and with a rapidly spreading propaganda of Mohammedanism running through the blacks in certain portions of Africa. A curious thing about those blacks—they were taught to use machine guns against the German colonies, and now the Mohammedans are teaching them that the road to heaven is through death for the faith. The combination of knowledge makes an ugly menace for Britain in Africa.

And Great Britain at the peace table was colony-conscious, colony-worried; for the conflicting interests of British colonies in Australia

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BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"She's Not in the Least in Love With Him. She Likes the Warm Nest She Has Fallen Into. And She'll Spoil His Future"

WITH the Merryman girls economy was a fine art. Money was spent by them to preserve the family traditions. Nothing else counted. Everything was sacrificed to the gods of yesterday.

Little Anne Merryman had shivered all her short life in the bleakness of this domestic ideal.

"Why can't I have butter on my bread?" she had demanded in her long-legged schoolgirl days, when she had worn her fair hair in a fat braid down her back.

The answers had never been satisfying. Well-bred people might, Amy indicated, go without butter. Their income was not elastic, and there were things more important.

"What things? Amy, I'm so hungry I could eat a house."

It was these expressions of Anne's about food which shocked Amy and Ethel.

"I'd sell my soul for a slice of roast beef."

"Anne!"

"Well, I would!"

"I—I don't see how you can be so ordinary, Anne."

"Ordinary" in the lexicon of Amy and Ethel meant "plebeian." No one in the Merryman family had ever been so ordinary as Anne. Hitherto the Merrymans had been content to warm themselves by the fires of their own complacency, to feed themselves on past splendors; for the Merrymans were as old as Norman rule in England. They had come to America with grants from the king, they had family portraits and family silver and family diamonds, and now in this generation of orphaned girls, two of them at least were fighting the last battles of family pride. The fortunes of the Merrymans had declined, and Amy and Ethel, with their backs, as it were, to the wall, were making a final stand.

"We must have evening clothes, we must entertain our friends, we must pay for the family pew"; this was their nervous litany. The Merrymans had always dressed and entertained and worshiped properly; hence it was for lace or tulle or velvet, as the case might be, that their money went. It went, too, for the very elegant and exclusive little dinners to which, on rare occasions, their friends were bidden; and it went for the high place in the synagogue from which they prayed their pharisaical prayers.

"We thank thee, Lord, that we are not as others," prayed Amy and Ethel fervently.

But Anne prayed no such prayers. She wanted to be like other people. She wanted to eat and drink with the multitude, she wanted a warm, warm hearth, a groaning board. She wanted snugness and coziness and comfort. And she grew up loving these things, and hating the pale walls of their old house in Georgetown, the family portraits, the made-over dinner gowns that her sisters wore, her own made-over party frocks.

"Can't I have a new one, Amy?"

"It's Ethel's turn."

So it was when Anne went to a certain diplomatic reception in a made-over satin slip, hidden by a cloud of snowy tulle, that Murray Flint first waked to the fact of her loveliness.

He had waked ten years earlier to the loveliness of Amy, and five years later to the beauty of Ethel.

And now here was Anne!

"She's different though," he told old Molly Winchell; "more spiritual than the others."

It was Anne's thinness which deceived him. It was an attractive thinness. She was pale, with red lips, and the fat fair braids had given way to a shining knot. She wore the family pearls, and the effect was, as Murray had said, spiritual. Anne had the look, indeed, of one who sees heavenly visions.

Amy had never had that look. She was dark and vivid. If at thirty the vividness was emphasized by artificial means the fault lay in Amy's sacrifice to her social ideals. She needed the butter which she denied herself. She needed cream and eggs, and her doctor had told her so. And Amy had kept the knowledge to herself.

Ethel, eating as little as Amy—or even less—had escaped, miraculously, attenuation. At twenty she had been a plump little beauty. She was still plump. Her neck in her low-cut gown was lovely. Her figure was not fashionable, and she lacked Amy's look of race.

"They are all charming," Molly Winchell said. "Why don't you marry one of them, Murray?"

"Marriage," said Murray, "would spoil it."

"Spoil what?"

Murray turned on her his fine dark eyes. "They are such darlings—the three of them."

"You Turk!" Molly surveyed him over the top of her sapphire feather fan. "So that's it, is it? You want them all."

Murray thought vaguely it was something like that. For ten years he had had Amy and Ethel—Amy at twenty, fire and flame, Ethel at fifteen, with bronze locks and lovely color. In those years Anne had promised little in the way of beauty or charm. She had read voraciously, curled up in chairs or on rugs, and had waked now and then to his presence and a hot argument.

"Why don't you like Dickens, Murray?"

"Oh, his people, Anne—clowns."

"They're not!"

"Boors; beggars." He made a gesture of distaste.

"They're darlings—Mark Tapley and Ruth Pinch. Murray, if I had a beefsteak I'd make a beefsteak pie."

There was more of pathos in this than Murray imagined. There had been no beef on the Merryman table for many moons.

"Murray, did you ever eat tripe?"

"My dear child ——"

"It sounds dee-licious when Toby Veck has it on a cold morning. And there's the cricket on the hearth and the teakettle singing. I'd love to hear a kettle sing like that, Murray; wouldn't you?"

But Murray wouldn't. He had the same kind of mind as Amy and Ethel. He did not like robust and hearty things or robust and hearty people. He wore a corset to keep his hips small, and stood up at teas and receptions with an almost military carriage. Of course he had to sit down at dinners, but he sat very straight. He, too, had family portraits and family silver, and he lived scrupulously up to them. His fortunes, unlike the Merrymans', had not declined. He had money enough and to spare. He could have made Amy or Ethel very comfortable if he had married either of them. But he had not wanted to marry. There had been a time when he had liked to think of Amy as presiding over his table. She would have fitted in perfectly with the old portraits and old silver and the family diamonds. Then Ethel had come along. She had not fitted in with the diamonds and portraits and silver, but she had stirred his pulses.

"Anywhere else but in Georgetown," old Molly Winchell was saying, "those girls would have been snapped up long ago. It's a poor matrimonial market."

Murray was complacently aware that he was geographically the only eligible man on the Merryman horizon. Unless Amy and Ethel could marry with distinction they would not marry at all. It was not lack of attraction which kept them single, but lack of suitors in their own set.

And now here was Anne, with Ethel's loveliness and Amy's look of race. There was also that look of angelic detachment from the things of earth.

So Murray's eyes rested on Anne with great content as she came and sat beside Molly Winchell.

Other eyes rested on her—Amy's with quick jealousy. "So now it's Anne," she said to herself as she perceived Murray's preoccupation. Five years ago she had said, "Now it's Ethel," as she had seen him turn to the fresher beauty. Before that she had dreamed of herself as loving and beloved. It had been hard to shut her eyes to that vision.

Yet—better Anne than an outsider. Amy had a fierce sense of proprietorship in Murray. If she gave him to Ethel, to Anne, he would be still in a sense hers. With Anne or Ethel she would share his future, partake of his present.

A third pair of eyes surveyed Anne with interest as she sat by Molly.

"Corking kid," said the owner of the eyes to himself.

His name was Maxwell Sears. He was not in the least like Murray Flint. He was from the Middle West, he was red-blooded, and he cared nothing for the past. He held it as a rather negligible honor that he had a Declaration-signing ancestor. The important things to Maxwell were that he was representing his district in Congress; that he was still young enough to carry his college ideals into politics, and that he had just invested a small portion of the fortune which his father had left him in a model stock farm in Illinois.

For the rest, he was big, broad-shouldered, clean-minded. Now and then he looked up at the stars, and what he saw there swayed him level with the men about him. Because of the stars he called no man a fool, except such as deemed himself wiser than the rest. Because he believed in the people they believed in him. It was that which had elected him. It was that which would elect him again.

"Corking kid," said Maxwell Sears, with his smiling eyes on Anne.

II

IN THE course of the evening Maxwell managed an introduction. He found Anne quaint and charming. That she was reading Dickens amused him. He had thought that no one read Dickens in these days. How did it happen?

She said that she had discovered him for herself—many years ago.

How many years?

Well, to be explicit, ten. She had been eleven when she had found a new world in the fat little books. They had a lot of old books. She loved them all. But Dickens more than any. Didn't he?

He did. "His heart beat with the heart of the common people. It was that which made him great."

"Murray hates him."

"Who is Murray?"

Anne pondered. "Well, he's a family friend. We girls were brought up on him."

"Brought up on him?"

"Yes. Anything Murray likes we are expected to like. If he doesn't like things we don't."

"Oh."

"He's over there by Mrs. Winchell."

Maxwell looked and knew the type. "But you don't agree about Dickens?"

"No. And Amy says that Murray's wiser than I. But I'm not sure. Amy thinks that all men are wiser than women."

Maxwell chuckled. Anne was refreshing. She was far from modern in her modes of thought. She was—he hunted for the word and found it—mid-Victorian in her attitude of mind.

He wondered what Winifred Reed would think of her. Winifred lived in Chicago. She was athletic and intellectual. She wrote tabloid dramas, drove her own car, dressed smartly, and took a great interest in Maxwell's career. She wrote to him once a week, and he always answered her letters. Now and then she failed to write, and he missed her letters and told her so. It was altogether a pleasant friendship.

She hated the idea of Maxwell's farm. She thought it a backward step. "Are you going to spend the precious years ahead of you in the company of cows?"

"There'll be pigs too, Winifred; and chickens. And, of course, my horses."

"You belong in a world of men. It's the secret of your success that men like you."

"My cows like me—and there's great comfort after the stress of a stormy session in the reposefulness of a pig."

"I wish you'd be serious."

"I am serious. Perhaps it's a throwback, Winifred. There is farmer blood in my veins."

It was something deeper than that. It was his virile joy in fundamentals. He loved his golden-eared Guernseys and his black Berkshires and his White Wyandottes—not because of their choiceness but because they were cows and pigs and chickens; and he kept a pair of pussy cats, half a dozen dogs, and as many horses, because man primitively had made friends of the dumb brutes upon whom the ease and safety of his life depended.

There was, rather strangely, something about Anne which fitted in with this atavistic idea. She was, more than Winifred, a hearthstone woman. A man might carry her over his threshold and find her when he came home o' nights. It was hard to visualize Winifred as waiting or watching or welcoming. She was always going somewhere with an air of having important things to do, and coming back with an air of having done them. Maxwell felt that these important things were not connected in any way with domestic matters. One did not, indeed, expect domesticity of Winifred.

Thus Anne, drawing upon him by mysterious forces, drew him also by her beauty and a certain wistfulness in her eyes. He had once had a dog, Amber Witch, whose eyes had held always a wistful question. He had tried to answer it. She had grown old on his hearth, yet always to the end her eyes had asked. He hoped now that in some celestial hunting ground she had found an answer to that subtle need.

He told Anne about Amber Witch. "I have one of her puppies on my farm."

She was much interested. "I've never had a dog; or a cat."

He had, he said, a big pair of tabbies who slept in the hay and came up to the dairy when the milk was strained. There were two blue porcelain dishes for their sacred use. There was, he said, milk and to spare. He grew eloquent as he told of the number of quarts daily. He bragged of his butter. His cheeses had won prizes at county fairs. As for chickens—they had fresh eggs and broilers without end. He had his own hives, too, white-clover honey. And his housekeeper made hot biscuit. In a month or two there'd be asparagus and strawberries. Say! Yes, he was eloquent.

Anne was hungry. There had been a meager dinner that evening. The other girls had not seemed to care. But Anne had cared.

"I'm starved," she had said as she had surveyed the table. "Let's pawn the spoons and have one square meal."

"Anne!"

"Oh, we're beggars on horseback"—bitterly—"and I hate it."

It was her moment of rebellion against the tyranny of tradition. Amy had had such a moment years ago when her mother had taken her away from school. Amy had a brilliant mind, and she had loved study, but her mother had brought her to see that there was no money for college. "You'd better have a year or two in society, Amy. And this craze for higher education is rather middle-class."

Ethel's rebellion had come when she had wanted to marry a round-faced chap who lived across the street. They had played together from childhood. His people were pleasant folks but lacked social background. So Ethel's romance had been nipped in the bud. The round-faced chap had married another girl. And now Amy at thirty and Ethel at twenty-five were crystallizing into something rather hard and brilliant, as Anne would perhaps crystallize if something didn't happen.

The something which happened was Maxwell Sears. Anne listened to the things he said about his farm and felt that they couldn't be true.

"It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It isn't. And it's all tremendously interesting."

He looked very much alive as he said it, and Anne felt the thrill of his energy and enthusiasm. Murray was never enthusiastic; neither were Amy and Ethel. They were all indeed a bit petrified.

Before he left her Maxwell asked Anne if he could call. He came promptly two nights later and brought with him a bunch of violets and a box of chocolates. Anne pinned the violets in the front of the gray frock that gave her the look of a cloistered nun, and ate up the chocolates.

Amy was shocked. "Anne, you positively gobbled ——"

"I didn't."

"Well, you ate a pound at least."

Anne protested. Maxwell had eaten a lot, and Ethel and Amy had eaten a few, and Murray had come in.

"You remember, Amy, Murray came in."

"He didn't touch one, Anne. He never eats chocolates."

"He's afraid of getting fat."

"Anne!"

"He is. When he takes me out to lunch he thinks of himself, not of me. The last time we had grapefruit and broiled mushrooms and lettuce; and I wanted chops."

Maxwell had been glad to see Anne eat the chocolates. She had seemed as happy as a child, and he had

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"I've Got to Get Away. I'm Not Going to Marry Maxwell, Amy"

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

The Road to To-Morrow

By Emerson Hough

SOME twenty years ago there came to me an acquaintance with a problem which combined business and social phases. He had a bad debt out in Durango, Colorado, and was of a mind to travel thither for the purpose of collecting the same. What he desired to determine was whether he would be obliged to surrender his religious convictions and so leave his silk hat behind, or whether he might risk wearing it in Durango. He had heard that in the West the local inhabitants made a practice of shooting at the feet or the hats of all unknown persons. My friend was a conscientious objector. Also he was a great admirer of the pages of Alfred Henry Lewis and others.

I told my anxious inquirer that so far as my own knowledge of the Wild West was concerned, he might travel almost anywhere in safety, though in my belief he ought to be shot in Chicago, not so much for wearing a silk hat as for wearing it with a sack coat. I cited to him history, showing the remark of a certain hotel keeper in old Santa Fé who once was asked whether it was held obligatory to wear a coat at his dining table. The said hotel keeper was stated to have remarked that so far as anyone cared, any guest at that hotel might go into the dining room in his shirt tail—as his vulgar speech had it—and none be the worse or the wiser, it being his belief that all present were living in a free country. Whereupon my friend went into Durango with his silk hat and returned unchanged in any essential regard.

"I never was shot at once," said he with pride. "Of course there is a great deal in carrying yourself firmly."

No doubt in the drunken vagaries of some old-time frontier settlement men may have insisted upon strangers drinking or dancing, whether or not they liked.

But that these chance practices, magnified and played up, remained in the memory of an intelligent man as permanent habits of the Western society is all the proof needed that an age had swept by and that my friend had not known it. Such ignorance is explicable. Once we spoke one language. Now we speak fifty.

The Immortality of Jesse James

MY OWN haymow days, I hope, were as studious as those of the next youth and left deeper imprint on my life than those I spent in college. Who remembers differential calculus or spherical trigonometry after thirty years or so?

But who forgets in all his life Wild Bill and Jesse James and the Dalton boys? We may be ignorant as to Valley Forge, but you and I could locate Deadwood and Dodge with the best of historians. Indeed, such was my own love of research in these matters that early in my post-collegiate life, fully equipped with differential calculus and spherical trigonometry and little else, I wandered out into what then remained of the Wild West just for to see and to admire, being of the general belief that hearsay is altogether a disappointing thing.

That was a land then fairly to be called America. I would such a country existed anywhere in the world to-day. Beyond the edge of things a man might raise a thirst or go in to dinner as he liked. He might even have worn a silk hat and a sack coat; whereas to-day he may not legally eat meat oftener than twice a month or kiss his wife of a Sunday, though he may blow up his neighbor's house and his ox and his ass and his manservant. Sometimes I wonder if one of the most interesting of all the trails of America is not one which began out yonder in the old West—which crosses To-day's and runs on out into the To-morrow of America.

We need not waste tears over the fact that George Murrell of Marked Tree, Arkansas, is almost as well known as George Washington; that Black Bart is to-day a more vivid figure than is Martin Van Buren or Millard Fillmore or Andrew Johnson; that Wild Bill will be remembered mayhap when William H. Taft shall have become a time-softened figure; that Jesse James will be embalmed in the amber of popular regard long after Grover Cleveland shall have been forgotten; that the Dalton boys are as safe for future reverence as, say, any member of the last Congress.

An Oklahoma Creek

Above—"Dad" Poppin, Old-Time Sheriff, New Mexico

These things are as they are. We are concerned only to find the substratum of our highway in the future. The day of the bad man was the day of the individual. It could not last. Swift changes in transportation changed the country in which the bad man grew. Transportation is the only thing that really can alter any natural environment. If we cared to mourn over the past we might call it deplorable that the element of speeding American transportation came at a time when America was so young and splendid.

Now we live in an age of masses, of combinations, alliances, societies, amalgamations, unions, organizations, leagues. That all came out of transportation, which stretched and narrowed all the horizons of the world. So that, if we can learn our past and its problems by studying our old trails, then also the great problems of our future are those rising out of transportation.

The putting down of illustrious names upon a great piece of historical parchment is a splendid thing. It shows the hope and faith of the human heart in better times for the human race. But after all, in the morning after every great war we have done much the same thing. Perhaps it is not the League of Nations so much as the development in dirigibles that now will affect the future of America. We worshiped Hawker for a day—until he began to talk. But even had Hawker succeeded where presently better men did he would have been not so much a great individual as a great index—the finger showing an age tendency. It was not the act of an individual to cross the Atlantic by air or to cross the plains by rail. Those things had to be and they were. Groups, combinations, masses—and the problems that go with those things—became inevitable when all the world went fluid by reason of epochal changes in transportation.

There lies our road into To-morrow—the road of problems. It runs between the day of the individual and the day of masses, and no man lives who much can alter its course. Along that road toil masses of human beings. They have leaders. Who are those leaders and whither do they lead?

The Downhill Trail

WE NEED not lack objective figures by way of illustration. On my desk lies a daily newspaper showing six compelling portraits all in a row. They are the men who composed the government of the Hungarian Bolshevist Republic. By their several names they are Bela Kun—or Kuhn or Cohen, as his name variously is given—Commissioner in Chief of Foreign Affairs; also Zolstan Ronay, Tibor Szamuelly, Vilmos Bohm, Alexander Barbai and Peter Agostan. Comparisons are odious, yet to my critical mind these distinguished representatives of the soviet big idea in government would disgrace any self-respecting rogues' gallery. Had these gentlemen, all and several, whether or not arrayed in silk hats and sack coats, appeared in company at the village of White Oaks, New Mexico, where once I dwelt in my own callow youth, we should in all likelihood fervently have run them out of town on their looks. Should you get together portraits of six of the worst desperadoes the West ever knew they would be men of better features and of higher type than these representatives of the last great idea in government. On the matter of personal form, offsetting one six against the other six, the bad men of the old West would have all the best of it. And one thing you could note—each of them was a straight American and wore a straight American name. There never was a foreign bad man in all the lurid story of our Wild West. Some may have started in to be bad, but they seem not to have lasted long enough to build for themselves any permanent fame.

Somewhere between these two rows of portraits there runs a long trail. It runs downhill. The pace upon it has been rapid, will be more rapid. Perhaps for this present time it may please us better to run that trail backward for a space.

It was a curious and interesting time—that individual Yesterday in America when we rapidly were finishing all our old trails and getting ready for to-day and to-morrow. The men of the West were at first wild—yes, why not? Surely you need not scratch very deep under the skin of the average man to find a savage, even to-day. Lawyers, judges, even ministers of the gospel sometimes, on the frontier cast off the ways of civilization and reverted. They had left the age of property and of law behind them and gone on out into a young place in the world where the law had not yet risen. Now, no man loves the law, even though he respect the law. None of us loves restraint. But all of us know we need it.

The law went West in our earlier days just as the bee went West, just as weeds went West—because the time had come for that. It was all a question of property and of transportation. The man who goes West by rail to-day with two carloads of household goods to settle on a piece of land improved by the Government and backed by the Government is an entirely different figure from that man who went West on horseback and carried all his gear upon

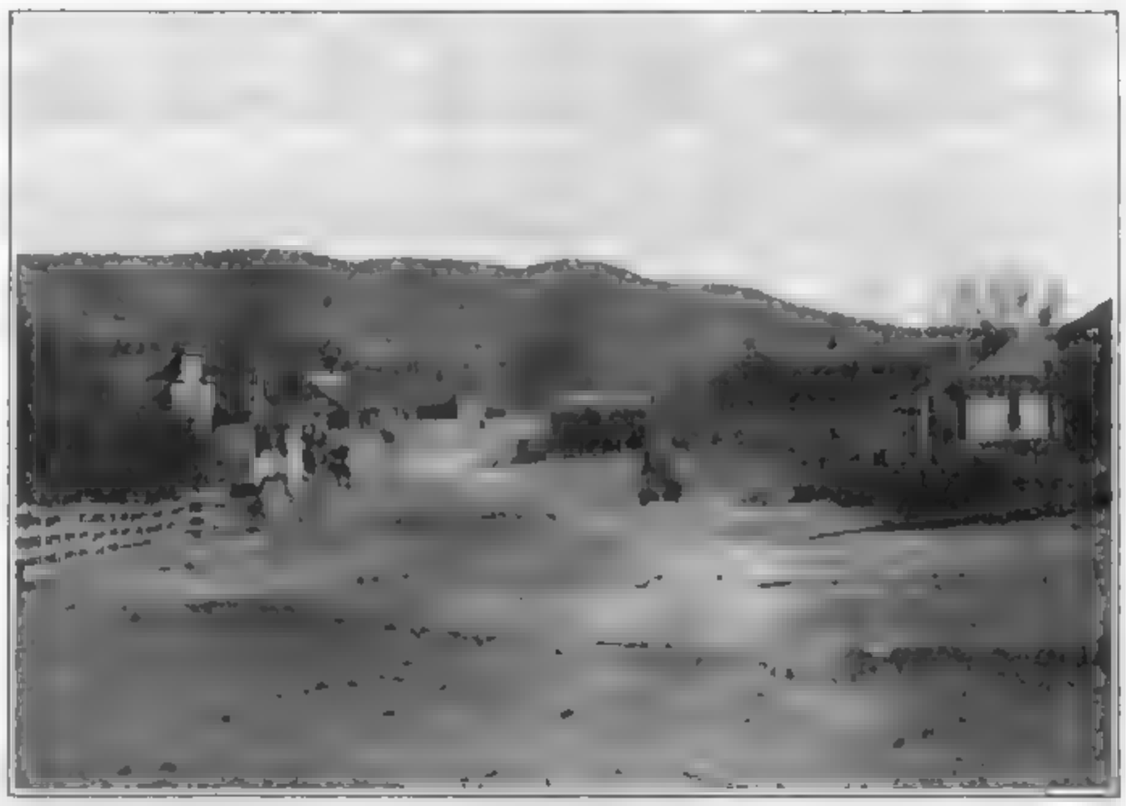
the back of one pack animal alongside. The latter man was independent by reason of his poverty. He was a savage by reason of the restrictions of his transportation. His living he could get easily and surely and cheaply. Not all of his life was devoted to the struggle of just making a living. He worked more spasmodically than we do to-day. He had no fear that some other man would come and plant a bomb under the corner of his log cabin or burn up his little field or mutilate his livestock merely because he had put corn in his own crib and the bomber had not. State socialism was a thing which could not have been dreamed forty years ago any more than Bolshevism could have been dreamed ten years ago. Three things brought them to us—transportation unregulated, avarice unregulated, cowardice unregulated.

Before the Law Went West

AS THE old trails changed and transportation became better the population of the early West thickened rapidly. It moved westward not in any one continuous wave, but in a series of short waves, as part of a flock of feeding pigeons would rise and pass on ahead of the others where the pickings were better. Thus it went on—more and more trails, swifter and swifter traffic—until the entire wave turned back upon itself and found little left to pick.

No man ever can arrive upon any real understanding of the Western character, which is to say the American character, if he lack acquaintance with the manner in which the West was settled. Loosely and vaguely we think of the American people as moving West in a solid wall, but as a matter of fact they did nothing of the sort. Many parts of the old West received populations from three or four different directions, sometimes from as many directions at almost the same time. Take the rich placer fields of Alder Gulch and Virginia City in Montana at about the time of the Civil War. By that time the gold mines of California were pretty much forsaken. Big stampedes had gone on north into the Fraser and the Columbia River country above our northern boundary. Recoiling, the stampedes had worked back into the northwestern part of this country and were simply waiting for news of the next gold strike anywhere in all the mountains—indeed anywhere in all the world. These men, very many of them individuals who had lived without any law whatever for ten, fifteen or twenty years, crowded east into Idaho and Montana, following back in part the old Oregon Trail, which long before then had taken out into that country an entirely different sort of population.

At that time, too, the settlement of Salt Lake was old. A great many men pushed up north to the new Idaho and Montana fields from that focus of the Western settlement. Near them from the East came yet other bands of adventurers, by this time ready to leave the fields of Denver—the Cherry Creek diggings as they then were known. Lastly there came into that same district a strong element from the head of steamboat transportation on the Missouri River—men who went West thence with bull outfits. Most of the law-and-order men of the vigilante days in Alder Gulch were of this latter party; naturally, because these were the most freshly arrived from the regions of law and order and property and society. Still savage under the skin, these later men had not yet had time to revert as had the wilder adventurers from the Farther West. So we see one region settled from the Northwest, the South, the East and the Northeast, all pretty much at the same time.



Lincoln, New Mexico

restless, independent, individual. It would go without saying that as these many streams met and swirled about in the bowl there would be confusion before there would be mingling and blending and absorption.

But it is not to be supposed that there was confusion of tongues in that mixed assemblage. All spoke one tongue—and, thank God, it was American! While some of these men—many of them—were rude and illiterate, they never were rude and illiterate in the same sense that the massed immigration from Europe has been rude and illiterate.

A Very Rare Picture of Old Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Long Since Wiped Out

Americans All

THEY were distinctly of a higher type. They had come out of the American environment, most of them with a heredity of several generations. They had had time to take on type. We know so little of our first two centuries that we forget that Americans long were growing then—the Americans who made these trails into the last of our new lands. If there ever was such a thing as the American, that was his day, that was his origin and that was his country.

These men went out on their own individual initiative, because they were individuals. No one herded them or could have herded them. Their people movement was not caused by any government or any transportation system. They were not starved; they had not been conquered. They went because they wanted to go; because they coveted adventure and the hazard of new fortunes; because they were restless of restraint of any sort. Practically every man of them felt able to take care of himself and if he had not felt so he would have stayed back home. He was a selected man and he never was one of a mass. No man drove him and no man led him. There never was a less blended or a more discordant population in the world, so far as its units were concerned. Yet every one of them was American. It takes no acute intellect either to discover or to remember that out of that sort of a melting pot—the only one we ever had worth while—there would come a strong, dominant, self-reliant type, restless under restraint, disposed to rule and disposed to fight.

It is not to be supposed that a sheriff went along with every band of roving prospectors stampeding for the last gold field or the trail outfit driving cattle to the last terminus of the road of cows. The dance hall antedated the courthouse by many moons or years. Stripped of the veneer of civilization, long or recently alien to the restraints of the law, these men practically were high-class, clean-typed white savages, beginning a civilization at bottom. They carried with them no machinery of the law. But they did carry with them, in some wonderful and undying fashion and even through all their lawlessness, that one

(Continued on Page 133)

In the same way the short-grass country east of the Rockies—which is the very land we are most accustomed to regard as the Western frontier because we have heard more about that than any other part of the West—was not one of the first but one of the last regions of the Far West to be settled; and it was not settled directly from the East but from the East and the South with a slight sprinkling of population from the territories beyond the Rockies. In the population of this, our last frontier, there were elements from New England, the Middle States, the states along the Missouri; also from Texas and the dry Southwest. Indeed, we might almost look upon the last Western frontier as lying somewhere out yonder in a sort of bowl or basin; and we might picture flowing into this, through many nicks in the rim round almost the entire circumference, these many different streams of the new population—eager,

Pat Garrett (Standing) and the Author, Going Into Camp on the Range

THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

VIII

THE Metcalf dance proved actually to be anything but the informal affair announced, being, rather, one of those fairyland functions only possible in midsummer or a tropic clime, partly indoors, partly out, untainted by vitiated air and with the changeful effects of brilliantly lighted salons, a terrace hung with colored lampions, and beyond their zone the soft midsummer starlight.

There was a small but carefully selected orchestra, and its music filtered out upon the terrace in attenuated strains, to mingle at its farther end with the purling of the waves on the beach below and to dissolve in the soft high breeze as it murmured through the tree tops.

At such a dance the spirits are higher, less hectic, the women more beautiful, complexions less flushed and congested. Its gayety is more sweet and sane because it is more healthful. Diana Kirkland did not care much for winter dances in town because deprived of her habitual need of unlimited fresh air. But she liked to dance, and her spirits this night would have been buoyant except for this one thing which persistently oppressed them—the disagreeable recollection of the peddler spying on William and the Marquise d'Irancy.

"Very Well," Said She, "Then I Shall Count on You to Get Me the Cord. Don't Tell Léontine"

But was he actually spying on them both or on the Marquise d'Irancy alone? Turning the incident in her mind, Diana doubted that when he stopped his truck and slipped into the woods he could have seen William at all. She remembered that while standing beside the big van that part of the woods between the road and the spot in the lane where William had been was heavy with undergrowth. She herself had not been able to see William from beside the van, nor did she think the peddler could have done so even from his seat, as a growth of young conifers must have screened him. On the other hand, one could scarcely have failed to see the marquise in her bright gown, though at such a distance anyone unfamiliar with her wardrobe could scarcely have identified her.

But even supposing that the peddler had happened to see her in that same gown on a previous visit, what possible interest could this distinguished French lady have had for him? What could his motive have been? Why stop his truck and slip into the woods to spy upon her?

Turning the matter deliberately in her mind, another idea suggested itself to Diana: Could it have been that the peddler had mistaken the marquise for herself returning from luncheon at the Metcalfs' to Kirkland Manor and possibly have wanted to speak with her for some reason? And if so, what could that reason have been? She knew he would never have taken any such action without a very definite purpose, and her vain speculation as to such distracted her mind and interfered with her pleasure in the dance.

As the evening wore on she found herself growing more and more distrait and most unpleasantly oppressed by a sense of impending ill, a vague presentiment that something ugly was soon about to happen. And presently it did.

For all at once when the gayety was at its height a shadow seemed to fall, the joyous revelry to be quenched in some subtle and mysterious way. Nobody appeared to know precisely what had happened beyond the fact that it concerned the Marquise d'Irancy, who had been taken suddenly ill while on the terrace and was seen by some few being led away in what appeared to be a semifainting condition by Gwendolyn and her younger sister. There were two physicians among the guests, yet the services of neither had been requested.

Questions remained unanswered. Gwendolyn did not reappear. No announcement was made. Miss Melton also had disappeared. She had been very much in evidence throughout the evening and it was now whispered that she was with Madame d'Irancy. None of the guests ventured any opinion or asked any questions of Mr. Metcalf, who appeared to be making a rather nervous effort at jollity, and though the music continued in full swing and the dancing went on, it was fitful, the gayety perfunctory and lacking in its spontaneity.

As Gwendolyn's oldest and most intimate friend, Diana felt that she had the right to make some inquiry, yet refrained from doing so. Then presently Gerald Metcalf appeared, his handsome face wearing a strained expression which he tried vainly to conceal and, drawing Diana away, whispered to her to pass through the rear of the house and go to the Temple d'Amour in the sunken garden, where Gwen was waiting to speak to her.

Diana, very much upset, followed his directions, and as she crossed the little bridge she saw a white figure huddled on the stone bench inside.

"Gwen, dear!" she gasped. "What dreadful thing has happened?"

Gwendolyn checked her dry sobs.

"Oh! Di, dear ——"

Diana's heart seemed to freeze.

"Is she—is she—is she ——"

She stopped, realizing her unspoken question to be a foolish one, as, if anything really serious had happened to the marquise, the festivities would of course have been stopped immediately and the guests dispersed.

"What is it, Gwen?" she asked desperately.

"The Sultana!" gasped Gwen. "That great blue diamond of hers. It has disappeared—been stolen."

"When?" asked Diana, for the moment infinitely relieved.

"She does not know. Some time since luncheon She discovered it only a few moments ago on the terrace."

"But was she wearing it?" Diana demanded.

"Yes. You know we were speaking this afternoon about her odd jewelry—her big wrist watch and anklet and that belt which Gerry said would make a good collar for a mastiff? Well, she had those things specially designed to carry the Sultana. Since she got it back it had never left her person day or night. Sometimes she carried it in the locket on the chain, and sometimes in the wrist watch or anklet or belt. She did not believe that anybody knew of its being on her person."

"Did one of the lockets come open?" Diana asked.

"No—that's the amazing part of it; the lid has a stiff spring and latch, and clicks shut of itself. She put the Sultana in the belt this morning when she dressed for tennis, and when she changed for luncheon she took it out and put it in the locket on the chain which she wore this afternoon and evening."

"It's her own silly fault," said Diana hotly. "No woman has any right to lug a great gem like that round with her, especially when visiting. It's not fair to one's host."

"Oh! I know it. She says so herself. She's perfectly lovely about it, but naturally sick from the loss. She doesn't accuse anybody, though you can see when you examine the locket that it couldn't possibly have come open. She says that the diamond fascinates her, and though she scarcely ever wears it openly she takes it out a good many times a day when alone and looks at it. That's how she discovered that it was gone. She was playing with the locket and noticed all at once that it was curiously light."

"So she opened it?"

"Yes. When she saw that it was empty she nearly fainted."

"But how could anybody have got it without her knowing it, even supposing that anybody knew where it was?"

"We can't imagine. She says that it was never out of her sight when dressing. But it's gone, and it has been stolen here on our place. What in the world shall we do?"

"There's nothing that you can do." Diana's voice was almost angry. "As I understand it, that diamond is one of the most valuable in the world on account of its unusual color and purity. You can't very well present her with the whole of your estate and make over your income to her. Oh, how can a woman be such a selfish fool?"

"I'm sure she's holding something back," said Gwen. "She asked to be left alone. She says she wants to think. We're all nearly crazy, Di. We don't know what to say or do. We can't very well order a search of our guests, and, besides, the marquise made us promise not to tell anybody but you."

She shot Diana a curious sidelong glance which was intercepted—and suddenly it seemed to the girl as though her heart had stopped. Up to this moment she had not thought of William in connection with the ugly affair. But now as she caught Gwen's look so fraught with meaning it was as though a series of moving pictures had flashed on a screen before her eyes. She seemed to see the meeting in the lane, the two sitting alone there in the woods on a stone or fallen log—and William's strained nervous face as he joined them on the terrace and asked for a strong drink.

With a tremendous effort she kept her self-control.

"I see what you mean, Gwen. William was alone with her in the woods this afternoon. But why should she possibly suspect William—unless she showed him the diamond. Did she?"

"I don't know, Di," Gwen answered miserably. "She did not tell me anything. Of course she would never have dared make any insinuation about William to me, as she knows that we are the next thing to engaged and that the only thing that stands between us is William's habits. I made rather a confidante of her one day. But that Melton girl was alone with her, too, and she is clever enough to have guessed that the marquise might have been carrying the Sultana in one of those big clumsy lockets we have all remarked on."

"Where is she now—the Melton girl?"

"She was with the marquise, but came down with me. I asked her to go on dancing. The marquise did not tell her that she had lost the Sultana. She thought or pretended to think that she was taken ill. What none of us can understand is how anybody could possibly have opened the locket while the marquise was wearing it. I must go back now. We are all in a most dreadful state. We don't know what we ought to do."

"I don't think that there is anything to do at this moment," said Diana slowly. "One thing is certain though."

"What?"

"That Melton girl has stolen the diamond."

"But, Di, how could she? I tried to open the locket myself and couldn't manage it, the catch is so stiff. The marquise says that she has to press it against something hard while she tugs at the lid. It was made that way expressly. I must go back."

"Very well," said Diana. "I'll come in a few moments. And Gwen—I think I'd better go home. William ought to know about this immediately."

Gwen nodded and hurried off. For several moments Diana sat deep in thought. Her clear head showed her immediately that so far as William was concerned the *clou* of the wretched business depended on what had passed between the marquise and him. Diana could form no estimate of the French woman's actual character, but she knew that of her brother, and she did not believe that even had opportunity offered he would have availed himself of it to take any personal liberty with another woman, no matter how attractive, when practically engaged to Gwen.

Of course no suspicion of his having stolen the diamond even so much as entered his sister's mind. But the point was this: if he had embraced the marquise, taken her in his arms, touched her in fact beyond merely shaking hands as might have been expected, there would be cause for doubt in the woman's brain. And then so fearful a thought occurred to Diana as to make her for the moment almost frenzied with apprehension.

What if the marquise had been seized by a sudden faintness while they were alone together in the woods? Actually lost consciousness, if only for a few seconds? In such a case how could she possibly help suspecting William of the theft? Even a passing faintness which might have required the support of his arm about her would be incriminating, especially if afterward when alone with the Melton girl there had been no close contact, no need of assistance.

For the marquise really knew but little about William and that little not strongly in his favor. He had the reputation of being a hard liver, daring, reckless, self-willed and extravagant. And to make matters worse, Diana herself had advertised the fact that he was at that moment hard pushed for money. The Melton girl had heard it, and if guilty of the theft herself would certainly not have lost the opportunity to mention the fact to the marquise.

Diana felt that she could scarcely wait to get home and ask William the one all-important question: When alone with the marquise in the woods, was she in full possession of her faculties the entire time? She hurried back to the house, to find that the guests were beginning to leave, which on the whole was natural enough, as it was past midnight. She was about to telephone for her car when a neighbor who lived some distance beyond the Kirklands' happened to catch sight of her and offered to set her down on the way.

IX

ARRIVING at Kirkland Manor the first sounds to greet Diana's ears on opening the door were disputing voices uplifted in the customary wrangle, and she entered the smoking room to find her father and four brothers squabbling over the utterly inconsequential motor trouble with the hydroplane. If the situation had been less serious Diana could have laughed. They looked up in surprise at seeing her.

"Hello, Di!" said Donald. "Thought you were going to stop the night with Gwen."

Diana scarcely heard him. Standing in the doorway she stared at William, scarcely able to speak. The girl was a striking and very lovely figure in her shimmering evening gown, her face like Parian marble, big violet eyes, black from the intensity of her emotions.

"William," she cried, "for goodness sake, tell me, did the Marquise d'Irancy faint away this afternoon when you were with her in the lane?"

The strident voices were instantly hushed. Father and brothers stared at Diana in astonishment, but William leaned forward in his chair, the high color fading from his face.

"What?" he demanded. "Why the dickens do you ask me that?"

"Because," cried Diana, "if she lost consciousness, even for a second, or if for any other reason you put your arm round her you have got yourself in the most horrible mess."

The squire bounded from his chair as though she had flicked him across the face with a riding whip.

"What's this? What's this?"

"Be still, dad. William, for the love of heaven, tell me quick! Did she faint?"

"Why, yes!" said William coolly. "Since you insist upon my telling you, she did."

Diana seemed about to strangle.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "that great diamond of hers, the Sultana, was in the locket of that horrid chain she wore, and it has been stolen. She discovered that it was gone only about an hour ago."

In the absolute hush that followed the only sounds were the ticking of the great clock and the deep breathing of the five astounded men. Diana stood wringing her hands and staring through blurred eyes at William. He reached forward slowly, took a cigarette from the smoking table, lighted it with deliberation, then asked in his customary voice: "Well, and has the charming marquise accused me of swiping her big blue rock?"

"She has not accused anybody, so far. She has not even told that she fainted. Oh, William! Let me know precisely what happened."

Father and brothers turned their heads like owls and stared at the second son, their faces pasty with that unlovely tint which a sudden violent emotion paints on those of men who have been smoking and drinking to excess. That of William had quickly regained its former complexion and his expression was cool and hard and recklessly indifferent. He looked round at the others with his cynical smile. "Perhaps you all think that I lifted it ——"

"Don't be an ass!" snapped James. "Bark it out. What actually happened?"

William tilted back his head, inhaled deeply of his cigarette and blew a column of smoke at the ceiling.

"Let me see. To reconstruct the crime—I was walking through the lane to the Metcalfs' when I met the marquise a few hundred yards from their house. She was carrying her color box and looked all in. We exchanged a polite *bonjour*, and when she had asked after each and every member of the family and I had given you all a clean bill of health I remarked that she was very pale and asked her if she found our equatorial American summer heat oppressive.

"She answered that she had been unwisely playing tennis in the sun that morning and, being unaccustomed to the climate, feared she had suffered a slight stroke of solar rays. On that account she had not felt quite up to the bounding wit and scintillating repartee of the terrace lizards, and so had come into the woods where it was still and cool to make a sketch. She said that painting rested her when so occupied alone, and as she politely emphasized the 'alone' I wished her *au revoir* and was about to shift along when a big garter snake wriggled across the path almost over her dainty toes. She gave a sort of gasp and keeled over. I caught her as she fell and laid her down, but she looked so ghastly that I was scared and bolted down to the spring, which as you know is about one hundred yards below the lane ——"

"Oh, William!" cried Diana. "You went down to the spring?"

She checked herself suddenly. Prominent among this girl's rich fund of faculties was that of visualization. She thought of most situations as *tableaux vivants*,

(Continued on Page 147)

As She Crossed the Little Bridge She Saw a White Figure Huddled on the Stone Bench Inside

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

IX

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

DURING the week before election there occurred an incident concerning itself with Hetty Morfee, Mrs. Chase's newly acquired handmaiden. Hetty was a girl Wint's own age. She had been born in Hardiston, had lived in Hardiston all her life. She and Wint had gone to school together; they had played together; they had been friends all their lives.

Such things happen in a small town. Wint was the son of Hardiston's big man; Hetty was the daughter of a man whom nobody remembered. He had come to town, married Hetty's mother, and gone away. Thereafter, Hetty had been born.

Hetty's mother was the fifth daughter of a coal miner. She was an honest woman, a woman of sense and sensibility; and Hetty received from her a worthy heritage. But most of Hetty was not mother but father; and all Hardiston knew about Hetty's father was that he had come and had gone. It was assumed, fairly enough, that he had a roving, rascally and irresponsible disposition. Hetty, it was predicted, would not turn out well.

This prediction had not been wholly justified. Hetty, in the first place, was unnaturally acute of mind. In school she had mastered the lessons given her with careless ease. The effect was to give her an unwholesome amount of leisure. She occupied this leisure in inciting to riot the hardier spirits in the school—among their number Wint.

"Wint," She Said, So Softly He Could Scarce Hear Her Words, "Wint—I'm Sorry. But—I Can't Go On. I Can't—Trust You"

She was in those days a wiry little thing, as hard as nails, as active as a boy and fully as daring. She had whipped one or two boys in fair stand-up fight, for Hetty had a temper that went with her hair. Her hair, as has been said, was a pleasant and interesting red.

As a child she had been freckled. When she approached womanhood these freckles disappeared and left her with a skin creamy and delicious. Her eyes were large and warm and merry. They were probably brown; it was hard to be sure. All in all, she was—give her a chance—a beauty.

Some men of science assert that all healthy children start life with an equal heritage. They attribute to environment the developing differences between men and between women. Hetty might have served them as an illuminating example. In school she had mastered her lessons quickly, had led her classes as of right; while her schoolmates—including Wint, who was not good at books—lagged woefully behind.

This ascendency persisted through the first half dozen years of schooling; and then it began gradually to disappear. In high school it was not so marked; and at graduation she and Wint were fairly on a par.

Then Wint went to college and Hetty went to work. She worked first in a store and lost that place for swearing at her employer. Then she took up housework, and so gravitated to the Chase household. There Wint encountered her; and within a day or so he discovered that the years since high school had borne him far ahead of Hetty. She now was beginning to recede; her wave had reached its height and was subsiding. He still bore on.

These things may be observed more intimately in a small town; for there social differences do not so strictly herd the sheep apart from the goats. Thus, though Hetty was his mother's handmaid, neither Wint nor anyone else outspokenly considered her his inferior. She called him Wint, he called her Hetty, and his mother likewise.

Wint found her presence vaguely disturbing. That first night at supper she had winked at him behind his father's back. The wink somewhat chilled him. It savored of hardness. And there were other incidents. Wint perceived that Hetty was no longer a schoolgirl; she was, vaguely, sophisticated. Her old recklessness and daring remained; but they were inspired now not by ebullient spirits but by indifference, by bravado.

He remembered ugly rumors.

Wint and Hetty had been, to some extent, comrades in their school days. Once or twice he had defended her against aggression; once he had fought a boy who had told tales on her to the teacher. Hetty had never thanked him; she had even scolded and abused him for this knight-errantry, declaring her ability to take care of herself. Nevertheless, there was gratitude in her. She brought him apples, hiding them secretly in his desk.

On the Friday evening before election, as has been said, Wint and Jack Routt played pool together at the hotel. Afterward in spite of Routt's protests they went together to the stairway in the alley; and when eventually Wint reached home he was unsteady on his feet.

His father and mother were abed. The door was never locked, so that he entered the hall without difficulty; but the only light was an electric bulb in the rear of the hall, near the kitchen door, and when he went back to extinguish this he tripped over a rug and barely saved a fall.

While he was still tottering the kitchen door opened and Hetty looked out at him. She had on her hat, so that he saw she, too, had just come in. He smiled at her amiably, holding on to the wall for support; and she laughed softly and came and caught his arm.

"Oh you Wint!" she chided.

He tried to be dignified. "Wha's the matter?" he asked. "I'm all right."

She winked. "But if father could only see you now!"

He became amiable again. "Tha's all right," he declared, "I'm going to bed. He's sleeping the sleep of the just. Tha's dad. Sleep of the just!"

"Sure," she agreed. "But you know what he'd do to you——"

A door opened in the hall above. A step sounded. Hetty, quick as light, led Wint under the stair, where he was invisible from above, and signed to him to be quiet.

The elder Chase called down the stairs, "Who's that?"

"Me, Mr. Chase," said Hetty. "I tripped. I'm sorry if I woke you up."

She heard Chase say something underhis breath; but when he answered his tone was affable. "All right. Time you were abed, Hetty."

"Yes! I went to see my mother."

"That's all right. Good night!"

"Good night!"

They heard him go back to his room, heard the door close behind him. Hetty crossed to Wint. She was trembling a little, and she spoke very gently. "Come up the back stairs, Wint. He won't hear you. I'll help you."

Wint took her arm. "You're a good girl, Hetty," he told her.

"You come along."

They went through the kitchen to the back stairs, and up, Hetty steadying him and encouraging him in a whisper. Wint's room was at the back of the house, on the second floor; his father's at the front. Hetty's was on the third floor. She helped him to the door of his room, and in, and turned on the light. He sat down and grinned amiably at her. She started to go, hesitated, came back and knelt before him. While he watched, not fully understanding, she loosened his shoes.

Then she rose.

"Now you go to bed, Wint—and be quiet," she warned him in a whisper. "Good night!"

He waved his hand. "Tha's all right now. G'night!"

She closed the door behind her and went swiftly along the hall to the stair that led upward to her room. But there, with her foot on the lower step, her hand on the rail, she paused.

She paused, and looked back at Wint's door and pressed one hand against her mouth, thinking. And slowly her eyes misted with a wistful light.

Then, eyes still misty, she went up the stairs to her own room; and in her own room, with no one to see, Hetty lay down on her face on the bed and cried.

THE people of Hardiston are early risers, and their hours of labor are long and strenuous. The coal miners—what few still find tasks to do in the ravaged hills—are up and about before day in the fall and winter months; the furnace workmen change shifts at unearthly hours; and the glass factory and the pipe works both begin their day when most folks are still abed.

To accommodate these early risers the polls at Hardiston open at six. They stay open until four or five or six in the afternoon. The hour is left somewhat to the discretion of the election officials. If a heavy vote is cast early, so that an extra hour would mean only half a dozen votes added to the totals, they close the polls and begin their counting in time to get home to supper, but if there is prospect of a close contest the polls remain open till the last voter has been given his opportunity.

On this election day the polls opened at six; and the election officials, particularly those representing the supporters of the elder Chase, went about their duties with a careless confidence. In the second precinct the polling place was an unoccupied store on the second floor of a two-story building at the corner of Pearl Street and Broadway. The lower floor of this building was occupied by a dealer in monuments; and throughout the day the chink and tap of his chisel and maul never ceased their song. These sounds came up in a muffled fashion through the floor of the room where the votes were being cast.

The early voting here was light. Jim Thomas and Ed Howe were the principal election officers; and they sat with their chairs tilted back and their feet on the railing round a red-hot little iron stove while the trickle of voters came and went. Jim Thomas chewed tobacco, and Ed smoked. He smoked a pipe; and he whittled his tobacco from a black plug, thus identifying himself with the Caretall faction. Aside from the stove and their two chairs the room contained only the voting paraphernalia—three booths against the wall, with cloth curtains to divide them; two flat tables, each containing a list of the registered voters; and the ballot box itself, on the floor near the door, where each voter deposited his ballot as he departed.

At seven o'clock—the little stove by this time had raised the temperature of the room to a stifling mark—Jim Thomas spat in a box of sawdust and grinned at Ed Howe. "Slow, Ed," he said

Ed puffed hard. He had a weakness of one eye, a weakness that allowed the lid to droop so that he seemed to be perpetually winking. He turned this winking eye to Jim. "Yeah," he said.

"I guess Caretall is due to get his."

"You reckon?" Ed inquired listlessly.

"I reckon."

Ed grunted, and smoked harder than ever.

At half past seven the elder Chase himself dropped in. "Good morning, boys," he called from the door. "Splendid day, now, isn't it?"

"Fine," said Jim Thomas.

Chase produced cigars; he dispensed them graciously. Only Ed Howe refused the proffered smoke.

"Oh, come, Ed," Chase insisted. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings."

"Never smoke 'em," said Ed shortly.

"Want to vote once or twice?" Jim Thomas asked, grinning.

Chase chuckled. "I've cast my vote. Second ballot in my precinct, Jim."

"Better chuck in a few more," Jim advised. "Hollow's running strong." He said this seriously, but everyone knew it was a joke.

Even Ed Howe grinned.

Chase presently departed, still amiable and gracious. His visit had stimulated the imagination of Jim Thomas; and after a little while he rose and took his hat and went to a group of men in the street outside. Ed looked after him curiously. He saw Jim go among the group, hat in hand, obviously taking up a collection. The men seemed to take the matter as a joke. But Jim was grave. He came in presently, hat in hand, and approached Ed. "Give up, Ed," he invited. "A penny, a nickel, any little thing."

Ed looked in the hat. He saw a button, a burnt match, a pebble and a slice of tobacco. He grunted and puffed at his pipe.

"Set down, Jim," he invited. "Heat's touched your head."

Jim explained in a hurt tone: "No, Ed, not a bit. Only—some of the boys thought we'd take up a collection and send downstairs for a tombstone for Hollow."

Ed swung his head slowly and looked at Jim; and a slow grin broke across his countenance. "I declare," he commented, "you're a real joker, Jim." Then he laughed a cackling laugh, wagged his head, and fell into silence again.

The second precinct was the most important in Hardiston. Its voters numbered half as many again as its next rival, and so the opposed candidates gave it more than its share of attention that day. Chase came early and often. Each time he disseminated cigars and amiability. This was his day of glory; and he ate it with a relish, visibly smacking his lips.

Caretall and Gergue came together about eight o'clock in the morning. Amos had very little to say. He glanced at the voting lists, nodded to Ed Howe, called a greeting to Jim Thomas and departed. Peter Gergue remained for a time, scratching the back of his head and talking with those who came to vote.

Amos came back at noon, and as it happened he met V. R. Kite at the voting place. Kite voted in this precinct, and he had just deposited his ballot when Amos arrived. The two men greeted each other amiably.

Amos said: "Morning, Mr. Kite."

"Good morning, congressman."

"Just voting?"

"Yes. Overslept."

Amos winked. "I trust you voted right, V. R."

Kite nodded briskly. "Right as rain, congressman. You too?"

"Sure."

Jim Thomas listened with frank interest. Now he found an opening for his joke. "You'd better drop in a few votes here, congressman. Chase is running strong."

Amos looked at him with interest. "You don't say, Jim?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well—how do you know, Jim?"

Thomas became faintly confused. "Oh, I can tell."

"You ain't been looking at the ballots, have you, Jim?"

Jim blustered. "Lookahere—who you accusing?"

"You ain't? Then you must be one of these mediums that can read a folded paper."

"Oh, sugar! You go ——"

Amos grinned. "Matter of fact, Jim, I wish I knowed you was right. I'm frank to say, Jim, that I got a bet on a horse named Chase to win." Jim gasped, and Amos nodded soberly. "Yes, sir, Jim. You just hear me."

Jim took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and tore at it with his teeth and stuffed it away again. The operation restored his composure. "Well, congressman, you'd ought not to bet—and you a lawmaker."

"It ain't rightly a bet, Jim," said Amos. "It's a sure thing." He turned toward the door. Aft'noon, Jim."

The voting, beginning slow, had picked up during the noon hour. A steady stream of men came in throughout that period, and when this stream subsided four-fifths of the registered voters had cast their ballots.

Ed Howe suggested: "Might as well close up shop at four, hadn't we, Jim?"

"Sure," said Jim. "They ain't no real contest to-day anyway."

"I reckon that's right," Ed agreed.

This was a quarter before two o'clock in the afternoon. At two o'clock Caretall and Chase came face to face at the door of the voting room. They came in arm and arm; and Chase asked graciously: "Well, boys, how are things going?"

Jim Thomas reported briskly: "Fine, Mr. Chase. Most of the votes in. Ed and me's figuring to close at four."

Chase nodded. "I guess that's safe. Don't you think so, Amos?"

"Whatever you say, Chase," Amos agreed. "Looks to me like the fight's all over."

It was observed at that time, however, that Congressman Caretall was strangely buoyant for a beaten man.

Chase and Caretall separated at the door, and Jim Thomas called to Ed Howe: "I'm going uptown and get me some dinner. I ain't ate, yet."

"Go along," Ed agreed.

Jim went along, overtaking the elder Chase, and they walked together along Pearl Street and up Main to the restaurant. Chase was quietly contented and exceedingly courteous and gracious to those whom they encountered; and for the first half of the journey Jim basked in the great man's smile.

It was at the corner of Main Street that the first fly dropped into Jim's ointment. As they turned the corner they encountered three men. One was V. R. Kite; another was old Thompson, crippled with rheumatism but fat with wealth, a lifelong enemy of Chase; and the third was Thompson's son, the shoe man.

Chase said, "Good afternoon, gentlemen," to these men.

Kite responded, "Afternoon!" Old Thompson grunted; and young Thompson said, "How do you do, Mr. Chase," with entirely too much sweet deference in his tones. They passed the group, but when they had gone twenty yards something prompted Jim Thomas to look round, and he detected the elder Thompson in the act of smiting his knee in a paroxysm of silent and malignant mirth.

Right then Jim Thomas smelled a rat. He looked up at Chase, but Chase was blind and deaf. Jim started to speak, then thought better of it; and at the next corner he left his chieftain and turned aside to the restaurant.

It seemed to him that Sam O'Brien, the fat proprietor of the place, grinned at him when he entered. He ordered a veal sandwich, and when it was ready for him he doused it with mustard and ate it with sips of cold water between each mouthful. It was delicious, but his stomach was uneasy under it.

Sam was frankly grinning at him; and so Jim asked at length in some desperation: "What's the joke, Sam?"

Sam shook his head. "How's the election going, Jim?"

"All Chase."

Sam threw back his head. He was a fat man, and the mirth billowed out of him. He rocked, he slapped his knee. "All Chase!" he gasped. "All Chase! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jimmy man! All Chase!" He wiped tears from his eyes. "Jim, you'll kill me!"

Jim snorted. He was thoroughly disturbed. Sam was a man whose finger touched the public pulse. Obviously he knew something. Jim leaned across the counter.

"What's the joke, Sam? Come on—let me laugh too."

Sam waved his fat hands at his customer: "You go away, Jim. You go 'way. You'll kill me."

His chortles pursued Jim to the street. There

(Continued on Page 45

The Woman Crossed and Shook Him by the Shoulder. She Screamed at Him: "Wake Up, Deary! Here's Gentlemen to See You!"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 186 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

For President

MANY men are already being mentioned for President of the United States. Mostly they are favorite sons, well-known names, warranted to fit any issue, like the paper on the wall. National politics is being staged as it was played in 1916, 1912 and back in the oilcloth-cape, kerosene-torch era, when the longest line told who was the better man and the brightest flambeaux best clarified the issues.

In those prehistoric times the politicians first put up a man who had caught the popular fancy, started him off with a catch phrase and then built a platform under him. This was at best a flimsy structure, its weakness concealed in a red-white-and-blue bunting of all-promising words. Personalities took precedence over ideas. Elections were largely sporting events, in which the best men usually won—and the country was in luck that so many good men did win. But the old methods are out of order, out of date. The present candidacies are premature. This year the country must first nominate a few well-known ideas for the presidency and then set about the business of finding the right man to carry them into office and effect. Problems first, clearly stated; promises next, unequivocally given; then the man. That would seem to be about the proper procedure for all the parties this year.

There is nothing particularly new about the problems. They are world-old and they are disagreeable, but until recently they have not been too insistent. It has been easier to put them off with promises than to meet them with performance. They will no longer be put off. Some of them have been turned over to collectors who are none too scrupulous themselves in their methods. Then, too, even patient waiters are getting a little impatient to know when Congress proposes to redeem its budget-system promises and some other platform debts.

Fundamentally simple as our problems are, any kind of President cannot meet them. Only one particular kind of man will do. The same simple, common-sense rules that guide us in hiring a man for any job must be used in picking someone for the big job. A manager for a steel company is not chosen because he comes from Indiana and is popular with the boys out there; or because he is a shrewd lawyer and makes a good speech, before or after dinner; or because he has promised all his friends that if they will push him for the place he will give them fine situations with good salaries in the company; but because he knows steel and steel workers.

Three years ago, without full knowledge of what was ahead of us, we elected a professor President for the second time. An able man, sincerely anxious to work for the good of humanity, he made an admirable literary and educational record as President. But it happens that the problems that were presented to him during his second term were neither literary nor educational. His fine idealism ran up against brutal facts. In meeting them he made mistakes, because his training had not fitted him to understand the kind of action and the type of men that the situation called for. Not until events forced him did he call on men of affairs and practical understanding; and not until then did we begin to succeed in our undertaking. And these men were never his real confidants and advisers.

Presidents often get to a point where they cannot quite realize that government is of the people, and people never quite realize government as of themselves. To them it has always been a thing apart, a higher power, a machine that shapes them rather than one that they shape. They have bowed their heads to taxation and have looked on unconcernedly while the money was wasted. There is a popular delusion that taxes come out of Scotty's Death Valley mine; that you can take more out of a business than you put into it; that you can blow in a nation's surplus and still have it; that you can get—and keep—high wages, cheap food and short hours by passing a few laws.

Government can do much by seeing that the rules of the game are fair, but it cannot change the game itself or the players. Over and above every Congress-made law there is a natural law that inexorably nullifies any statute that does not conform to it.

Old Mother Nature drew the one and only constitution that cannot be amended.

Every penny wasted by incompetent national government, every dollar grafted by dishonest state and city government must be raised by taxation, and in the end it inevitably passes on to the consumer and is added to his rent, his food, his clothes and his amusements. National, state and city governments that are wasteful are first in the long line of profiteers. The buck in the game of politics is always passed along to the people.

The man who thinks that laws can make food plentiful, work light and hours short might begin by asking why Europe, with eight or ten million fewer mouths to feed than it had four years ago, is hungry? Why Russia, having decreed all those things that the red radicals say will bring us peace and plenty, is starving? Then let him go on from there.

The problems that confront us are first of all home, not foreign. It will help us little to put the world in apple-pie order if the rough-house is to continue in our family circle. Nor can we hope to solve Europe's problems without the coöperation of Europeans. Whenever one gets in a white heat of sacrifice a cursory glance at the foreign press rather sends one's sympathies back home. That America should lose much of her wartime popularity was to be expected and is to be borne with equanimity. There is such a thing as too much popularity; and gratitude is sometimes more tiresome than ingratitude. Also, it is more expensive.

Too many men are still under arms in Europe; too many self-determining countries are showing a determination to raise disproportionately large standing armies; too many workers are still engaged in the manufacture of war material; too many show a disinclination to go back to work. But unless more of them go into the fields and the factories America will be shipping food and materials abroad to enable Europe to maintain her standing armies—a ridiculous anticlimax to a war that was waged to end militarism.

The past year has necessarily been a series of anticlimaxes, because the fourth year of the war was the great climax and what comes now is a dull and drab but very necessary fifth act. In it we must untangle the plot, dispose of the villain and set ourselves resolutely to the business of living happy ever after. We are running round in circles now, and the next President must be a man who can break out of them and blaze the road to peace and prosperity. Congress no doubt, between its stretches of piffle and gabble, is doing its best to relieve the present situation. But that best is not good enough. The measures being taken are temporary and superficial. Congressional ears incline toward the loudest noise. The distress of the eight-hour, dollar-an-hour city workman is being partially relieved at the expense of the twelve-hour, thirty-cents-an-hour farmer.

But it is a topsy-turvy world and a hard one for the most willing President and Congress to help. The ideals for which men died have apparently gone stale and sour, for the governments that professed them are grabbing at shadows of empire. Half the world has been sulking and slacking, and the other half has been slacking and jazzing. Labor has been on a new joy-strike every morning. The railroad brotherhoods have been raising their wages and incidentally the carpenters' and bricklayers' costs of living. The carpenters and bricklayers have been boosting their own pay and incidentally the brotherhoods' rent. Capital has been tacking the new costs on to prices, and sometimes a trifle more for luck. Bootblacks are making more than clerks, waiters more than professors, and cooks more than teachers. Everyone has been letting down a little, wasting a little and saving mighty little. With the crowd accepting any new theory of society that disregards the hard facts of life, this is no year for rah! rah! politics and bush-league messiahs.

Also this is an off year for military candidates. Granting their worst fears, duty calls them, but to the Front. In their chosen work they can command respect and admiration. In politics they become its he-dolls, used to draw a crowd, but posed by the director behind the camera. Besides, the biggest generals of the war were not generals at all, but tired business men. The army red tape made them tired.

Emphatically this is an off year for professors. For some time we shall be concerned with making a living rather than with theories about life.

Lawyers, too, are out of season. This time we must go through, not round. Two and three-quarters per cent statesmanship may be either too much or too little. We do not know and apparently the courts do not know; but it is out of the running.

A politician of any kind, breed or business is *persona non grata*. The reasons are given in Daniel v, 26, 27.

Of course Colonel House is barred by the no-third-term tradition.

We need a business man for President.

Our problems are first and last economic—that is, straight business problems—concerned with production and distribution—greater production, better distribution. Only a broad-gauged, sympathetic, common-sense, close-to-the-ground man, understanding farming and its problems, manufacturing and its problems, selling and its problems, will fit the issues. He must be a man who will play no capitalistic favorites for the sake of friendship, and no labor favorites for the sake of votes. He must be a man who will give short shrift to anyone who plays it heads-I-win, tails-you-lose. He must believe in profit sharing and loss sharing too. He must not be afraid to go after anyone who tries to assume power without responsibility or accountability; who breaks his word or his contracts, individual or collective. Such a man's creed would be: A fair chance for all classes, and no looting of any one class for the benefit of any other. He would be an American of the Americans and concerned about what kind of men become Americans. He would give more attention to the quality of immigration than to its volume, and he would start a little involuntary emigration.

Even at the cost of slower development and expansion it might pay us to go more slowly on immigration. Size is not sin, but there are times and conditions when it is not

good sense. Of those breathless ones who would rush expansion, rush development, cut down the forests, crowd the land, herd millions in factories, it might be asked, "What's the hurry?" Much of our crowding immigration and quick development has resulted only in half-paid, half-fed herds of sullen, bewildered aliens living in filthy tenements; in discouraged clerks living in frayed respectability; in discontented farmers who find the hours from sunup to sundown too short in which to grow a living. And to what end? Are libraries and memorials and art galleries gained at that cost worth while? Is it important that men have private palaces, or women semi-royal luxury and an imitation aristocracy in which to parade themselves? Shall we let this shoddy minority play into the hands of the Bolsheviki and rush the right-living, real-American majority along with them into Trotzkyized chaos? The biggest ever is not necessarily the best ever. Let us decide what we are pushing for before we push ahead too far and too fast.

Our candidate must be one who will put duty above a second term. The right man can do more for his country's welfare in the next four years than an average President in three average terms. He must be the kind of man that as an employee gave a full day's work and was not afraid to heap up the measure; and as an employer was something more than a set of side whiskers, an impersonal Jehovah in a white waistcoat to his men. He could even have a single-track mind if the goods moved over it.

The platform of our candidate, reduced to its simplest terms, should read something like this:

Work or starve.

Save or want.

Play together or you'll play hell.

Be a good American or get out.

This is a short platform, but a large order. It can be filled. After we have found and nominated our man the curious can ask him what his politics is. It will not make any difference whether he is a Republican or a Democrat. It has not made any real difference for a long time. There are no party issues—only American issues.

Charles E. Van Loan—His Books

VAN LOAN first lived, then wrote his stories. His heroes were his friends—the best ever; his villains were his enemies—the worst. They were never hearsay heroes or villains. He had met them all in the flesh, and it was not until he knew them like a book that he put them in one.

Van wrote of baseball as a lifelong fan; of golf with the sincerity of one who never allowed unfinished business to interfere with the unfinished game; of prize fighting only after following the champ through long weeks of training and thence into the arena; of horse racing as a keen observer of the sport from the stable to the betting ring; and of the pictures from personal knowledge of their every phase, including the lawsuit that almost every author has had with some producer.

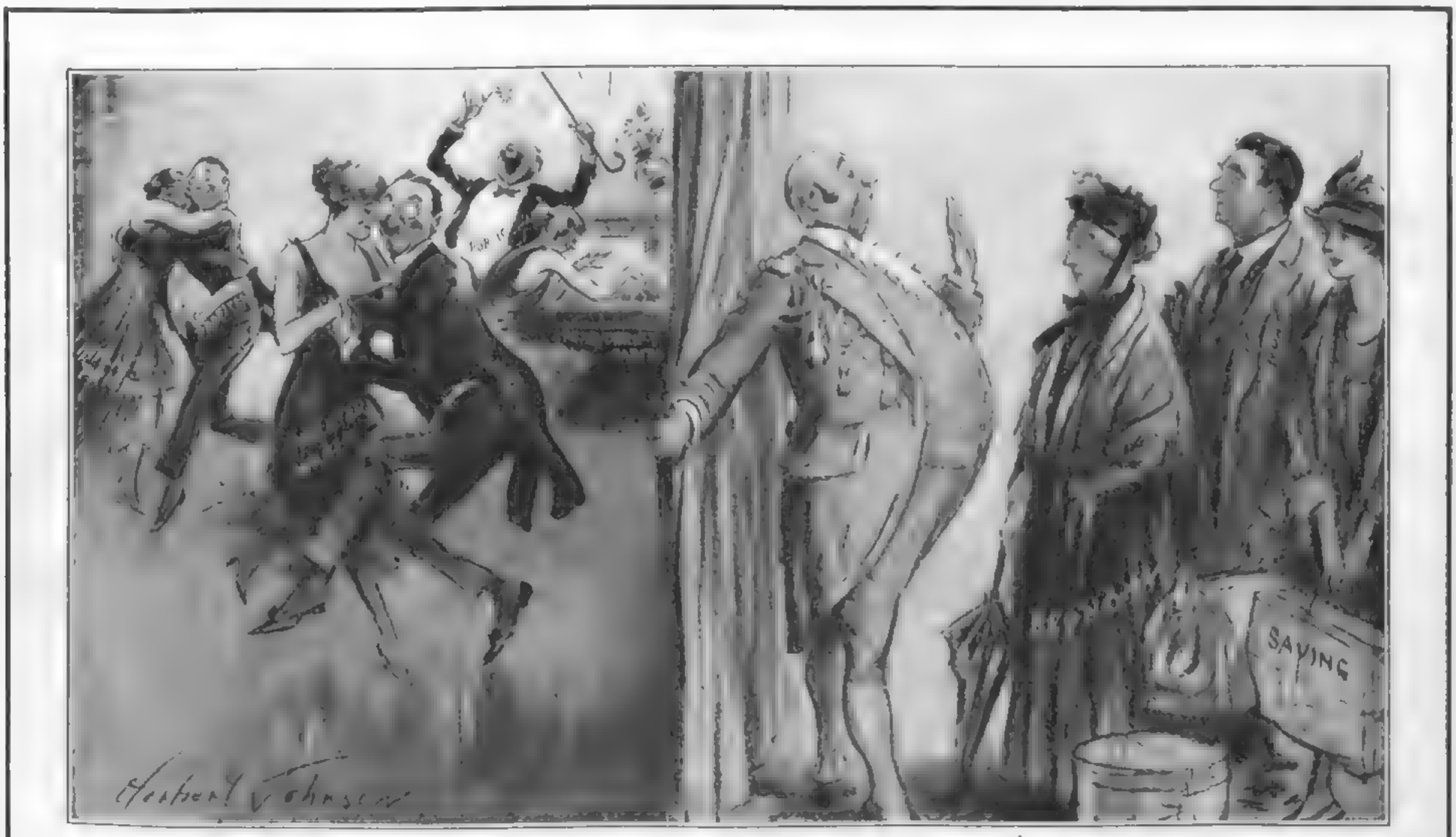
If a man is in any sense the sum total of his heredity the ancestors of many writers must have led singularly dull lives. Van's forebears, on the contrary, were an unusually busy lot—prominent cavemen, from whom the prehistoric Bolsheviki instinctively shied away; well-known Aryan chiefs, who threw the spear with uncanny precision; hardy vikings, blue-eyed and red-headed, who were always ready in their simple tenth-century way for a fight or a frolic; leading crusaders, who were continually on the jump for a dragon to slay or a lady to rescue; and restless, dauntless pioneers, always pushing westward until they came up against the Pacific. First and last, Van's ancestors must have met everyone and have done everything worth while, from the days when they were happy, innocent troglodytes, on up. Van himself used all their experiences and emotions in his stories—their loves, their hates, their generosities, their meannesses, their fights, their strugglings up, but most of all their splendid cleanness.

Before Van wrote his moving-picture stories he had for months been on the lot and had been admitted to full fellowship with everyone on it, from the extra men to the directors. In fact, he was all over the lot, appraising the values of custard-pie drama for fiction; probing the holiest emotions and the make-up of the he-dolls; lazying round and swapping stories with the extra men, giving his long wolf howl in the mob scenes, and looming vaguely through the smoke while the Battle of Gettysburg raged round him and the director, or while heroic firemen carried beautiful, helpless ladies out of burning buildings. Day after day, week after week, he lived the pictures until he knew them and the picture people. Then he wrote his book.

For the last six months of his life Van was one of our associates in editorial work. Out of his own knowledge, experience and understanding—for no one better knew the theory of short-story writing—he gave freely to every young writer who needed a hand-up. But though that association was a pleasant one we like best to remember him as an outdoor man. He needed a mountain, a horizon-meeting desert or a cañon to set him off and give him room to play. At the Grand Cañon one can walk a few hundred yards in any direction from the hotel and find himself in a great pine forest or a pathless desert or the solitudes of the cañon itself. That was where he was at his best.

There is something very positive about the desert country. One likes it or dislikes it; but no one is ever indifferent to it. Van loved it; and it was his oft-expressed hope that the further development of the cañon would never fall into the hands of anyone who did not love it too—that it would always be safeguarded from those who would jazz it and exploit it and Coney-Islandize any corner of it in the name of improvement. That would be like slapping God on the wrist.

Van is gone but we can still meet him in his stories. His publisher and friend, George H. Doran, is bringing out a five-volume memorial edition in which his best work is gathered. One of these volumes contains his best moving-picture stories; another deals with golf; a third with racing; a fourth with prize fighting; and the last with baseball. These books are being made without profit to the publisher, all the proceeds above actual cost going to Van's family. There are only two thousand sets in the edition, and Van had two million friends. If you are interested in having Van Loan's stories in permanent form write to the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Not at Home

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

TALLEYRAND was so impressed by the world-compelling character of the memoirs he had prepared for posterity that he fixed an interdict of more than fifty years upon the date of their publication, and when at last the bulky tomes made their appearance they excited no especial interest—certainly created no sensation—and lie dusty upon the shelves of the libraries that contain them. For a different reason Henry Ward Beecher put a time limit upon the volume, or volumes, which will tell us, among other things, all about one of the greatest scandals of modern times; and yet how few people now recall it or care anything about the *dramatis personæ* and the actual facts! Metternich, next after Napoleon and Talleyrand, was an important figure in a stirring epoch. He, too, indited an autobiography, neglected among the books that are sometimes quoted and extolled but rarely read. Rousseau, the half insane, and Barras, the wholly vicious, have twenty readers where Talleyrand and Metternich have one.

From this point of view the writing of memoirs, excepting those of the trivial French School or gossiping letters and diaries of the Pepys-Walpole variety, would seem an unprofitable task for a great man's undertaking. Boswell certainly did for Johnson what the thunderous old doctor could not have done for himself. Nevertheless, from the days of Cæsar to the days of Sherman and Lee, the captains of military and senatorial and literary industry have regaled themselves, if they have not edified the public, by the relation of their own stories, and, I dare say, to the end of time, interest in oneself, and the mortal desire to linger yet a little longer on the scene—now and again, as in the case of General Grant, the assurance of honorable remuneration making needful provision for others—will move those who have cut some figure in the world to follow the wandering Celt in the wistful hope—

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.

Something like this occurs to me upon a reperusal of the unfinished memoirs of my old and dear friend, Carl Schurz. Assuredly few men had better warrant for writing about themselves or a livelier tale to tell than the famous German-American, who died leaving that tale uncompleted. No man in life was more misunderstood and maligned. There was nothing either erratic or conceited about Schurz, nor was he more pragmatic than is common to the possessor of positive opinions and the power to make their expression effectual.

The actual facts of his public life do not anywhere show that his politics shifted with his own interests. On the contrary, he was singularly regardless of his interests where his convictions interposed. Though an alien, and always an alien, he possessed none of the shifty traits of the soldier of fortune. Never in his career did he crook the pregnant hinges of the knee before any worldly throne of grace or flatter any mob that place might follow fawning. His great talents had only to lend themselves to party uses to get their full requital. He refused them equally to Grant in the White House and the multitude in Missouri, going his own gait, which could be called erratic only by the conventional, to whom regularity is everything and individuality nothing.

Schurz was first of all and above all an orator. His achievements on the platform and in the Senate were undeniable. He was unsurpassed in debate. He had no need to exploit himself. The single chapter in his life on which light was desirable was the military episode. The cruel and false saying, "I fight mit Sigel und runs mit Schurz," obviously the offspring of malignity, did mislead many people, reënforced by the knowledge that Schurz was not an educated soldier. How thoroughly he disposes of this calumny his memoirs attest. Fuller, more convincing vindication could not be asked of any man; albeit by those familiar with the man himself it could not be doubted that he had aptitude for military employment and plenty of courage.

II

A PHILOSOPHER and an artist, he was drawn by circumstance into the vortex of affairs. Except for the stirring events of 1848 he might have lived and died a professor at Bonn or Heidelberg. If he had pursued his musical studies at Leipsic he might have become a master of the piano keyboard. As it was, he played Schumann and Chopin creditably. The rescue of Kinkel, the flight from the fatherland, the mild Bohemianizing in Paris and London awakened within him the spirit of action rather than of adventure.

There was nothing of the Dalgetty about him; too reflective and too accomplished. His early marriage attests a domestic trend, from which he never departed; though an idealist in his public aspirations and aims he was a sentimentalist in his home life and affections. Genial in temperament and disposition, his personal habit was moderation itself.

He was a German. Never did a man live so long in a foreign country and take on so few of its thoughts and ways. He threw himself into the anti-slavery movement upon the crest of the wave; the flowing sea carried him quickly from one distinction to another; the ebb tide, which found him in the Senate of the United States, revealed to his startled senses the creeping, crawling things beneath the surface; partyism rampant, tyrannous and corrupt; a self-willed soldier in the White House; a Blaine, a Butler and a Garfield leading the Representatives, a Cameron and a Conkling leading the Senate; single-minded disinterestedness, pure unadulterated conviction nowhere.

Jobs and jobbing flourished on every side. An impossible scheme of reconstruction was trailing its slow, putrescent length along. The revenue service was thick with thieves, the committees of Congress were packed with mercenaries. Money-making in high places had become the order of the day. Was it for this that oceans of patriotism, of treasure and of blood had been poured out? Was it for this that he had fought with tongue and pen and sword?

There was Sumner—the great Sumner—who had quarreled with Grant and Fish, to keep him company and urge him on. There was the Tribune, the puissant Tribune—two of them, one in New York and the other in Chicago—to give him countenance. There was need of liberalizing

(Concluded on Page 144)

To Schurz Southerners Were Always the Red-Faced, Swash-Buckling Slave-Drivers He Had Fancied Them in the Days of His Abolition Oratory

For the Children's Sake

Now is their strenuous season. They must grapple with new tasks, with harder problems. They have fresh worlds to conquer. And they are growing, too.

Your problem is to fortify these active young minds and bodies; to build them up with simple inviting nourishment every day.

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Order this tempting soup by the dozen or the case. Let it do its full share in building up your boys and girls.

21 kinds

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That's the splendiferous fare
That's why I study and play so,
With pep and ambition to spare."

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

The Jockey Who Rode the Horse on Which This Lady Had Bet a Fortune Climbed Into the Judges' Stand and Claimed a Foul

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

GRASSHOPPER went out to exercise one morning and came back limping. He had sprung what is called a quarter crack, which, perhaps I should explain for the benefit of those who do not know, is a crack in the hoof usually extending perpendicularly from the shoe and taking an upward course toward the coronet. It can be cured, of course, but it needs rest until the hoof is grown out. It is usual to pare the sides of the crack down in a V shape and it is well to keep the hoof soft all the time, so as to hasten growth and thereby close the fissure.

Of course this was rather a sad blow to the hopes of my master, who had the Grasshopper just on edge for one of the five-eighths dashes that were then so popular. He had figured on winning a good deal of money. Now, however, all his plans had been undermined.

But Barney as usual saved the situation to some extent, because he came over at noon singing a new song. My master was evidently not familiar with the tune, so he asked Barney for information on that point. Barney said it was Rule Britannia. My master told him it did not sound a bit like it, but that if he felt like warbling the British anthem in that key and style it was all right with him.

"But, Barney," said my master, "why should it be necessary for you to sing Rule Britannia? What's the idea anyway?"

"It's milk," replied that worthy, tilting his dilapidated hat over one eye as he always did when he was prepared to launch forth into argument or explanation.

"Milk?" queried my master incredulously.

"That's what I said, boss," replied Barney. "If I don't learn to sing Rule Britannia before night I'll be shy on milk for my coffee. As it is, I didn't have none this morning."

When pressed further, Barney explained that he was boarding with an old Englishwoman who gave meals to many of the boys who worked on the race track. She was a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher and always sang Rule Britannia when milking her cow. According to the lady, that animal had got so used to hearing Britannia's boast that she ruled the salt-sea waves that she would absolutely refuse to give milk if she did not hear this stirring strain. The cow's name was Victoria.

The day before Barney's landlady had got sick and taken to her bed. All the boarders had taken a whack at endeavoring to milk the cow. So far their efforts had been without success, a fact that pleased the old lady mightily, because it was in direct confirmation of her argument that Victoria would not give milk unless assured that Britons never, never, never would be slaves. So, propped up in the pillows that morning, she had endeavored to teach Barney to sing Rule Britannia. His idea was that even if he couldn't sing it with all the musical flourishes that were coming to it, he might make a stab at it anyway to camouflage the old cow and save the situation. My master had a good deal of fun over this and it seemed to help him to forget the accident that had happened at such an inopportune time to Grasshopper.

Unlike a good many young fellows surrounded by such associations as he was, my master never contracted the gambling fever. I don't think he ever had any desire to bet unless it was on one of his own horses, and then simply as a matter of business. In this respect Barney and he were exactly opposites in character and temperament.

But now since the accident to the Grasshopper he commenced going over to the betting ring every day, because, as he argued, with Grassy out of commission and as I was not old enough to go to the races yet, he figured that he would simply eat up the money he had on hand and that it would be only a question of time before he would be broke anyway; so he tried to increase his bank roll by betting.

He was one of the best judges of horses and form that I ever knew, but still when he went outside his own stable and bet the odds were against him. Such being the case, it is in order that I should say something about betting on the races from the standpoint of one who ought to know the game.

You can put it down as an incontrovertible fact that no man or woman can beat the races if they stick long enough.

This is a rule almost absolute and hardly admits of an argument. But so long as horses are raced and betting is permitted folks will still believe that there is some system, or that by peculiar superiority of judgment they can balance the betting ledger on the right side. Well, they can't.

If you take the history of all the turf plungers we have had in this country, commencing with Walton and ending with those who operate on the race tracks to-day, you could count on the fingers of one hand the men who played the races from the outside and got away with anything.

When I use the term "played the races from the outside" I am distinguishing between the man who makes book, or lays odds, and the man who bets with him. The bookmaker is on what is called the inside and is the layer of the odds. In the parlance of the turf, the man who bets with him operates from the ground, or on the outside.

A good many fortunes have been made on the turf by those who took the bookmaking end of it. It is a recognized fact in all games of chance, or where any betting proposition comes up, that the man who does the guessing has a percentage the worst of it. It is hard to explain why this should be so, but that it is a fact cannot be denied by anyone who has had practical experience.

I don't mean to say that the bookmaker does not frequently go broke himself, because sometimes the public will pick a long string of winners and unless the operator of the book has resources sufficient to tide him over the rough going he will have to cease operations, but if he can last long enough he will win, and if the outsider keeps guessing long enough he will eventually lose.

The natural laws of chance alone, without anything else, would beat the better. There is an average of seven or eight horses in every race. You bet on one and he is running for you, but the man you bet with has the six or seven others running for him. And though you may be successful for a while and have a wonderful run of luck, in that the horses of your choice will not meet with any accident or otherwise become the victims of any unusual happening, still in the long run the ordinary chances of racing—even provided you are betting on the best horses—will beat you.

The American turf has had many notable plungers. The first who achieved distinction was Plunger Walton, as he was called, who went over to England and surprised the Britishers by the size of his bets and the uniform success attendant for a time upon his efforts. But Walton lasted only a comparatively short time. His phenomenal run of luck forsook him and his name is forgotten except among those more intimately acquainted with the history of the American turf.

The mantle of Walton fell upon the shoulders of many aspirants for the honor of being considered the great American plunger. We had Riley Grannan and Davy Johnson and Chris Smith and George F. Smith, who was known as Pittsburgh Phil. Of all these, Pittsburgh Phil was the only one who died leaving a fortune behind him. Of course we had Bet-a-Million Gates, but he was a rich man,

(Continued on Page 34)

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His reputation for consistent character is always guarded jealously!

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PATIENCE

In spite of our best efforts we cannot at present supply quite enough Robt. Burns Cigars to meet demands. As rapidly as possible this condition will be remedied

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.

Remember
LITTLE BOBBIE, a small cigar but very high in quality —
7c

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE LATELY?

Robt. Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 32)

and his lack of success on the turf made even him a canny better toward the last.

Of all the plungers Riley Grannan was the most spectacular. But the public heard mostly about his tremendous wins, and never about his losses until he was flat broke. He died out in Nevada a few years ago in a mining camp; died as he had lived—gambling to the last.

Grannan was spectacular, more perhaps owing to the fact that money had no actual value in his eyes than to anything else. His bets were limited only by the amount of his bank roll or credit. He would just as soon have wagered a hundred thousand dollars on the outcome of a race, were such a thing possible, as he would have bet fifty cents. Added to all this, Grannan had nerve; or perhaps I should say he didn't have any nerves.

When Tod Sloan was riding in England and Grannan was in his best form in this country, he made a pilgrimage to the other side. For a few months he astounded the Britishers by his daring manner of operating. He won large amounts and the English bookies handed him his winnings with a smile. They had all seen his kind before. They knew he would come back to them as many another had done.

But when Grannan returned to this country he had lost his old knack of beating them. He couldn't make his bets stand up any more, so eventually, with credit and health broken, he went out to a mining camp in Nevada in the hope of rejuvenating himself. Had he lived he might have done so, but the chances were all against him.

As a good judge of horses and a consistent student of form Little Chris Smith, as he was called, was possibly at the head of the class of the old-time race-track plungers. What his system was no one ever knew. He commenced playing horses in the pool rooms of Detroit and other cities. He was then a quiet and unobtrusive fellow, polite to everybody but at the same time able to keep his own counsel. In those days the proprietors of the pool rooms would take what is called big money. That is to say, they would accept almost any kind of bet. Chris Smith beat them so hard that he was barred in Detroit, St. Louis and other places. They wouldn't take his bets any more. I suppose they were afraid he was in possession of some special information that permitted him to win so many of his big wagers. Such, however, was not the case. He was simply a tremendously good judge of form, and the horses he bet on were lucky in their races.

Chris Smith purchased a wonderful stable of race horses with his winnings, among which might be mentioned Yo Tambien, the famous mare, Van Buren, Maid Marian and others. They were all great race horses. And be it said to his credit, that no matter how much money Chris bet on the track or whether he gambled or did not gamble on his own horses, no one ever accused him of having his horses pulled or questioned the running of his stable. That, too, was at a time when hardly a day passed that some writer in the public press did not go after the conduct of the race tracks with a shotgun loaded up with rusty nails and broken glass.

Pittsburgh Phil, whose real name, as has been said, was George F. Smith, began life as a cork cutter, working for about twelve dollars a week. One day a friend gave him a tip on a long shot. He played it in the pool rooms and won something like fifty dollars. That started him and from that day Pittsburgh Phil was a success.

It is claimed by old-timers that he was the most unemotional man they had ever seen on the race tracks. You could not tell by studying his face whether he had won or lost. No one could even guess how much money he had down on the outcome of any contest. He was medium-sized, slender and almost delicate of physique. Students of psychology have said that this continuous repression of feeling eventually wore him out.

Most men will stay to lose where they won't stay to win. Every gambler will tell you that. But Phil was different, because whenever he ran into a sequence of losing days he was wise enough not to press his ill luck. On occasions of this kind he usually pulled up stakes, went away to some resort and did not come back to the races for a week or so. When he returned, however, the fur flew in the betting ring and many a bookmaker contributed toward the expenses of Pittsburgh Phil's holiday.

Phil conducted his racing operations as a merchant would conduct a business. He bought a stable of horses and made his first notable killing with a racer named King Cadmus, who won a race at odds of thirty to one. It is said that Phil pulled down upward of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on this race.

His brother trained for him and another relative was his chief betting commissioner. In that respect he was a good deal like others who knew the value of keeping business secrets in the family. He retained at a big fee one of the most astute riders of his day. That boy was as silent and taciturn as an Indian. He was the kind of rider that could get off a horse after a race and tell his employer all about him.

Men who have raced horses never underestimate the value of having an intelligent jockey such as this boy was The majority of riders know and care very little about their mount and if they do not win a race they will tell the owner or trainer nine times out of ten that the horse is no account. Pittsburgh Phil's rider was not of this stripe at all. He knew when a horse needed another race to key him up, and he also could tell when his mount had had a race too many. Moreover, he could make a pretty good guess if a horse had been asked to go out of his distance, which being interpreted means to race a greater distance than he was capable of.

In other words, this boy rode with his head as well as with his heels, and the information he was in a position to give the man who retained him must have been invaluable. Many followers of the turf will tell you that this rider was responsible in a great measure for the plunger's latter-day successes, but that is only an expression of opinion, because whether he was or whether he was not will always be a matter of conjecture.

If Pittsburgh Phil ever received special information from owners or trainers of big stables outside his own no one ever knew it. Such intelligence must always be paid for in real money on the race track, and if Phil had bet on first-hand information he could easily have distributed several fortunes during his turf career. It is not likely that he did so. He was not the kind of man to buy opinions or capitalize guesses. The general summing up seems to be that he played a system entirely his own and never sought assistance or took counsel from the outside.

Those who knew the plunger best assert that he could see more of what happened to the various horses in a race than any man who ever stepped on the quarter stretch. He had a retentive memory and like as not he kept all this information and the results of his observations filed away in the back of his head until the time came to use them.

But be all that as it may, Pittsburgh Phil died worth something like a million. His wealth was divided among

(Continued on Page 182)

Then Ensued One of Those Hair-Raising, Heart-Disease, Sudden-Death Finishes, With Both Horses and Riders Straining Every Nerve to Gain an Advantage of a Few Inches

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Molecules and Other Things

ONLY a little while ago the press of the nation printed stories about the wonderful advances recently made in the transmission and reproduction of sound waves. One scientist drove a nail in a tree, connected his apparatus with it and was able to hear messages originating at distant points. A radio authority was quoted as saying that we should soon be calling city numbers in London from the telephone on our desk. All of this appears wonderful and the public is pleased and satisfied. But back of this amazing progress in telephony are the careful, studious, persistent scientists, working away day and night in the great research laboratories that dot our country.

We should not talk to London or Honolulu if our investigators had not patiently devoted years to the development of the marvelous vacuum valve. Edison discovered that currents could be carried across a vacuum. Doctor Fleming, of London, concluded that the phenomenon was due to the emission of negatively charged atoms from the filament. Sir Joseph Thomson found that the atom was not the smallest particle existing, but that there were components of matter, which were called electrons, that were two thousand times smaller than the atom, and these were the particles being emitted. Next Doctor Fleming discovered that the vacuum valve, even in its crude state of development, could be utilized as a rectifier of incoming oscillations in radiotelegraphic circuits. Following this, Doctor De Forest, of New York, evolved the idea of producing a vacuum valve with a third electrode, and this invention practically did away with mechanical repeaters and made it possible to telephone from New York to San Francisco. But these De Forest valves were low-power devices, so something had to be done to correct this condition, and Doctor Langmuir took an active lead in perfecting valves that may be operated with any voltage desired.

Dr. A. W. Hull (Standing) and Dr. I. Dushman Have Added Materially to the Present-Day Development of the Marvelous Vacuum Valve

Over in Norway an engineer, by the name of Petersen, has perfected apparatus for the production of electrical current for radiotelegraphy. The electricity is received by an accumulator, which releases it at certain intervals. The system is sparkless and the sounds are clearer than in the older inventions. The clearness of sound depends upon the regularity of the current, and with this system the current is released with mathematical precision. Further advantages of the device are its greater simplicity, longer durability and lower cost. Here again is a step forward and the man in the laboratory is responsible for the advance.

Most everyone knows that mosquitoes are dangerous. In some places people have drained the ponds and in other localities they have sprayed kerosene over all the stagnant pools. But a scientist out in Oregon picked up the idea that the newt, or water dog, might prove to be the long-desired Nemesis of the insect pest. Right here it may be well to explain that the newt is a member of the salamander family and grows to be six or eight inches long. Several of these lizardlike amphibians were brought to the investigator's laboratory and experiments were begun. The result of the examination showed that the newts would each devour as many as two hundred mosquito larvæ in twenty-four hours. Wherever they were placed the mosquitoes disappeared rapidly. Here was a case where the research laboratory was put to an uncommon use.

Hundreds of cases might be cited where scientific methods have been devised to effect certain rapid changes in many materials that could not be brought about in less than a period of years if the process was left to the slow action of Nature. Just for example, it has been found possible to prepare the cheaper woods, such as birch, ash and elm, by a patented chemical process that makes them more durable and that effects certain changes within twenty-four hours which normally take place only after many years of drying. Thereafter, when the moisture that may still be left has evaporated, the wood becomes harder and more durable than it does through the aging process. Soft woods of small value, if treated in the manner described, become suitable for manufacture into high-class office fittings, furniture and for veneering.

Though the price of radium is $120,000 a gram, and a gram is less than one-five-hundredths part of a pound, most of us find it possible to own radium-dabbed watches and clocks and use house numbers that are luminous at night. These conveniences are the result of wonderful discoveries in our chemical laboratories, where experiments showed that the luminosity of radium is so great that but three-millionths of a gram of the substance mixed with zinc sulphide crystals is sufficient to paint a set of house numbers and keep them luminous for years. Further investigations showed that if a larger quantity of radium is used the period of luminosity is shortened.

Random instances of this kind might be mentioned without number, for it is a fact that most of our modern comforts and practically all of our so-called luxuries are the outgrowth of laboratory investigations. The whole question of the relation of research to industry is assuming a new importance. Business men are looking to the laboratory more and more for light on the problems of manufacture. If we need more of a product of the soil than seems to be available we do not now assume that the only solution is an added acreage. The scientist is called upon to show how more of the product can be produced an acre. So it is in the factory. We no longer figure that a larger output entails more men but rather that the solution involves an increased output per individual.

The leaders of industry in America have noted the wonders accomplished by research in the war. They are now attempting to apply the same practice to the development of our various industries on a peace basis. Scientific investigations come under two heads: First, there is the so-called pure research, which is devoted to the discovery of hitherto unknown truths. Newton, who discovered the law of gravity, and Faraday, with his electrical discoveries, were investigators of this class. Then we have what is called applied research, which deals with the application of known laws to overcoming specific problems. A machine that is now doing two things is developed to do two other things and a material made for one purpose is adapted to a second use.

Commercial men generally have heretofore fought shy of the first type of research. The results were too intangible and the possibilities too indefinite. A change has come about, however, and the units of various trades are now combining for the purpose of establishing associations to promote not only applied but pure research. This exhibit of imagination augurs well for American business. It indicates that we are no longer demanding an immediate return for each dollar we spend. It shows we are becoming sufficiently farsighted to give our scientists freedom of action, which is so essential to the broad success of their work. If but one great discovery is made every decade in each of our big industries the results would repay a hundred times over the expense and effort.

If anyone doubts the immense value of research work let him ponder over the fact that the invention of the tungsten filament lamp, a true product of industrial investigation carried on by large private corporations, has saved the people of the United States the yearly sum of $1,195,200,000 which otherwise would have been expended to produce the same amount of light from the old carbon filament lamps. Though we have become accustomed to big figures that run into the billions, it is likely that many of my readers will hesitate to accept the foregoing statement relative to the saving effected. Therefore let us examine the matter in detail. In 1918 the number of electric lamps manufactured in this country amounted to 166,000,000. Allowing a 40-watt rating for each lamp and an average life of one thousand hours, this number of lamps would consume 6,640,000 k. w. h.—kilowatt hours. The tungsten lamp is three times as efficient as the carbon lamp, which represents a saving of 13,280,000,000 k. w. h. over the carbon lamp. Now, figuring the cost to the consumer of one k. w. h. of service at nine cents, we get a money saving to the nation of $1,195,200,000 each year. It would likewise be easy to show how other billions have been saved by many inventions just as simple in Nature.

The history of research has indicated the same human frailties since the beginning of time. It has always been the same story of skepticism and doubt. Ever and always there has been the simular conclusion that no further advances in a particular field are possible. Ever and always this has been disproved, though in the majority of cases the greatest skeptics have been the very people situated to know most about the matter in hand. The memoirs of one great scientist tell how he was afraid to include his most valuable discovery in his graduation thesis for fear he would lose his doctor's degree. Leading scientists of the day were the chief opponents of his new theory. Perhaps this will always be the way with new ideas. Apparently we never seem to learn that the unknown is absolutely infinite.

The development of aviation was retarded by the arguments of the great geologist, Le Conte, who contended that no mechanical device could be created to fly if it exceeded in weight and breadth the maximum size of the largest fossil birds. Coming down to the present day, it is possible to pick out a dozen or more highly trained thinkers who pointed out the impossibility of flying long distances through the air. One of the most noted scientists of the present time suggested in all seriousness that we might fly if by chance we could discover some way of reversing the law of gravitation so that an airplane might be repelled by the earth instead of attracted. All of which makes it easy to believe the story that the first steam-propelled ship to cross the Atlantic Ocean brought to our shores the earliest copies of a book in which was explained the impossibility of transoceanic steam propulsion.

The subject of scientific investigation is exhaustless. It is extremely interesting and vitally important in a national

(Continued on Page 38

The Comfort Car

H

A MAN who buys the Hupmobile on the strength of what he has heard of it, is naturally led to expect a great deal from his car.

And haven't you always heard owners of *The Comfort Car* express unusual satisfaction with the way it lives up to its high character!

The reason the Hupmobile has this splendid endorsement is that buyers actually do find it exceeds their expectations in power and performance, economy, and appetite for hard work.

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 36)

sense. I want to take opportunity from time to time to describe the marvelous accomplishments of the various research organizations that are now active in this country. In this first reference to the subject let me discuss briefly the work of the famous coterie of scientific men who are engaged in this line of activity at one of the largest and perhaps the pioneer plant of its kind in the United States.

This scientific plant is under the direction of Dr. W. R. Whitney, formerly of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The chief assistants to Doctor Whitney are Doctors Langmuir, Coolidge, Hull and Dushman. The laboratory represents an investment of three-quarters of a million dollars. Approximately $1,300,000 was expended on research in 1918. Two hundred and thirty-five persons are employed. During the last year 32,000 tons of tungstic was consumed in research work; 20,000 pounds of pure tungsten went into the making of vacuum tubes for X-ray, wireless, and so on. The amount of hydrogen produced and used was 4,000,000 cubic feet, while the liquid air produced and utilized to further the knowledge of the laboratory was 8180 pounds, or the equivalent of 3,000,000 cubic feet. Glass for tubes, bulbs, and so on, cost $22,000, while the pure platinum used cost $22,600.

Among the war inventions developed in whole or in part in this laboratory were the submarine detector, a device for locating submarines while submerged; X-ray tubes and portable outfits for field hospitals; radiotelephone tubes and sets for aircraft; electrodes for new high-power searchlights; spark-plug cement and detonators for submarine mines, all of which devices were actively used in the course of the war. The cessation of hostilities slowed down or entirely halted research in the production of nitrate, incendiary bombs, smoke screens, tungsten bullets, armor plate and dope for airplane wings.

Doctor Whitney revealed that perhaps most of our useful discoveries have come as surprises rather than as a result of well-laid plans. The Austrian inventor, Welsbach, said that pure osmium was the one body known to science which at high temperatures would emit the greatest amount of light. However, it was later found that tungsten was better for the purpose than osmium, and being a common material was as close at hand and as easy to test. Welsbach simply overlooked it.

Then let us take for instance the work of Doctor Coolidge in making brittle tungsten ductile. While these experiments were going on the world's greatest chemists were consulted, and they pronounced the unanimous opinion that tungsten was forever a brittle element. Nothwithstanding this expert belief in its nonductility, tungsten was eventually made ductile—much to the surprise of our German competitors in the race. It has already been pointed out what an immense saving has resulted from the application of tungsten to the filament lamp.

Perhaps one of the most interesting series of experiments carried on in a laboratory were the investigations that led to the completion of Doctor Langmuir's condensation pump for rendering a very high degree of vacuum for incandescent lamp bulbs. Even the layman will be interested in some of the remarkable facts brought out by this research. The pump can easily obtain pressures as low as one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere. Such pressures can be measured, but it has gone to pressures even lower than can be measured.

Probably at least ten times as low as this figure.

One-ten-billionth of an atmosphere is the pressure approximately three hundred miles above the earth's surface. Low as this pressure seems, there are still about forty billion molecules to the cubic inch, so that the average distance between molecules is approximately one-four-thousandth of an inch. At room temperature the velocity of the molecules—if air—is about one thousand feet a second. It would therefore seem that the frequency of collision between molecules must be very high. As a matter of fact, however, each molecule collides with another on an average of about once in three seconds. If therefore the exhausted lamp bulb is three inches in diameter each molecule will collide with the walls about twelve thousand times before it hits another molecule.

The reason for this is that though the average distance between molecules is so small, being only one-four-thousandth of an inch, this distance is so great compared with the diameter of the molecule that if the molecules were represented by billiard balls the average distance between them at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere would be one mile. The reader can plainly see therefore that with billiard balls scattered over a plane, with an average of only one to the square mile, the velocity at which the balls would have to move at random so that each ball would collide with another on an average of once in three seconds would be enormous. Actually, with the molecules only one-four-thousandth of an inch apart, each molecule has to move on an average of three thousand feet before it strikes another molecule.

At atmospheric pressure the distance a molecule moves before striking another is so much smaller that if this distance were represented by one inch then the distance traveled between collisions at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere would be represented by 150,000 miles, or six times the circumference of the earth. At atmospheric pressure the rate of collision is so much greater than at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere, that it is difficult to express the comparison in figures that can be grasped. At one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere each molecule collides on an average of once in three seconds. At atmospheric pressure each molecule collides with another on an average of approximately 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 times per second. We might state the thing this way: If the rate of collision of molecules were slowed down so that at atmospheric pressure each molecule collided only one million times during a second, then at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere a molecule would have had less than one chance in one thousand for a collision from the time of the Crucifixion to the present day. In other words, each molecule would collide about once in two million years.

All of which figures will be very helpful to any layman bent on an adventure into the science of creating or dealing with a high degree of vacuum. Seriously speaking, however, it is just such facts as these, though in less popular form, that constitute the daily food for the minds of that fraternity of busy men engaged in scientific research. The future of civilization and especially the speed of progress of the world depend in very large degree on the rapidity with which we uncover hitherto unknown facts.

A large corporation, of course, can better afford to carry on research than a small one, but every company of a commercial or industrial nature can become part of an association created for the purposes of research in particular lines. There are also the agencies created by the Government, such as the United States Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Mines and other departmental organizations that are not used by our people to anything like the extent justified. As in all else of a national character research flourishes best when there is the greatest degree of coöperation. The investigations which showed the value of typhus vaccination would have been useless had not the army doctors in the recent war actually used the preventive treatment on our millions of soldiers. As a result the deaths from typhus in 1917 were at a rate that was only one-four-hundredth as large as was the rate during the Civil War.

Doctor Whitney says that our great American engineering problem to-day is not how shall we make use of our trained investigators, but how may we produce annually active young students of matter at a greater rate and of higher quality than any other country.

"We must think in terms of thousands a year of the type of trained men represented, say, by the doctor's degree or by two or more years of individual experimental work."

Not least among the hopeful signs of the times is the fact that the American Federation of Labor at its recent convention passed a resolution which stated that "a broad program of scientific and technical research is of major importance to the national welfare and should be fostered in every way by the Federal Government."

All in favor, say Aye.

A Record of Progress

IN OUR factories, laboratories, business houses, publishing plants and even in our homes nearly all of us have occasion to preserve the history of certain accomplishments. In order to register for future reference the daily progress of transactions that occur with frequency considerable labor is entailed unless some abbreviated method for recording the development of the affair is adopted.

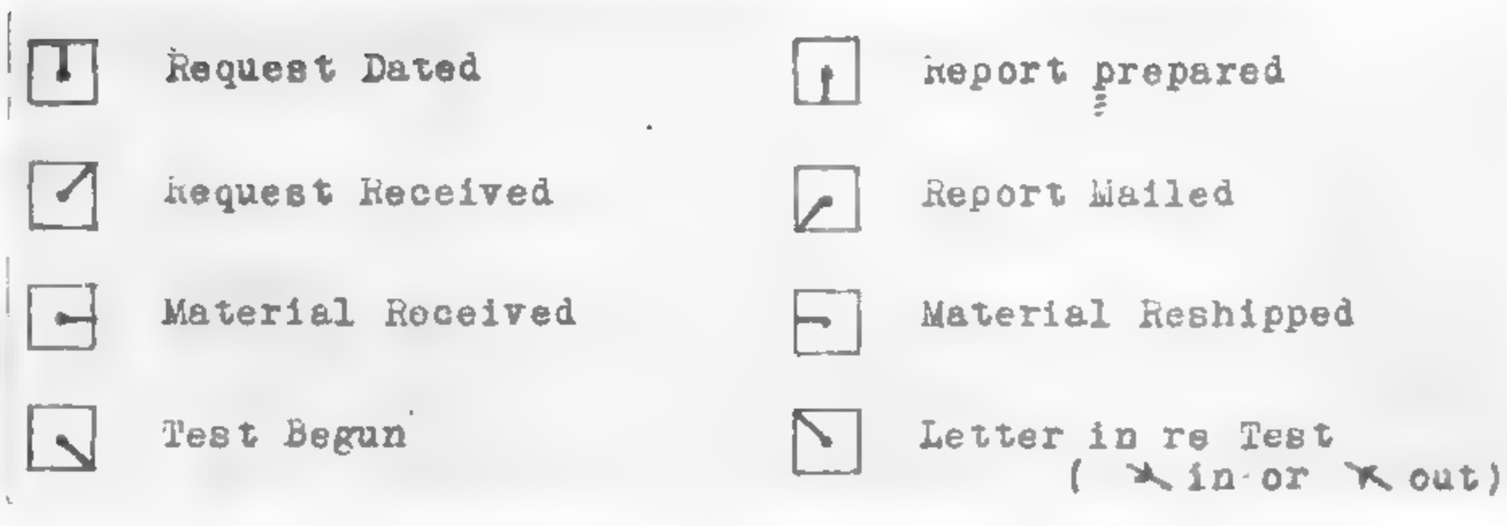
The United States Bureau of Standards, for instance, is in daily receipt of materials and devices that are submitted to this Federal organization by individuals and corporations for examination and report. The bureau found it quite a task to keep a complete and handy memorandum of each separate matter, and this difficulty caused Dr. F. J. Schlink to develop a progress chart that is a marvel of simplicity and that seems to lack nothing in its completeness.

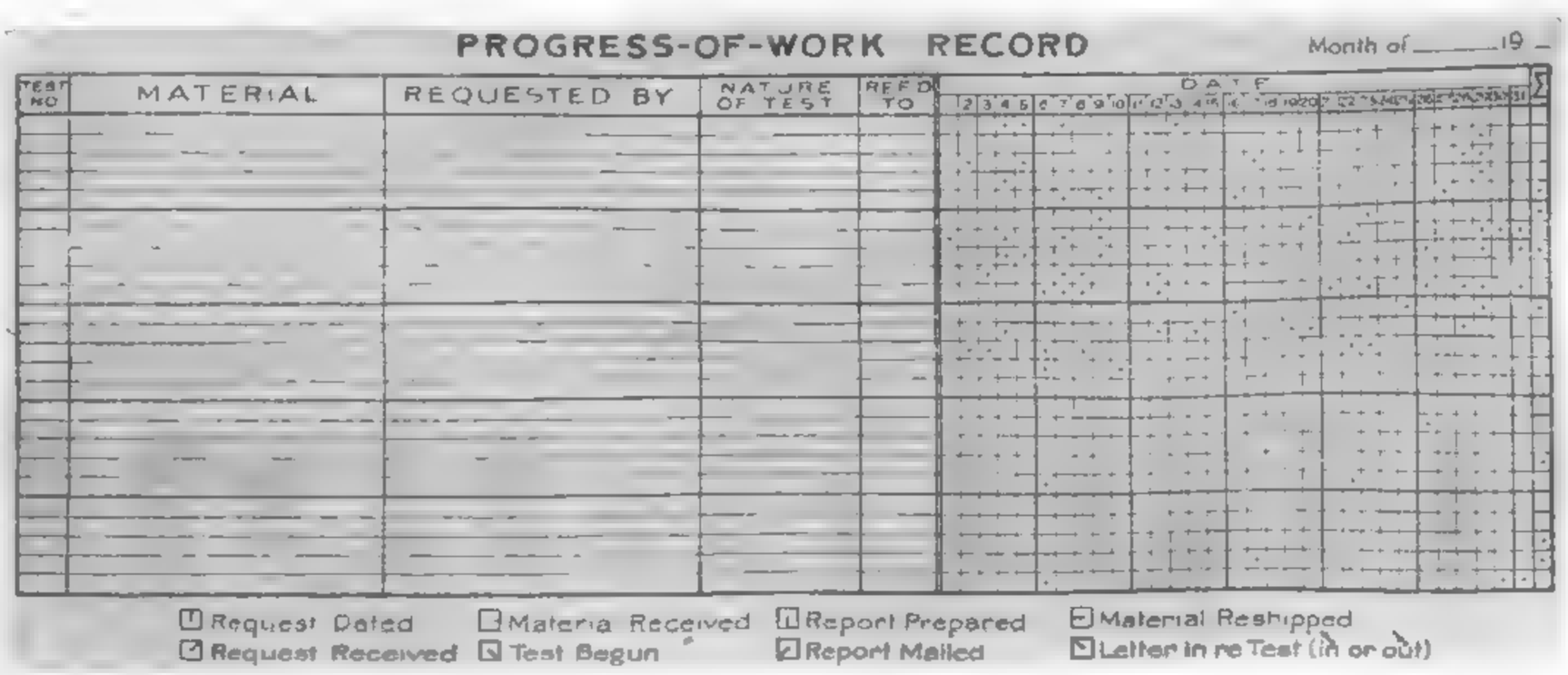
One of the chief advantages of this form of record is the ease with which it can be adapted to almost any line of work where the individual transactions cover a number of days in their advance to completion. The scheme is based on the idea of using lines drawn from the center to the corners and sides of a square, as symbols to designate the various phases of any job that is undertaken.

In the case of the Bureau of Standards the chart they use is printed on strong flexible paper. The vertical measurement is 10½ inches and the horizontal width is 14 inches. A legend is printed at the bottom of each chart, shown at the bottom of the page, and indicates eight stages of progress.

An examination of the chart—which in part is here shown—indicates that it is actually three-dimensional in effect. The vertical columns give the name and nature of the material and the number of the job, as well as the name of the individual or company for whom the work is being done. The horizontal coordinate, represented by the squares, defines the date. The clockwise

(Concluded on Page 174)





Aladdin's Lamp

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLY POGANY

ALADDIN could rub his little old lamp and get anything he wished for.

But *what* could he wish for? Luxuries you would laugh at—humpbacked camels to travel on or a palace without heat or light, to live in!

While you,

—*you* can drop a little ticket in a little glass box and summon the greatest genie of *all* times—the genie of motion pictures!

And the strange thing is that this genie is summoned to ten thousand and more places at once, and he goes to them *all!*

You are the Aladdin of today, and *Paramount-Artcraft* is your magician.

East, west, north or south, you have nothing to do but find one of those better theatres in every community which shows *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures, and you will experience thrills that put not only Aladdin, but all his genii in the shade!

Try it today! But be sure before you go that it's *Paramount-Artcraft.* Look for the name in the theatres, announcements in newspapers, in the lobbies and on the billboards.

The New Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

Listed alphabetically, released in September and October. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Billie Burke in "The Misleading Widow"
"Sadie Love"

Marguerite Clark in "Widow By Proxy"

Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense"

Houdini in "The Grim Game"

Vivian Martin in "The Third Kiss"
"His Official Fiancée"

Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants"
"The Lottery Man"

"The Teeth of the Tiger"
With Star Cast

A Maurice Tourneur Production "The Life Line"

George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"

Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills"
"In Mizzoura"

Bryant Washburn in "Why Smith Left Home"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out"

Dorothy Dalton in "The Market of Souls"

Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy *one each month*

Paramount-Briggs Comedy *one each week*

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies *two each month*

Paramount Magazine *issued weekly*

Paramount-Post Nature Pictures *issued every other week*

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *one each week*

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

The Super-Six Motor Is Exclusively Hudson's

It Added 72% to Power—Minimizing Vibration and Increasing Car Life—No Other Car Can Use it For Hudson Created and Holds the Super-Six Patent

The automobile issues which stand uppermost today are the same which four years ago made Hudson the largest selling fine car. They have kept it in that position ever since.

Let us not confuse them.

It is not speed, not power, not hill climbing ability—though Hudson holds those stock car records.

It is the fact that those records were won through endurance, made possible by a patented motor invented and controlled by Hudson, known as the Super-Six.

And those records, after many attempts to match them, still belong to Hudson, because equal endurance has not been established in any other car.

Is Only Supreme Feature Ever Controlled by One Maker

Never before has any one car held all the worth while records. Never has one car proved supreme in speed, in hill climbing, in flexibility and in endurance.

Never before has a major feature been controlled by a single maker. The Super-Six by a single invention, increased motor power 72 per cent. No other car has, or can have, until Hudson wills, a motor like the Super-Six. What maker can approach it in things that count for most? Until Hudson consents to its use by others, men who want such a great car must choose the Super-Six. With it he is master of every motor situation.

So well is that fact established that Hudson operators have undisputed right of way.

Few question its ability to go faster, accelerate more quickly, or to climb hills inaccessible to many. And every one recognizes the way the Hudson Super-Six continues such performances.

It is not what it does in a short dash of a mile or two. Think of the 7,000 miles covered in twice crossing the continent, the run each way being faster than any other car has ever made the trip.

It is not its ability merely to climb a difficult hill, but the stamina it possesses for a long hard pull. Its Pikes Peak performance, climbing to the summit of the world's highest roadway in less time than 22 other contestants, is evidence of endurance.

But greater than all that is the endurance shown in 75,000 cars in service.

Power—Speed—Endurance Without Added Weight

All this has come through reducing motor vibration, the vibration that wastes half your power, that wears the motor and lessens endurance.

At first we ourselves did not know the full endurance of the Super-Six motor. When it was shown that power had been increased by 72 per cent, some felt such a motor would be self-destroying. Then to prove endurance had been increased, we made tests which stand as the most important records associated with automobile performance. The power that had been consumed in vibration was through the Super-Six made useful and at the same time increased car life.

Improved Through Four Years of Experience

Since the first Super-Six many advancements have been made in the Hudson. But the principle by which it attained its supremacy remains unchanged. Refinements have been added as the result of experience. The things which Hudson owners had said would make the Super-Six the finest car that is built, are included in the present Hudson.

What car has had equal opportunity to do these things? Before the present model was offered, 60,000 owners of earlier Super-Sixes were influencing its development.

Such a Car Is Always in Demand

Men have long known that to get a Hudson it is necessary to make reservations in advance. On some models and in some seasons thousands have waited a month or more.

No man can drive a Hudson without feeling a growing respect for it. Old models are retained by owners with an affection equal to that extended toward a faithful servant.

Super-Six owners know the real meaning of motor car satisfaction. Their needs are fulfilled.

If you plan to get a Hudson this year or next, now is not too early to speak for it.

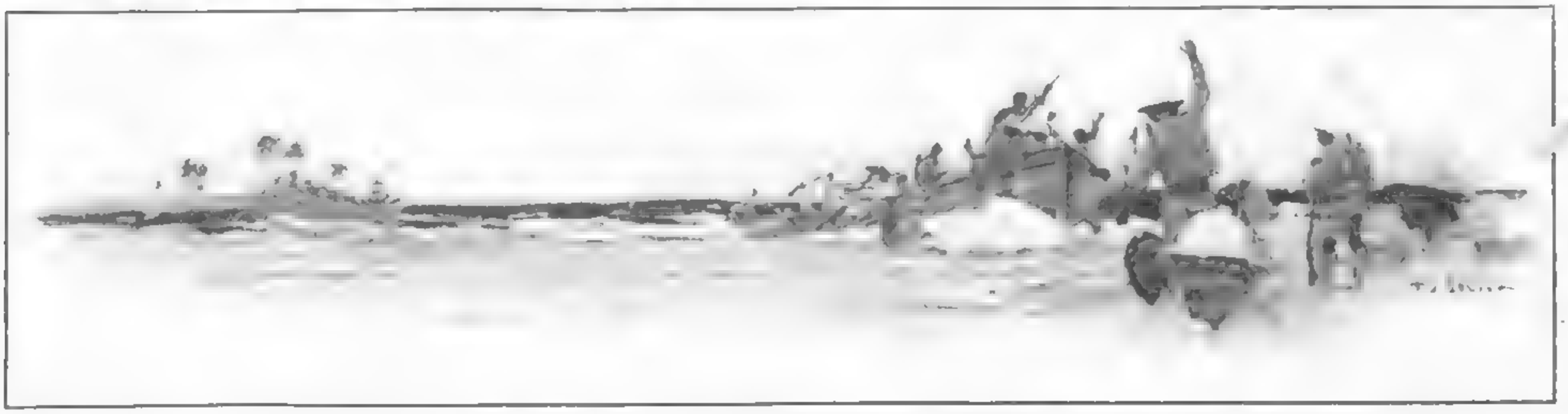
Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

1098

BWANA POOR

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



We Ran Into a Bit of Scrub-Lined Beach, Where Several Dhows Were Brought Alongside, Into Which Two Companies of Black Troops Tumbled

BWANA POOR stalked into the grass-thatched banda, removed his sticky topee, mopped his mottled brow with a bedraggled handkerchief and glared at us over his great arched nose with an air of wholly unnecessary defiance. This because I was a stranger, and he wished to smother in my audacious soul any latent assumption that he courted my acquaintance.

"Sit down!" said the feverish skipper truculently. "And don't stand there looking so dashed silly!"

Bwana Poor sat down abruptly and dared me with a haughty glance to find anything unusual or amusing in this familiar style of reception. But I only said with weary hospitality:

"We got some fresh madahfu this morning and the skipper lifted a bottle of gin from the A. P. M. down in Lindi. Will you have a drink?"

Bwana Poor would; and thenceforth we were friends.

The black, half-naked Kavirondo warrior orderly of the skipper's, squatting in a dark corner by a precious pile of green coconuts, neatly chipped off the tops. A dash of gin, and the fresh cool milk made a drink for famished souls!

The heat rolled down on us in thickening layers. Cicadas whirred desultorily in the thorn bush. In the sagging thatch overhead we could hear the dry rustle of centipedes and other hidden comrades of the venal African underworld. Down the long winding road, dazzling under the white vertical sun, dribbled a sweating line of black-and-khaki askaris, porters, women, children and prisoners. The muffled sounds of dusty shuffling, weary grunts, a wild burst of song and the clicking of accouterments came to our ears with a maddening suggestion of necessary but uncomfortable action.

All at once Bwana Poor cocked his head like an eager bird, with a bright look in his pale-blue eyes that was triumphant and defiant, and announced that he had at last received orders for home.

"Home!" growled the skipper scornfully, reaching for a fresh madahfu. "You won't know your way round when you get there. You don't know the difference between the Spotted Dog and the Leicester Lounge right now. You'll be shootin' the stone lions in Trafalgar Square and imaginin' the fountain's a baobab tree."

"What's your county?" I interposed tactfully.

"I'm from Devon," said Bwana Poor with a quick nervous look from the darkness of the banda out across the thorn-tangled slope stretching down to the sea. The blue waters seemed to spread above the fringe of beach palms, rising like a spotless curtain to hide a vista of distant lands and cherished spots that continued to exist only in our embellished memories.

"I've always heard," I said encouragingly, "that palms grow all year round at Torquay. Devon must be wonderful."

"Oh, ra-ather! Devon's the finest county in England."

Looking at me with gloomy eyes, the skipper said:

"Have you ever been in Sussex—along the downs in autumn when the beeches by the Arun are turning color and the heather ——"

"In Devon," said Bwana Poor eagerly, "you get clotted cream, you know. That's good! I haven't tasted any cream for eight years. Instead of churning it, you know, the girls whip it with their fingers in small wooden bowls. If you want to taste something nice, Yank, you ought to taste that cream whipped up with apple sauce."

"Devonshire cider's good," admitted the skipper.

"Everything from Devon's good," declared Bwana Poor.

"What the devil do you know about it, anyway? You haven't seen the blinkin' place for seventeen years!"

Bwana Poor passed an embarrassed hand across his forehead and stole a glance at me.

"Well," he said with a flash of defiance, "I'll see it again before you, anyway!"

"I expect you will," grunted the skipper, and rolling restlessly in his cot he turned his face to the white hot wall of his tent.

Just then a bugle blew. So I said "*Kwa heri*," to Bwana Poor, cast a hopeless glance at the skipper, and pulling the topee well over my eyes went out into the blazing light, the sun striking like hot rough cloth across my eyeballs.

Several weeks later I found myself leaning over the shoreward rail of a listing, limping, warworn trooper, one of a heterogeneous mob of madmen who maintained their composure under a mask of cynical amusement. Homeward bound! The sick, the inefficient, the ambitious—broken, battered, burned, with bare legs and muchly patched khaki. Some were destined to continue the exhausting fight in the bush southward in Portuguese East Africa, some were on their way to fight in France and happy at the change, some hoped to recuperate in South Africa and a few were bound for England on leave!

All these things I knew, for the job of adjutant had been wished upon me. While I was busy chevying a suitable sergeant major to share the burden of my woes, all Africa was dumped upon the decks and in the holds—all Africa and its household furniture. Yelling, singing, cursing, with bugles blowing, winches roaring and whistles piping shrilly, laughing, grunting, a torrent of black and white and yellow came over the sides and spread about the ship.

At midnight we clanked out of harbor.

The exhausted mob simmered into silence. Order settled over the ship; and the sentries took their posts with their habitual expressions of stoical indifference and internal bitterness. My work done, I crept apologetically on deck and hid myself in a dark corner from which I could see the shore fading with the waning moon. Here calmness came over me and I thought with a tinge of melancholy of the friends I had left to stew and simmer over the thankless and appalling job of clearing German East Africa and keeping it clear. Regrets formed in my heart, memories crowded about me, faces appeared in the darkness.

Suddenly a voice, querulously insistent, arrested my attention; and looking aside I easily made out the dim but unmistakable figure of Bwana Poor leaning against the rail in company with an officer of an overseas regiment.

"I'm through," said Bwana Poor. "I've given almost four years' service—and it was field work too—and I'm pretty well crocked. A lot of blinkin' good it's done me! This is my first leave—and I've had everything from bullets to dysentery. The only rest I've had has been in hospital—and that's no sort of leave. Do you think so?"

"Well," said a soft, guileless voice, "that depends. You may at least see a white girl—a nurse or a little V. A. D. perhaps, eh?"

"What's that got to do with it? I think it's sickenin' the way these new pups run after the nurses. Now, I never saw a white woman for about eight months after we left Kahe until I came down to the coast; and I didn't know what to talk about when I met them. I felt like a silly fool."

"But surely," protested the softer voice, "you anticipate meeting women when you reach home?"

"Oh, ra-ather! But that's jolly different. I can get along with girls at home. I understand them."

"Quite! Have you been away long?"

"Seventeen years."

There was something in Bwana Poor's tone, a note of pain, as though that period had embraced many an unrealized aspiration, many an unsatisfied longing, many an unfulfilled dream, that urged me to step forward and relieve his embarrassment by claiming friendship.

I was pretty busy on that trip down the coast; but nevertheless I made opportunities to see more of Bwana Poor and his friend, Motley, until the acquaintance ripened with reminiscence into genuine and appreciative friendship. There was no necessity to curb our tongues or imaginations, since the three of us together had pretty nearly covered the globe and knew that it held enough of interest without diluting facts with words.

Motley was an extraordinary man, a François Villon type, with the more objectionable characteristics of that gentleman eliminated and a rare but hidden delicacy substituted in their stead. Motley was bland, quiet, reserved, unobtrusive—until the time suited him, when a thousand demons possessed him. He respected intelligence and chivalry, but nothing else. He was a true soldier of fortune and a brave gentleman, equally at home among the canebrakes of Sumatra or as the host at a quiet little luncheon at the Berkeley. Above all he had an overwhelming sense of humor, well veiled behind an assumed scornful truculence.

Bwana Poor had none of Motley's subtlety, though he liked to believe himself wise and sly. With a soul as chivalrous as Don Quixote's, whom he resembled in aspect, he trusted in the nobility of man—and was gullible as a pike. He suffered disillusionment with astonishment but never with dismay. Nothing superficial annoyed him long; only things of elemental significance stirred him deeply. He had a very special knowledge of Africa, which set him up as one worthy of particular attention. And Motley drew delightedly on his store, taunting him with bitter sarcasm, while he prattled away with the naïve boastfulness of an open nature.

In a dark shelter on the lee deck from which we could look out upon the haze that hung over Africa we located ourselves each night, packing our pipes with Boer tobacco and enjoying endless wrangles. We bartered tales and discussed everything from the merfolk of the Red Sea to the sea serpent of Saigon and the giant lizard of Borneo, larger than a rhino and stronger than an elephant—to judge by its spoor. And these tales were all substantially true.

As the intimacy grew, little elements were disclosed that astonished me. Bwana Poor's accounts of Rhodesia and the coast were interesting enough; and so were Motley's, of many distant places; but I learned with greater surprise and a more genuine thrill of interest that Motley was on his way to New Brunswick with the intention of being married.

His marriage had already been twice postponed: once when he lost his small fortune and set out for Borneo to make another; and a second time on the declaration of war, when he considered it unfair to his bride to hold her to an uncertain future until the show was over, thinking then that it would be no more than six months. She still waited for him; and Motley, though he had combed the world, had kept his hope centered in her alone.

This sketchy tale stirred Bwana Poor profoundly, though he had no romance to confess. The sappy years of his life he had burned away in far places, doing the work of a pioneer, extending the boundaries of an empire he loved with an exile's devotion. Yet it was plain to me that he had never ceased to crave the love of a woman, or to aspire to that pinnacle of a wanderer's hopes—a home.

"Oh, Gawd!" the skipper had once grunted when Bwana Poor had betrayed this weakness with a sentimental smirk. "Who'd have you?"

And Bwana Poor, racking his memory, could think of no one!

We left the bottle-necked and bloody Port-of-Peace over our stern; we raised and passed the scarred slopes of Lindi, twinkling prettily above its opalescent waters, like

a courtesan, covering with a smirk its venal nature; we came to Mozambique, gleaming like a crusted gem upon the blue waters; and we ran into a bit of scrub-lined beach called Lombo, where several dhows were brought alongside, into which two companies of black troops, with their boyish white officers, tumbled. It was their object to cut across the Germanees' supposed line of communications.

The blacks poured over the side, grinning and chanting, while the open dhows took them to the thin line of beach, whence they plunged straight into the jungle and disappeared. Before they cleared ship, however, Bwana Poor, keenly attentive over the move, noticed that though the water bottles had been filled, the canvas chaguls were empty.

He flew off the handle at once and paced rapidly about, his brow steaming, his pale-blue eyes flashing protest and indignation, inquiring why the water sacks had not been filled.

"Rot!" said someone scornfully. "The I. D. reports plenty of water along the beach."

"The I. D. be blowed!" exclaimed Bwana Poor indignantly. "A blinkin' bat could see there's no water there. There's not even a baobab tree! Nothing indicates water! Why don't the silly fools know what they're doin' before they take fightin' men into the bush?"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" muttered Motley delightedly, whereupon the incensed Bwana Poor, sufficiently encouraged, made such an uproar that the chaguls were eventually filled. And we learned later that the Intelligence Department corrected its reports.

This incident threw Bwana Poor into a state of brooding gloom. He had followed the campaign from the first day of operations—starving, famishing, fighting—on horse and on foot, as a scout and in the line. He knew the German colony almost as well as any white man alive and it struck him as almost a personal affront that anyone should be permitted to enter the bush without a proper knowledge of the bush. It suddenly occurred to him that his presence was still of value and the war not yet finished. The thought of brave officers but bad bushmen in command of minor operations filled him with a sense of frightened exasperation. He felt a sort of individual responsibility and began to look back with uneasy doubt.

One day he said, with an affected air of nonchalance: "You know, I'm not so sure I want to go home!"

"Of course not," said Motley banteringly, not realizing what was passing in Bwana Poor's thoughts. "You're not doing your country any good by going home. You'll never be happy without a lot of monkeys shying coconuts at your head, or a rhino chivying you through the elephant grass. Look here, Bwana, do you seriously suppose you're going to have a good time in England after seventeen years' absence? You're a relic, you know. Home isn't what it used to be."

"It's home, though," said Bwana Poor morosely.

We went ashore at Durban, the open door of civilization, early in the morning.

This tremendous transition from a raw and savage country into the portal of civilization upset us completely. The last impression of land, of the African coast—Lombo, with the black troops clambering down our rusty sides, leaping into the mild surf of a tropic shore, disappearing into the bush to fight, and the white boys in command turning at the last moment to wave farewell, torn between the dignity of their command and the uncertainty of the inscrutable future, calling faintly to us: "*Kwa heri*, you lucky beggars! *Kwa heri!*"—this last impression was still vivid in our minds when suddenly we found the ship leaning against a noisome quay traversed by great cranes. Locomotives panted in the dockyards. Double-decked tramcars clanged near by. We could see a great harbor full of shipping and a beautiful modern city that stretched above it. But nowhere were there any signs of war.

We poured ashore like schoolboys and in a few minutes were lost in the broad expanse of busy thoroughfares and boulevards with long lines of touring cars drawn up in taxi service and flower venders banking their colorful wares along the curbs.

It's hard to understand the almost sickening joy of the home-coming, without experiencing it; and this was home to some of us and at least a foretaste to all. It was a white city too; everyone seemed white and the women beautiful and gracious.

We had not anticipated so marked a transition; and our garments were still of the bush. Stained and fragmentary khaki, bare sun-toughened knees, warped topees pushed back on our heads, great hobnailed safari boots surmounted by frayed blue putties, wrapped nevertheless with the supreme neatness of long practice—these characterized our uniforms and made us unconsciously objects of attention. I noticed in my companions, too, a certain bold expansiveness, a merry abandon, a glad expectancy that had in it a certain pathos, as indicating the dragging tension that privation and hardship had drawn about them during three years of cheerless warfare. They had gone forth without drums; they returned without acclaim. But in their simple happiness at being back they forgot that a meed of appreciation was due them. The thought of thanks never entered their heads. They were simply glad to return in their skins.

Bwana Poor Proceeded to Beat Him Up So Badly That He Had Been Obliged to Take Himself Off to a Hospital to Have His Face Rearranged

We scattered. Some returned to their homes; some went into camp; some waited under orders for a transport to England. We were among these last. Motley and I had letters to present, and Bwana Poor wandered off with new acquaintances; but we met at mess, where we exchanged experiences and stirred up new animosities.

Everyone of course fell in love except Bwana Poor and Motley, the former through diffidence and the latter because a new and interesting passion had been roused in him.

The first thing that had struck Motley upon our arrival in port had been the great number of able-bodied men in civilian dress. At the time he thought the circumstance was unusual; but the more he observed, the more he inquired, the more rapidly there grew in him the conviction that an inexcusable proportion of them were plain slackers. He thought of the friends he had left buried in the bush, the comrades whose bones were being mumbled by hyenas, others being dragged down by fever and pestilential diseases, and he became incoherent with passion. Usually, however, his thoughts found too ready utterance.

In the theater, on the boardwalk, in the shops, among crowds upon the street he expressed himself with a viciousness and finality that would certainly have led to trouble had he not been obviously a two-fisted man accustomed to fighting—with death the portion, often enough, for the loser.

As the transport continued to delay its departure, Motley's enraged protests became more personal. There is no doubt he found a certain wild joy in baiting slackers; but he had the faculty of singling out individuals who were worthy of scorn and certainly deserved nothing from the commonwealth that protected them.

"Go easy! Go easy!" cautioned Bwana Poor one day. "You'll be getting yourself in trouble."

"Trouble? What? They haven't got the souls of lice! I'm ashamed of you! I'd rip their bellies out and feed them to barracuda! And, by God, there's one fellow I'm going to get!"

"You'll get nothing but trouble," persisted Bwana Poor stiltedly. "They'll cancel your leave, you know. Then what about your marriage?"

"To hell with leave! She wouldn't marry me if she thought me less than a man."

"Oh, don't be silly! If you're goin' to risk everything for that kind of a slacker ——"

"But he's such a swine, Bwana Poor! Do you know him? He rides about in a big red roadster. His father sent him out from England to avoid the draft; and now he drifts round here sneering at soldiers and deceivin' women! Some day I'll catch him!"

Bwana Poor grunted disparagingly.

"Don't grunt at me!" said Motley ferociously. "If you had any stomach you'd be after him too."

Bwana Poor's face instantly became long and sharp. The ends of his mustache quivered, his eyebrows went up almost to his thin scalp and his eyeballs popped.

"If you t-talk like th-th-that to me," he stammered, "I'll p-p-poke you in the nose!"

(Continued on Page 166)

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

Thomas paused, irresolute. What was he going to do? Warn Chase? Warn Chase's cohorts? Warn them about what? He remembered suddenly that his place was beside the ballot box, and he turned and fairly ran down the street to the voting rooms. And it seemed to him that as he sped mirth pursued him.

But he found everything as he had left it. Ed Howe still sat by the stove, still smoked. He looked up as Jim entered, and shifted his pipe in his mouth.

"Why, Jim," he exclaimed in pretended dismay. "You're all het up! You're all of a stew! Jim, have you gone and seen a ghost?"

Jim Thomas glared at him. He had gone away from this place confident and calm; he returned in a turmoil of fear; and the worst of this fear was that he did not know what it was he feared. He glared at Howe.

"What you been up to whilst I was gone, Ed Howe?" he demanded.

Ed looked at him in surprise. "We-ell – I've smoked two pipes ——"

Jim strode to the ballot box, shook it, stared into its slot as though to read its secret.

Ned Bentley came in. He wished to cast his vote and proceeded to do so. As he was about to go he paused for a moment on the threshold.

"Has anybody here seen Wint?" he asked.

It was the stressing of his words that startled Jim. This stress, the emphasis on the verb, suggested that they had been discussing Wint or that Wint must be in all their thoughts. And Jim had not thought of Wint Chase for days.

"Why should we have seen Wint?" he demanded, and looked at Ed Howe. Ed was grinning.

Of a sudden, light burst on Jim Thomas. It was not all the truth that he guessed. But it was enough of it to make his head swim. Without a word he leaped for the street and ran across to the hotel—where there was a telephone.

Ed Howe watched him go—and grinned. "I declare—Jim acts right crazy," he drawled.

Jim came back presently, a grim set about his jaw. He had no word for any of them. But he went to the voting list and copied the names of those citizens who had not yet voted, and went to the telephone again. When he returned this time it was five minutes of four o'clock.

Ed lounged up from his chair. "Well—we 'greed to close the polls now. Go to counting." He started for the door as though to bolt it.

Jim Thomas sprang in front of him. Jim was mad. "Git back there, Ed Howe!"

Ed looked puzzled. "Why—what ——"

"Yo're tricky; but you ain't won yet. Set down. Legal hour for closing is six. We'll have some law here."

"But we 'greed on four."

"Hesh up!"

Ed lounged back in his chair. "Well, in that case I got time for another smoke." He filled his pipe and began it.

There followed a hectic two hours. Hardiston had never seen anything like it, anything even approaching it.

Every automobile that could be mustered by the Chase forces was mustered. Every livery stable in town hitched up its most ramshackle team. Even the funeral hacks were pressed into service. Fenney's motor truck brought two loads of men from the glass factory. Even Bob Dyer's old tandem bicycle came into use.

And when the elder Chase met Congressman Caretall in front of the post office at half past five, he refused to speak to him.

It was open war, with no quarter asked or given. The joke was out, and the congressman's men were enjoying it in anticipation. They exulted openly; they gathered at the polling places to watch the voters whom the Chase workers dragged thither. They cheered these workers on, praised them, encouraged them, made bets on their success

It was a hectic two hours, and it lived long in Hardiston annals. But it had to end.

When the town clock struck six the polls closed. And at every precinct in town the strain relaxed and took forthwith the form of hunger. Unanimously the election officials sat down with the unopened ballot boxes on a table, in plain view of the world, and sent out for supper.

Round the ballot boxes they ate their sandwiches. Jim Thomas ate in grim silence, iron-jawed and moody. Ed Howe had recovered his spirits. He was urbane, gracious. He even gave a fair imitation of the manner of the elder Chase, at which all but Jim Thomas managed to smile.

In the morning Jim had been jubilant and Ed had been moody and still; but now the rôles were reversed. It was remarked afterward that no one had guessed Ed Howe had it in him; and his imitation of the elder Chase distributing cigars was destined to make him famous.

But this had to end too. There came a time when the ballot boxes had to be opened. The tally sheets were prepared, pencils were sharpened, the boxes were unlocked; and at a quarter past eight o'clock Jim Thomas lifted the first ballot from the box and unfolded it.

He looked at it; a red flood poured over his face, and his jaw stiffened. But it was his duty to call the vote, and he called it: "For mayor—Chase!"

He was still staring at the ballot, and it did not need Ed Howe's mild question to confirm his guess at Congressman Caretall's coup.

What Ed asked was simply: "Which Chase, Jim?"

XI

WHERE was Wint? Others besides Bentley were asking that question as the afternoon of election wore along. Where was Wint?

No one had seen him. Everyone was asking the question. No one was answering. But the inquirers, casting back and forth along the trail, at length hit upon one fact: Wint, for a week past, had been consistently in the company of Jack Routt.

Where, then, was Routt?

On the morning after Amos Caretall's announcement at the Rink that he would vote for a Chase for mayor, Jack Routt had gone to the congressman with questions on his lips. He had come away with instructions—instructions to keep much in Wint's company and keep the young man out of harm's way till election day.

He had done this zealously. Until Monday evening he and Wint were almost constantly together. That evening Wint went to Joan's house, and bluntly rebuffed Jack's offer to accompany him. But when Wint came out—and he came out in a sulky and defiant manner—Jack was waiting for him at the gate.

Jack did not appear to be waiting. He seemed to be merely passing on his way uptown; and Wint hailed him.

"Hello you!"

"Hello, Wint! Just going home?"

"Home? It's early yet. Going uptown?"

"Yes." Routt hesitated, as though confused. "I—we—I'm going up to get a prescription filled."

Wint laughed. "For snake bite?"

"Oh, no. A real prescription."

"You don't say!"

Jack protested. "Sure. So good night."

Wint thrust his arm through the other's. "What do you want to get rid of me for? I'll walk up with you."

Jack balked. "Oh, now, Wint—you—your father will be down on you. You ought to cut it out, Wint. There's nothing in it for you. You never know when to stop!"

Wint stiffened sulkily, but his voice was gentle. "That's tough! Too bad about me! And it's a shame what dad will do to me, now, isn't it?" He took a step forward. "Coming, Jack?"

So they departed together.

At daylight the elder Chase, rising early to go to the polls, met Routt. Jack was homeward bound; and he was a weary young man. Wint was not with him. They exchanged greetings, but no more.

Routt did not again appear in public until some time after noon, election day. When he went uptown then he was as spruce as ever, his eyes clear and his cheeks pink with health. He showed no signs of the fatigue that the elder Chase had remarked in him.

Forthwith men began to ask him: "Where is Wint?"

The first man that put the question was Peter Gergue. This was a big day for Peter. He had been busy, whispering and advising and suggesting and laughing a little behind the back of the elder Chase. He had been too busy getting out the votes and directing the voters to think much about Wint until Jack appeared; but the sight of Jack reminded him of Wint; and so he asked: "Where is Wint, anyway?"

Jack looked to right and left. "I don't know," he said.

Gergue drawled: "It's your job to know."

"I know it is; but he got away from me."

"Got away from you?"

"Yes. Last night. I couldn't stop him."

Gergue ran his fingers through his back hair. "It was your job to stop him."

Jack threw out his hands. "You never saw him when he's going good."

Peter nodded and spat. "No," he said slowly. "No—that's right. Where d'you say you left him?"

Routt shook his head. "I wish I knew. He dodged me."

Gergue shook his head. "Go along. Don't let 'em see you talking—too much."

As the afternoon passed, and especially after that final two hours of scurry and effort began, the inquiries for Wint increased in volume. But at six o'clock Wint was still listed as missing, and he was still missing at eight, and he was still missing when the count of the ballots was completed.

But fifteen minutes later Skinny Marsh, a man without visible means of support, met V. R. Kite on the street and drew him into the dark mouth of an alleyway.

"Kite," he said huskily, "I got something to tell you."

"What is it?" V. R. asked crisply.

"You know where Wint is?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes."

Kite was interested enough now. "Where?"

Marsh told him; and ten seconds later Kite was walking briskly up the street, gathering his clans.

In the valley of the northeast side of Hardiston there is a network of railway tracks, the freight and coal yards of the D. T. & I. Acres of ground are covered with slack, deposited through many years, and sprinkled over with the cinders from a thousand puffing engines.

This is low land. At one spot a stagnant pool forms every year and furnishes some ragged skating for the children of the locality. The ice factory is on a hill above this pool. At the other end of the yards there is a gaunt and ruined brick structure that was once a nail mill; and this mill gives its name to the section.

Across the tracks there are half a dozen streets, lined for the most part with well-kept little cottages of workingmen. But in one street there is a larger structure that was once a hotel.

This hotel is called the Weaver House. It fronts on the street, is flanked on one side by a railway track, and is backed by the creek, whose muddy waters lap its sills at flood time. This was in its days of glory a railroad hotel, catering to the train crews in the days before the roads frowned on drink among the men. When the road threatened to discharge any man seen in the place its business languished. But prohibition brought the Weaver House a measure of prosperity. There was strategic merit in its situation. A rear room overhung the creek; and a section of the floor of this room was so arranged that when a bolt was pulled the floor would swing downward and drop whatever it bore into the concealing waters. This was a simple and effective way of destroying evidence; and the owner of the place made good use of it.

The office of this hostelry was a square room, at one corner in front. At eleven o'clock on the night of election day there were five creatures in this room. Four were human; one was a dog.

The office was lighted by a single oil lamp. The chimney of this lamp had once been badly smoked, and subsequently cleaned by a masculine hand. It was, to put it gently, dingy. Also, its wick needed trimming. As a result of these defects, the light it gave was not blinding. This lamp stood on a square table in one corner of the room. A wall bench ran along two sides of the table. At the corner a checkerboard was set on the table, and over this board two old men leaned. They were engrossed in their game. Both were gray, both were unclean and ragged. Both were bearded, and the beards of both were stained below the mouth with tobacco. Nevertheless, they played keenly and at the conclusion of each game broke into bitter cackling arguments. These arguments lasted only so long as it took them to rearrange the men, when the one whose turn it was made the first move, and silence instantly descended on them again. These gusts of debate that broke from the old men now and then were the only sounds in the room.

Beside one of the men and leaning forward over the table in a strained and awkward position was the boy. He may have been fourteen years old. But it was strange and pitiful to see in his face, in his eyes, an air of age and grim experience almost equaling that of his two old companions. This boy was dressed in clothes too small for him, so that his wrists stuck out from his sleeves, his neck reared itself bare and gaunt above his coat collar, and his bare ankles and shins were exposed above the shoes he wore.

This boy was reading. He was reading a copy of the bulletin of the Ohio Brewers' Association. He was spelling it out word by word with the closest attention. When the old men burst into argument the boy shook his head a little as though annoyed by their outcries. But for the rest he read steadily, passing his fingers along the lines as he read.

The dog slept on the floor at his feet. The dog was just a dog.

The other person in the room was the manager of the Weaver House. The manager was a woman. The manager was also the owner. She sat in a chair beside what had been the bar, at one side of the room. Her hands were folded in her lap, her head lolled on one shoulder, her mouth was open and she was asleep.

This woman was a virago. In the old days she once hit a brakeman with a rubber bung starter and he died. She was acquitted because the brakeman was drunk and she pleaded self-defense. She was feared and respected by the men among whom she lived. In Paris, in '93, she would have been a commanding figure. In the Nail Mill Addition of Hardiston she was a plague. But as she sat here now, asleep, her old hands folded in her lap, she invited not fear or disgust but just compassion. She was merely a tired old woman, asleep.

She was still asleep when the street door opened and four men came in. The floor of the office was a foot below the level of the street. The first of the four men tripped and stumbled over this descent; and this slight sound woke the woman. She got to her feet with scrambling quickness, and from behind the breastwork of the dusty bar surveyed her visitors. Her eyes were failing, and she thrust her head forward and twisted it on one side that she might see the better.

When she saw who the leader of the four men was she straightened up with relief and said, her voice openly contemptuous:

"Oh, it's you, Kite?"

It was; V. R. Kite, Jack Routt and two of Kite's satellites. Kite glanced at the men over the checkerboard and at the boy. The old men at their entrance had looked up in fretful hostility, surrendered to the inevitable and returned to their game. The boy continued to read.

"Hello, Mrs. Moody!" said Kite to the woman; and he stepped toward her and lowered his voice. "Is there a man—Wint Chase—staying here?"

Mrs. Moody grinned. The grin revealed a startlingly perfect set of false teeth, as beautiful as those of a girl of twenty. Their very beauty made them hideous in Mrs. Moody's mouth. She nodded.

"I want to see him."

"He's upstairs. I'll show you."

She turned round and took a lamp from a shelf behind her and lighted it. Then, with this in her right hand and her petticoats gathered up in her left, she emerged from behind the bar and led the way to the stairs. The four men followed in silence. Kite led, and Routt was on his heels.

The stairs were uncertain, but they made the ascent without disaster. Mrs. Moody led the way along a narrow hall to an open door, and stood aside here so that the others might enter. She was enjoying herself.

The four men went into the dark room, and the woman followed and set the lamp on the mantel. This lamp illumined the place. The room contained a bed, a chair and a wardrobe. On the chair were set two shoes. On the floor lay a hat and a coat and one sock. In the bed sprawling on his back upon the dirty coverlet was Wint.

The woman crossed and shook him by the shoulder. She screamed at him: "Wake up, deary! Here's gentlemen to see you!"

Routt crossed quickly to her side, his face working. "Here. Let me!"

She pushed him scornfully. "And don't I know the ways of a drunk, at my age? Get back with you! It's me that has a right to bring him out of it."

She shook Wint again; and this time he came slowly back to consciousness. He gasped, flung out his arms, stirred. His mouth twisted as though at a bad taste on his tongue. They waited for his eyes to open, but after a moment he settled back into sleep again.

The woman looked up over her shoulder. "He's had a full dose. Since noon he's been so." She shook Wint again, yelled into his ear, cuffed him.

Thus, presently he woke.

His eyes opened, though he still lay on his back. His eyes opened, and they wandered idly about the room, fixing a dull gaze now on this face and now on that. Wint was usually amiable when he was drunk, and so when he discovered Routt he grinned and tried to sit up.

"Good ol' Jack," he said thickly. "Tried be a guardian t' me. I fooled 'm. No hard feelin's, Jack. Shake, o' man."

He leaned on one elbow and thrust out an unsteady hand. V. R. Kite grinned wickedly, and Routt stepped forward and sat down on the bed and put his arms about Wint's shoulders.

"Wint," he begged. "Stiffen up! We've got to get you out of here."

Wint shook his head. "I'm comf'ble here. My hostess ——" He waved a hand toward Mrs. Moody. "She's a lady. I'll stay right here. I'm always go'n' stay here, Jack."

Routt shook him gently, cuffed his cheeks smartly. "Wint! Wint! Come out of it! Come on. Let's go to my house. Let's go home."

Wint recognized the others. "H'lo, V. R.," he said amiably. "V. R., why this sudd'n s'lic'tude?"

V. R. Kite was not a bashful man. He was enjoying himself. "I came to take you home—take you to some respectable house," he declared. "This is no place for you."

Mrs. Moody broke into objurgations. But one of Kite's companions deftly hustled her into the hall and silenced her there.

Wint persisted: "Why don' this place suit me all right? I wanna know, V. R."

Routt looked at Kite, and Kite said oracularly: "Because, my friend, the voters of Hardiston have elected you their next mayor."

Wint was swaying a little in Routt's arms; and for a time his face remained blank. Then it assumed a puzzled look.

In the end he asked, his voice less unsteady: "What's—that?"

"You're elected mayor, Wint," Routt told him. "Brace up."

Wint sat up slowly, pushing Routt's arms aside. "You mean—my father, don't you?"

Routt shook his head; and Kite said pompously: "No, not your father. Yourself. The voters wrote in your name on the ballots."

They saw a slow sweep of red flood Wint's face; and for an instant his eyes closed as though he were fainting. The flush passed and left him pale. He got up, stood erect, unsteady, then firm. He shed drunkenness as though it were a cloak, throwing it off with a backward movement of his shoulders.

They watched him, waiting; and V. R. Kite suddenly moved a little toward the door, half afraid.

Then Wint burst out on them. He waved his hands furiously.

"Routt!" he shouted. "This is a poor joke. It's a damn poor joke. You, Kite, you old whited sepulcher, get out of here! Jack—I counted you my friend. You're all dogs, cowards, rascals! Get out! If I choose to lie drunk in this shack—I'll lie here. None of you shall stop me. It's not your affair. It's mine. Mine! Get out! The last one of you! Get out!"

He was so furious that they obeyed him. Routt tried to protest, but Wint gripped him by the shoulders and whirled him and thrust him toward the door.

They tumbled over each other into the hall. Even V. R. Kite lost his dignity. Wint pursued them, cursing them. He drove them to the stairs, down, stood above them with brandished fists. And when they had gone he still stood there for a space, trembling and alone.

Then he turned and went haltingly back into the room. He was no longer drunk. He was quite sober. He went into the room, stood at the door, frozen, ghastly white.

The lamp still stood on the mantel, and he crossed to it without knowing what he did. He stood before it. There was a cracked mirror behind the lamp, above the mantel. Wint saw himself in it. He looked into his own eyes for a long instant; and then his face twitched into a terrible, shamed, disgusted grimace. He lifted the lamp in both hands and sent it crashing into the grate in the fireplace. It splintered and shivered into fragments.

The flame of the wick still burned, however, and the oil that had spilled caught fire, so that for a time the hearth and the grate were wreathed in blue flame. Then the oil burned itself out. The room was left in darkness.

Wint went slowly across to the miserable bed and sat down on it. He gripped his head in his hands. After a little he lay down on his back on the bed. Presently his misery and shame became so poignant that tears filled his eyes and welled over and flowed down his cheeks to the pillow. He ignored them. Eventually the silence in the room was torn by a single racking sob.

XII

THE sun awoke Wint in the morning; and the wakening was cruel. Level white-hot rays burned through his eyelids as though they would char to cinders his aching eyes. He threw his arm fretfully across his face to keep off the glare and lay quietly on the shabby bed, groping back into the night and into the hours of the preceding day in a terrible effort to remember.

There was no more drunkenness in him. The shock of what Jack Routt had told him had banished that. He was sober—too sober, in all conscience, for any peace of mind. It was his loneliness that was most torturing. If there had been someone near, someone else in the room, for whose benefit it was necessary to play a part, Wint would have stiffened his resolution and laughed at the situation. But he could not play a part that would deceive himself. Alone in the dingy bedroom in that disreputable place he burned with shame and tortured pride.

He began to fit together the pieces of the puzzle. He never doubted that it was true the voters had elected him. There had been truth in Jack Routt's eyes the night before, truth and a sort of triumph. Routt was a good fellow and a true friend; and he rejoiced, no doubt, that Wint had been so honored. Wint, thinking this, grimaced. He knew without explanations that his election was a joke; a colossal joke in the first place upon his father, and a grim jest at his own expense. He could imagine the cackling mirth of those who had engineered the thing; and this laughter that he seemed to hear lashed his ears.

He flung himself over on his face and buried his head in his arms and tried to think. He was full of rebellion. He would go away, leave this place, never return.

After a time he lifted his head and moved his body and sat up on the bed, his feet on the floor. He sat up and looked about him and shuddered in a sick way.

The light of day made this room more hideous than it had been by lamplight. The shattered lamp lay in the grate, and there was a charred place on the floor near the hearth, where the oil had burned itself out when Wint threw down the lamp the night before. Above the mantel hung the cracked mirror. In it from where he sat Wint could see a distorted vision of the ceiling of the room and an angle of the wall. There had once been paper on this wall, but it had been cracked by the shrinking of the plaster, and picked away by casual fingers, and here and there it hung in short ragged strips. The bare floor was unclean; the chair near the bed where Wint's two shoes now reposed was decrepit and lacked paint. One door of the big wardrobe hung awkwardly from weakened hinges. It was a little ajar, and Wint could see a disorder of rubbish inside. On the floor near the chair lay his hat and coat and one sock, where he had dropped them when he had come here and stumbled drunkenly to bed.

He held his head in his hands, and his fingers clenched in his crisp hair.

For some time his senses had been catching hints of life in the building below him. The smell of burning grease had come up the stairs from the kitchen; and the grumble of voices now and then upraised in protest or abuse had reached his ears. Once he heard, from a distance and muffled by intervening doors and walls, the clamor of quarreling dogs. But these things did not penetrate his consciousness until a new and louder disturbance broke out below.

A dog barked, snarling and angry; another yelped. The two joined their voices in an angry tumult of sound. Then a woman's voice, the voice of Mrs. Moody, shouted abuse, and a door opened and cries and barks and snarls redoubled.

Wint lifted his head in sudden recognition. He heard the thud of some missile that had missed its mark and clattered against the floor; and then he heard the scramble of hard-toed feet racing up the stairs, and the snuffing of eager nostrils.

His eyes lighted softly and he called: "Muldoon!"

There was a yelp of delight and a new scuffle of feet, and Muldoon plunged in through the open door and was all over Wint in a delirious joy at this reunion. The dog leaped up on Wint's knees; it tried to climb on his shoulders; its tongue sought to caress his cheeks; it nipped his hands lovingly; and all the time it whined a low whine of happiness. Wint, cuffing the hard and eager head, smiled in spite of himself at the dog's caresses; he smiled and caught Muldoon by the ears and held him away and shook him affectionately.

"You, dog!" he scolded. "How did you come here? Eh, you?"

Muldoon wriggled in a desperate effort to explain; and then he stiffened in Wint's arms and turned toward the door with hackles rising. Wint looked that way and saw Mrs. Moody, panting with the zeal of her pursuit. The virago came in; she bore a stick of firewood in one harsh hand; she made for Muldoon, and her old lips dripped blistering abuse.

Wint drew Muldoon close in his arms and held up a protesting hand. "Wait a minute, wait a minute!" he warned her. "What's the matter?"

She smiled mirthlessly, brandishing her billet and reaching for Muldoon's scruff. "I'm a-going to whale that pup, deary," she told Wint. "He's been round here all morning."

Wint hugged Muldoon closer. "Of course," he said. "He knew I was here."

She looked puzzled. "He ain't your'n, is he?"

"Sure," Wint told her. "He's some dog too."

The woman's anger vanished. "Well, say now, if I'd 'a' knowed that ——" She laughed, her desolately beautiful false teeth glistening between her wrinkled lips. "He's drove my dog crazy. He come round here before day, and Jim heard him and tried to git out. Woke me up. I drove this one away; but he came back. Jim got out once, and they had it till I broke 'em up. And then a minute ago Jim got out again, and when I went after 'em with this stove wood, that 'n of your'n slipped by me and in and up the stairs."

Wint rubbed Muldoon's head proudly. "He must have tracked me, found me out somehow," he explained. "I left him locked up. Hope he didn't hurt your ——"

"Oh, Jim c'n take care of hisself. If he can't he'll have t' look out." She looked round the room curiously. "You had callers last night. D'ye remember?"

Wint nodded, bending over the dog. "Yes—I remember."

The woman studied him. "Thought mebbe you was too far gone to know anythin'." She waited for Wint to speak; but Wint volunteered nothing, so she remarked: "I see the lamp got broke."

"I'll pay for it," Wint told her.

She nodded. "That's all right. All in the bill. You must 've been tickled to hear about bein' elected."

Wint said nothing. The woman laughed cacklingly. "Never had a mayor of Hardiston in my hotel before. Had some sheriffs, and a marshal now 'nd then. But no mayor!" She shook with mirth at the thought. "I d'clare, I'll have t' raise my rates."

Wint looked at her steadily, with expressionless eyes. He was fighting to hide the humiliation that was stinging him; and he succeeded. His silence at last frightened the woman; she backed toward the door, babbling broken sentences. Only when she was in the hall, with an avenue of flight open to her, did she recover herself.

"But I s'pose you'll forgit old friends, now that you're mayor, deary," she told him.

Wint smiled bleakly. "Don't count on it," he said.

She seemed uncertain whether to take this as threat or reassurance. "I was always a good friend to you," she reminded him.

He nodded. "Yes—you've been consistent at least."

She wagged her old head, comforted and grinning. "I guess you won't forgit," she told herself. And after a moment: "Will you be wanting some breakfast?"

Wint stroked the ears of Muldoon. "No," he said. "No." And he added thoughtfully: "Thank you very much."

"That's all right, deary," she assured him, and so turned at last and went haltingly down the stairs.

When the woman was gone Wint sat very still for a space, staring at the empty doorway, thinking. Muldoon was on his lap, and Wint forgot the dog, though his hand still played automatically with Muldoon's ears. The dog was for a time content with this, moving its head now and then under Wint's hand to get full value from his caresses; but by and by it became conscious of his abstraction, and looked up into his face and wriggled, and at last muzzled a cold nose under his chin and nudged upward against Wint's jaw until Wint emerged from his absorption and laughed and caught Muldoon's head in his hands and shook it.

"There, boy," he whispered. "D' you think I'd forgotten you? No fear, Muldoon."

Having roused his master Muldoon in his turn decided to feign abstraction. He lay down ostentatiously across Wint's knees, and he pillowed his muzzle on his forepaws and lay there with eyes rolling up in spite of himself to watch Wint's face. Wint cupped the dog's lower jaw in his right hand and shook it gently.

"What are they saying about me, uptown, Muldoon?" he asked.

The dog moved its head, then fell into a motionless pose again. Wint bent over it, whispering, half to Muldoon and half to himself.

"Laughing, of course," he said softly. "Laughing! The joke of years!" He smiled grimly. "Tough on dad. He'd set his heart on this mayor business."

He looked across to the window, and his eyes hardened. "They meant it as a joke on me as much as on father," he reminded himself, and his eyes burned.

He wondered how the plan had been carried through. Caretall and Gergue must have had their hand in it; they may have united with V. R. Kite. It would be reasonably easy, he knew. His father had had no real popularity. Winthrop Chase, Senior, was not a likable man. He was not a vote getter. There was a self-conscious condescension about his good fellowship.

Wint had never paid any great attention to local politics. He wondered idly what a mayor had to do. He tried to remember some of the things mayors had done in the past; and he found his only knowledge of the subject had to do with a Halloween prank as a result of which he and two others had been haled before the mayor's court and badly frightened.

"He must do something besides that," he assured himself. "But, Lord—I couldn't even do that!"

What was he to do? That was the thing he had to decide, and he must decide at once. What could he do? Was there any way by which he could nullify the election? Resign? Abdicate? Get himself impeached? He thought of these projects wistfully. They took no concrete form in his thoughts. He knew nothing of the machinery of local government, knew nothing of the avenues of escape that might be open to him.

He only knew that he would not be made thus the butt of the town's mirth. His face flushed at the thought; and he got up abruptly and walked to the window, Muldoon pacing at his side and looking up wistfully at his master. He would not do it. They should have their trouble for their pains. They were fools. Impudent fools.

One thing he could do; one thing at least. He could go away—hide. If he were not here they could not force him to serve. So much was sure. He would go away.

This decision, Wint told himself, had cleared the air. He tried to believe that it solved all his perplexities; and he bent over Muldoon and cuffed the dog and romped with it across the room, to Muldoon's delirious delight. Then he began to whistle to himself, and so looked about and sat

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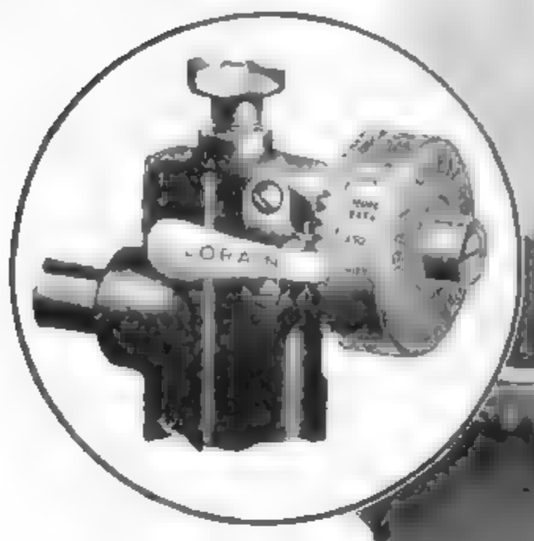

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down on the bed and drew on the sock which still lay on the floor. He had difficulty in fastening the sock supporter about his leg. The leg of the trousers obstructed him. He fussed over the thing until he was fuming again, and his face flushed with stooping. But at last the trick was done, and he took his shoes from the chair and put them on. He found that one of the laces was broken, no doubt by his drunken fingers when he had unlaced the shoes before removing them. This discovery whetted his resentment and disgust. He knotted the lace and hid the knot under an eyelet of the shoe, where it pressed on his instep and irked him. He kicked the shoe on the floor until it gave him some measure of comfort.

His hat and coat were on the floor. He put them on, brushing the dust from his coat with his hands, and afterward with a flick of his handkerchief. Then he crossed reluctantly to the speckled mirror and looked into it.

He saw that his face was dirty, and his collar soiled and crushed. He took it off, turned it inside out and replaced it, and it gave him some faint satisfaction to see the improvement thus effected in his appearance. But he was still ghastly. There was no water in the room; and he knew that the bathroom at the end of this upper hall was not made for cleanliness, so he wet his handkerchief with his tongue and scrubbed his face clean with that. The result had a forced and unnatural look, but he was constrained to be content.

He started slowly for the door but his feet lagged. It was hard for him to make up his mind to face the world again. He thought uneasily of remaining here through the day and catching a night freight out of town; and he turned irresolutely back toward the bed; but Muldoon, at his knee, barked softly in remonstrance.

Wint bent and patted the dog's head and said softly: "Right you are, pup. We're not afraid of them. But heaven help the man that laughs, Muldoon!"

The dog wagged its whole body and barked again as though in approval; and Wint smiled faintly and went again toward the door. He looked down and saw that his trousers were wrinkled, and he smoothed and tugged at them in an effort to give them some appearance of respectability. When he had done his best for them he went toward the door again, and this time he did not stop. He went out into the hall, and to the stair head, and so down into the office of the hotel.

Like the bedroom the office of the Weaver House suffered by daylight. Even the dingy and unwashed window panes could not keep out the pitiless sun; and the room's ugliness was exposed in hideous nakedness.

The room, save for the fact that the sun instead of a lamp lighted it, was as it had been the night before. The smoky lamp, still standing on the table, gave forth a smell of dirty oil, which filled the place and fought with the reek of bad tobacco and the pungent smell of alcohol. Doors and windows were tight shut. At their corner of the table above their checkerboards still leaned the two old men. It was as though they had not stirred the long night through.

As Wint came down the stairs a game ended, and their cackling voices broke into the familiar argument while their stained old fingers swiftly rearranged the pieces for a new beginning. Then one moved a piece, and both fell silent.

Mrs. Moody sat at her place behind what had been the bar. The only change in the room since the night before was that instead of the reading boy a man sat by the table. This man was unshaven, trembling, shrunken within his rumpled and baggy garments. His eyes were open, and his head wagged from side to side as he sat, and his lips moved in an interminable mumbling argument with someone invisible.

Jim, the dog that was just a dog, was not to be seen.

Wint, with Muldoon at his heels, came down the stairs and stopped in front of the bar and nodded to Mrs. Moody. He reached into his pocket, and the old woman got up briskly and grinned at him, the enamel of her teeth a blinding white flash in her wrinkled old face. Her eyes puckered when she grinned; and she laid her hands, palms down, upon the bar.

"Going away, deary?" she asked.

Wint nodded. "What do I owe you?"

"Sorry I ain't got a bite to offer ye," she apologized. Then with a sly glance at the men across the room: "Less'n you wanted to come out by the kitchen in back. A little drop ——"

Wint shook his head. "Not to-day. How much?"

She told him, and he selected a bill and gave it to her. She took it and tucked up her apron and delved into the pocket of her loose skirt and produced a dirty cloth bag. This bag was tied with a string at the top. She untied the string, rummaged inside, found his change and gave it to him. He took it from her; and as he did so he turned at a shuffling step and saw the drunken man at his elbow.

This man peered at him; and Wint moved a little away from him. The man followed a lurching step, and grinned placatingly and mumbled: "Wint Chase, ain't it?"

Wint nodded. "Yes." He tried to pass the man and get to the door; but the man thrust out a shaking hand.

"Shake!" he invited thickly. "Wanta shake hands with new mayor. Voted fer you; voted fer you three times."

Mrs. Moody was leaning across the bar and watching and grinning. Wint hesitated, and then he took the man's hand and shook it, and tried to release it; but the man clung to it, and lunged closer, and put his other hand on Wint's shoulder. His weight fell against Wint's chest.

"New mayor," he repeated uncertainly. "Good, nice new mayor."

He cackled softly and wiped his wet mouth with the back of his hand and gripped Wint's shoulder again, and regarded Wint seriously, studying him. "Good little man," he applauded. "Make dam' good mayor fer this little town."

He rocked on his feet, and Wint tried to put the man away without offending him, but the man staggered and clasped his arms round Wint's neck and giggled weakly on Wint's breast. "This'll be a nice wet li'l town now, eh, boy!" he exulted. "Eh, boy? Nice, wet li'l town."

Wint with a sudden revulsion that sickened him and stiffened his angry pride thrust the man away and stepped quickly out into the street. He felt Muldoon brush against his legs, and he looked down at the dog and set his jaw.

"You, dog," he whispered. "They've tried one joke too many. Eh, pup? We'll stay and turn the joke on them, Muldoon. What say?"

Muldoon whined approvingly, fidgeting on eager feet; and Wint bent and clapped him on the soulder.

"Come on, you," he said softly. "Come on. Let's go home."

XIII

WINT left the Weaver House at a little before noon, Muldoon trotting sedately at his heels. The street outside the hotel was empty; and Wint was glad of this. He followed it to the railroad tracks, intending to cross the yards and take a back street toward his home. But at the end of the street he encountered Peter Gergue.

Gergue saw him coming, and stopped and fumbled in the tangle of hair at the back of his head until Wint came near.

Wint would have avoided him but there was no way to do this, so he said coldly: "Good morning, Pete."

Gergue grinned slowly. "Why—right fair," he agreed. "Yes'r, it's a right fair morning—if you look at it that way."

Wint nodded. He would have passed by, but Gergue stopped him. "I was coming down after you," he said.

"Why?" Wint asked.

"Oh—I thought you might want company. Heard you was here!"

"Want anything special?"

"We-ell—I did think of congratulating you."

Wint smiled coldly. "Thanks. That all?"

Gergue rummaged through his hair. "Thought you might have questions to inquire about."

Wint started to say "No" to this, then changed his mind and looked at Peter steadily.

"You—you mix in politics, don't you, Pete!"

Gergue looked startled. "Why—some," he admitted. "Why, yes, I might say—some."

"Friend of Congressman Caretall's, aren't you?"

Gergue spat and nodded slowly. "I like to help him out—when I c'n manage," he agreed

Wint smiled again. "Then you know how this thing happened?"

"Some," said Peter.

"Explain it to me," Wint invited. "How was it worked? And—why?"

Gergue grinned slyly. Then he laughed, a shrill burst of merriment of a sort unusual in this man. When this mirth passed he touched Wint's lapel. "Cleanest piece of work I ever see," he declared.

"How was it done?"

"Word o' mouth! Word o' mouth! Cong'essman knew folks was expecting something f'om him. He kept 'em expecting. Told everybody he was going to vote for a man named Chase. Got 'em worked up, sittin' on needles and pins and cockleburs to know where the trick come in. Everybuddy knowed they was some trick. Then—last minute—he passed the word to V. R. Kite, and him and Kite passed the word round. Everybuddy figured it would be a joke on your paw. Whole town took it laughing, and went and done what cong'essman told 'em t' do. Writ in your name ——"

Wint smiled frostily. "Great joke, wasn't it?"

Gergue chuckled. "Fine! Take V. R. Kite. Tickled him half t' death. Like t' killed Kite."

"Caretall and my father are against each other, of course?"

"Sure. Your paw comes to the cong'essman, high and mighty, offering him this 'nd that. That wan't no way to go at the cong'essman. Amos ain't used to it."

Wint nodded. "But why me?" he asked. "Why pick on me?"

Gergue waved his hand. "That made it more like a joke on your paw. Everybuddy knowed what you paw thinks of you. Figured it'd pupplex him. It did too, Wint. It certainly did pupplex your paw."

"It would," Wint agreed. "But—I should think Caretall would as soon see my father elected as me."

"Yo'r paw had too much wind in his sails. Needed a little coolin' off. Amos gave it to him."

"But how about Kite?" Wint asked. "Why was he so ready to fall in with it?"

Gergue looked at Wint sidewise. "Why, he don't like yo'r paw so very much," he explained with an appearance of frankness; "and besides that, Kite's wet, and your paw's dry. That stands t' reason."

"He figured I would be wet, of course?"

Gergue nodded emphatically. "Natural," he said. "Natural, he figured that way."

"Did Caretall have that idea too?"

Gergue wagged his head. "We-ell, now," he parried, "Amos don't lay so much on that end of it. He's a wet man, in politics; but he don't touch it hisself. I guess he just wanted t'give you a leg up—see what you'd do. Amos keeps his eye on the young fellows, that way."

They had crossed the tracks while they were talking, and they met two men now. Wint knew these men casually; they knew him. They were workmen; and they saw Wint and Gergue together, and grinned, and one of them called: "Morning, Mister Mayor."

Wint smiled at them amiably. "Good morning."

"Congratulations!"

"Thanks."

Wint's cheeks were burning. The men passed by, and he and Gergue started up the hill by a back street that led toward his home. Neither of them spoke. Presently they began to meet other men. One or two of these men scowled at Gergue, stared angrily at Wint; but for the most part they smiled covertly and voiced congratulations. Their words seemed to Wint to mask gibes.

After a time the two came to a cross street that led toward town; and here Gergue halted and looked at Wint curiously. "Was there anything else?" he asked.

Wint shook his head.

"You wasn't thinking, maybe, of walking uptown?"

"Not now."

"Going on home, I guess."

"Yes."

Gergue nodded. "All right. When you come uptown you might stop in and see me."

"I'll see," Wint told him.

"Amos aims to do right by you," said Gergue.

"Much obliged."

"You don't want to hold this against him."

Wint smiled slowly. "Good-by," he said.

Gergue nodded. "By-by," he responded. "I'll see you again."

He turned toward town, and Wint watched him for a moment, and then went on toward his home. Muldoon trotted sedately before him, ranging now and then across the street or into a yard to investigate some affair of his own. Wint walked swiftly, for he had an uneasy feeling of nakedness in the light of open day, as though everyone he encountered must see the shame that was torturing him.

He came to his home through a short cut that brought him by way of an alley to the kitchen door; and when he opened the door and stepped into the kitchen he saw Hetty Morfee there. Hetty was rolling biscuits on a board, her sleeves rolled to the elbows on her creamy arms; and she turned at the sound of his entrance and stood with the rolling pin in one hand, brushing back the hair from her eyes with the other and laughing at him softly.

"Oh, you Wint!" she said.

Wint closed the kitchen door behind him and faced the girl. "Is mother here?" he asked.

"She's in next door." She nodded her head reproachfully. "You certainly have started something, Wint."

"Where's father?"

"Uptown. He telephoned just now to know if you had come home. He ain't coming home for dinner."

Wint dropped his eyes for a moment, then lifted his head. "All right," he said. "I—I suppose he's mad as a hatter."

Hetty chuckled softly. "Mad as two of 'em," she declared. "You certainly have started something this time, Wint."

He looked toward the biscuit board. "Are those for lunch?"

"Yes."

"How soon will they be ready?"

"Half an hour. You hungry?" She studied him, solicitude lurking in her eyes.

"Yes. I didn't have any breakfast."

The girl moved toward him with the quick instinct of woman. "You poor kid! I'll get you something now."

He lifted his hand impatiently. "Never mind. Or—just a glass of milk."

She laughed, crossing the room toward the pantry. "You just sit down and see."

While he still stood irresolutely in the middle of the floor she was back with bread and butter and a glass of jelly and a bowl of milk. She spread these things upon the table, cut bread for him and made him sit down and eat while she hovered over him, her eyes never leaving the brown head as he bent above his plate. Now and then she laughed softly, and more than once she repeated: "You surely have started something this time."

He ate ravenously. He had not realized his own hunger. But after the second slice she stopped him.

"Now that's enough," she declared. "You'll spoil your dinner."

He laughed, the first time he had laughed that day. "I guess not," he declared. "I could eat a house."

She smiled, carrying the viands back to their places. "Where was you last night?" she asked curiously.

He looked up at her, half resentful, half glad of her friendship and understanding. "Weaver House," he said.

She made a little grimace. "Golly! You must've been pie-eyed for fair."

He flushed, but he nodded. "Yes."

"And look what they done to you. It don't pay, does it, Wint?"

He laughed. "I suppose not."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Your paw's awful mad."

He got up stiffly. "I suppose so. Well—he's been mad before."

"And your maw's upset."

"I'll be up in my room," he said. "Call me when dinner's ready."

She was back at her biscuits, laying them delicately in the pan. "Sure. Go ahead."

The door closed behind him. When she heard the click of a latch the girl stopped her work for an instant, and looked over her shoulder at the closed door. She remained thus for a space, then brushed her arm across her forehead as though a lock of hair distressed her, and went on with her task.

Wint went to his room and threw aside his soiled garments and bathed and was half dressed when Hetty called up the stairs that dinner was ready. He came down into the hall as his mother entered the front door. When she saw him she lifted her hands and ran at him and poured out upon him a torrent of querulous complaint.

"Wint, where have you been all this time? Your father is so mad. He's terrible mad at you. I never saw your father so worked up, Wint. I don't see what you had to go and do a thing like that for anyhow, Wint. I told Mrs. Hullis this morning I just couldn't see how you could do it. Your father was so set on getting elected, and everything; and he'd made so many plans, and when he came home last night I said to him ——"

Hetty called from the dining-room door: "Dinner's ready, ma'am."

"All right, Hetty, I'm a-coming," Mrs. Chase assured her. "Wint, you come along. I want to talk to you. I don't see what you're going to do about it. I don't see—I said to your father last night that I just couldn't see how you could ——"

Wint broke in: "Mother—please! It wasn't my doing. I had nothing to do with it."

"I said to your father last night, when he came home," she insisted—"he came home so mad, and everything. He was in a terrible state, Wint. He ramped and tore round here like he was a crazy man; and I said to him that I didn't see how a son could do a thing like that to him. He was tramping up and down, and he kept talking about you, and I said to him that I——"

"I tell you I had nothing to do with it, mother."

"I think Congressman Caretall ought to have something better to do than to come home here and stir up a son against his father. I told your father so; and I said — "

"He didn't stir me up against father, mother. It was a trick, a political game. I didn't know anything about it till they told me I'd been elected."

"I said to him that I just couldn't believe it. And he said if it wasn't true why weren't you here at home where you belonged. He said you were probably down at Caretall's, laughing at your father. And I said I just couldn't see how a son could do a thing like that to a father like him. Because your father has been good to you, Wint. He's been mighty good to you; and he's stood a lot. I said to him that he'd stood a lot, and he said you were probably off drinking again somewhere, and that you'd ——"

Hetty came in from the kitchen with the plate of biscuits, set them before Mrs. Chase, and looked at Wint and laughed and pressed her hands to her ears and grimaced at Mrs. Chase's unconscious head.

Wint protested: "Mother, I ——"

Mrs. Chase broke in: "Hetty, those biscuits are just fine. I declare, your things always seem to come out better than mine. I wish I could do it that way. I wish your father was at home, Wint. He likes hot biscuits so. But goodness knows, he wouldn't have any appetite to eat anything to-day. Hetty told me when she called me to come home that he'd telephoned he wasn't coming. She told me you had come, and I came right over to tell you that I just didn't see how you could ——"

Wint was glad at last to finish and escape. He went up to his room, his mother's words pursuing him. The reaction had set in; and he was terribly tired and sick and full of sleep. He flung himself on his face on the bed, and he tossed there for a space, thinking miserably, and so at last he fell asleep.

He was wakened by a thrumming knock on his door, and sat up and called huskily: "Who's that?"

The door opened and his father came in. His father came in, and he shut the door behind him. Outside Wint saw his mother. She was saying something; and the closing door cut off her words. His father ignored her; he shut the door and faced Wint.

It was late afternoon, almost dusk. Shadows had begun to fill the room. Wint saw that his father's face was black; and he got up from the bed and stood there for a moment, and he saw that his father was trembling. He took a step forward.

"Father," he said unsteadily, "I want to tell you I had nothing to do with this. I'm sorry. And I'll do whatever you say to make things right."

The restraint which the elder Chase had imposed upon himself died before the wind of passion. He lifted his clenched hands as though he would bring them down upon Wint's head.

"You! You!" he cried. "You're my son—and you join with drunkards and vagabonds and thieves to make a laughingstock of me."

Wint protested. "I did not! I knew nothing."

"Don't lie to me, Wint!" his father cried.

The elder man's anger was terrible. It swept away the poise with which he faced the world, it left him nothing but his wrongs; and these wrongs and his own rage somehow transfigured and ennobled him.

In spite of himself, Wint had never respected and loved his father so much as then. He cried again, almost pleadingly: "Dad ——"

"Be quiet!" his father cried. "Don't speak. It is my time to speak. I have kept silent too long. You have disgraced me with your drunkenness; and now you make a joke of me before the world. You ——"

"I tell you I knew nothing of this till it was done."

"You lie! You lie, Wint! And even if it were true you have made it possible by—by your debaucheries. You have given them the chance—you have made me the laughingstock ——" He flung his arms wide. "Why, even the Cincinnati papers have the story, Wint. They—the whole damned country knows."

His voice broke suddenly; his hands dropped to his sides.

Resentment fought with affection in Wint; and pride stiffened his voice as he said again: "I told you I'd do anything, dad."

"Anything? What good will that do? You and Caretall—laughing at me! I won't stand it! I'll break Caretall if it kills me. Caretall is a scoundrel, a crook. He's debauched the town."

He stopped suddenly; he became cold and still.

"Come down to supper, Wint," he said shortly. "After that you can get out. I've warned you enough—the last time. I'm through."

Wint stiffened. "Dad ——" he said softly.

His father made a fierce gesture. "Be quiet! I tell you I am through." He whirled to the door and opened it, and was gone before Wint could speak again. But while Wint still stood quiet he returned and called: "I know where you were last night. That was enough. That alone. I'm through. Through!"

This time he did not return. Wint waited for a space, and then mechanically and automatically he picked up his hat, put it on and went down the stairs. His mother and father were in the dining room. He heard his mother's voice. But he did not go in.

He went to the door and out, and down the walk to the street. As he reached the pavement the door opened behind him, and he looked back and saw his father standing there. For a moment the two looked at each other; then the elder man turned his head and went back into the house and closed the door.

Wint walked steadily down the street. He did not know where he was to go; he did not think of this. And so it was without his own volition that he came to Joan's home, and saw the girl sitting in a chair upon the veranda, a book in her lap.

Her eyes met his. Her eyes were very serious and sad; but Wint turned in and went to the steps and stood there before her. She smiled a little wistfully; and he said under his breath: "Joan."

She made no move to answer him.

He said again: "Joan." And then: "Joan ——"

She bent her head a little, but her eyes held his.

"Wint," she said, so softly he could scarce hear her words, "Wint—I'm sorry. But—I can't go on. I can't—trust you, Wint. This is good-by."

He felt himself shrink a little at the word; and he stood still for a moment till his senses steadied. Then he lifted his head a little.

"I don't blame you," he told her.

She said again: "Good-by!"

And he nodded and echoed quietly: "Good-by, Joan."

For another moment their eyes held each other. Then his dropped and he turned and went down to the street again.

Half an hour later Mrs. Moody was lighting the smoky lamp in the office of the Weaver House when Wint came in. She saw him and grinned, and her teeth reflected the lamp's light like pearls.

"Why, hello, deary! Back again?" she called.

He nodded. "The same room, please," he told her.

She bustled across to the stairs, and paused there and looked at him wisely.

"A little drop first, in the kitchen?" she invited.

He shook his head. "No—nothing."

And so presently he found himself in the place where he had slept that sodden sleep the night before.

XIV

WINT had returned to the Weaver House in a numb revulsion of feeling. He was hurt and angry at the whole world; and he was wholly at sea as to what he should do. His instinct was to fight, to fight the thing out, to fight his father and to prove to Joan that she was mistaken in her condemnation. It was this instinct, with an unspoken thought that he would face the thing honestly, that sent him back to the hovel where he had spent the night before. That was where he belonged, he told himself. It was to such places that his father and Joan had consigned him. So be it. He found a grim sort of satisfaction in flaunting the stigma of his shame.

The greatest single force in Wint's life had always been his resentment of dictation. A devil of contrariness possessed him: a devil of false pride that made him go counter to all warnings for the sheer joy of opposition. Thus his best friends became his enemies; for their good advice and counsel thrust him into evil paths; and by the same token those who thought themselves his enemies were as often as not his best and truest friends. There was a stubborn streak in Wint that ruled him; it was rare that the gentler side of him had the ascendancy. One of those rare moments had come when he faced his father on this day. He had been humble, shamed, regretful, ready to make any amends. But the elder Chase, writhing under the ridicule to which the day had subjected him, had been in no mood for gentleness; and the result of the interview of father and son had been a parting which left them both sore and resentful.

The first faint anger in Wint's heart grew swiftly. When he had seen Joan and she had sent him away he coupled her with his father in his thoughts. They were both against him; both thought him nothing better than a drunkard; both thought him a treacherous and ribald fool. And the consciousness of this lifted his head in anger and stiffened his heart, so that he swore he would fight out the battle and prove to them they were wrong, and then throw his newly won victory in their faces. They thought him a drunken sot; very well, he would fight the fight on that basis. They thought the Weaver House was the place where he belonged; very well, he would fight his fight from that brothel. And it was in such fashion as this, wearing his own disgrace like a plume, that he returned to Mrs. Moody's disreputable hostelry.

When he was alone in his room he sat down on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette. He rested his elbows on his knees, the cigarette dangling from his clasped fingers, and considered. And as he thought his face hardened, hardened with the effort to control his own pity for himself. He was immensely sorry for his own plight, immensely resentful of the misunderstandings of which he was a victim. And he was terribly lonely. He missed companionship. Jack Routt. Gergue. Even Muldoon. Muldoon would have been the most welcome of them all, but he had left Muldoon at home. He regretted this; and his regret at last became so keen that he could not bear it. With a sudden resolution he tossed the half-burned cigarette into the grate, and went down the stairs and crossed the railroad and bent his steps toward home.

Muldoon at least would not condemn him. Muldoon was a faithful sort; a good pup.

He took alleyways and unfrequented streets, and avoided chance encounters. Thus he came near his home without meeting anyone, and went in through the alley and halted under a cherry tree that shaded Muldoon's kennel, beside the coal house, and whistled softly. The dog might be in his kennel; he might be in the house; he might be roaming abroad in search of his master.

He whistled three times but got no response. Muldoon was somewhere beyond hearing. He might be in the house; and if he was and heard Wint's whistle Wint knew he would bark a demand that he be allowed to come out.

So Wint whistled more shrilly; a long, familiar call.

For a time he got no answer to this. He tried again, and this time he heard the faint sound of a muffled bark from inside the house. This bark came nearer, became clamorous, located itself at the kitchen door, where Wint could hear Muldoon's claws rattling on the panels.

He started toward the kitchen, then halted. For the windows were lighted; and at one of them Hetty Morfee appeared. She was wiping dishes, and when she came to the window she held a plate, gripped in a dishcloth, in her left hand, and shaded her eyes with her right as she tried to peer out into the night.

Muldoon's close-cropped head appeared beside her at the window for an instant, and he barked again. Wint shrank back into the shadow. He did not wish to be discovered and he was unwilling to risk encountering his father or his mother by going to the house. He shrank back into the darkness; but he whistled again, and this time Hetty left the window and opened the door, and Muldoon came out like a projectile and found Wint under the cherry tree and slavered over him.

Wint was so absorbed in the dog that he did not see, until too late, that Hetty had followed Muldoon. She came on him under the tree, laughing softly.

"It's you, is it?" she called.

"Yes."

"What's the matter?"

"I came for Muldoon. He's mine."

She chuckled lightly. "You're the original Mister Trouble, Wint. Your paw says he never wants to see you again, and your maw's gone over to tell the neighbors all about it."

"Where's father?"

"He stomped off uptown after supper."

Wint fumbled with the dog's head. "Thanks for letting Muldoon out," he said.

"That's all right. Don't you want some supper? Come on in."

"No."

"Where are you going to spend the night?"

"The Weaver House."

She gave an exclamation of disgust. "That dirty joint!"

"They say that's where I belong. I can stand it if they can."

"Oh, don't be a nut!"

He turned away, into the alley, Muldoon at his heels.

She called after him: "What's your hurry?"

"Good night."

"Your paw'll come round."

Wint said nothing. He was moving away. She ran after him and caught his arm.

"Wint! Don't be a nut! Come on back. He'll come round."

He released his arm and shook his head. "That's up to him," he said. "I've eaten dirt—all I intend to."

She lifted her shoulders, laughed. "Oh—all right. If there's anything you want from here let me know and I'll get it for you."

"Thanks. And—good night!"

"Good night," she said.

She moved back into the shadow of the coal shed and watched him disappear. Leaning there, one hand fumbling at her throat, she was a wistful and unhappy figure. But when Wint was gone she laughed harshly and turned back to her work in the kitchen.

If Hetty had wished to confirm Wint in his resolution to go his stubborn way she could have taken no better means than to repeat her warning: "Don't be a nut!" He took a certain delight in being thus unreasonable. What he did was his own affair; it concerned no one else. And he returned to the Weaver House in a surprisingly peaceful frame of mind, climbed to his room, went to bed, with Muldoon curled on the floor beside him, and slept soundly and healthfully.

He woke in the morning, to find Muldoon sitting by the bed, watching him and waiting for him to stir. When he opened his eyes Muldoon wriggled and yawned and licked his hand, and Wint chuckled and got up briskly and dressed himself and went downstairs. The office was empty when he came down, for the hour was early; and he went out without seeing anyone, and followed the railroad tracks to the station.

There was a lunch cart near the station; and he crowded in among the toil-grimed crew of the night freight and ate a Hamburg-steak sandwich garnished with a biting slice of onion, and drank a great mug of steaming coffee. Some of the men recognized him, and they talked to him with an unwilling respect in their manner. He liked this. They did not seem to be laughing at him, though they professed interest in the manner of his election, and asked him how

(Continued on Page 53)

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

THE surest clue to motoring satisfaction is an owner's enthusiasm. The owner of the average car displays it occasionally—whenever he happens to get a few more miles from his tires than the maker guarantees, or a little more distance than usual from his gasoline, or when he covers more ground in a day's driving than he thought he could.

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But their records of economy are not the only things they are enthusiastic about. What counts as much with Franklin Sedan owners is their ability to out-tour the average touring car and at the same time enjoy a riding comfort, ease of control and safety in handling, which leaves them unfatigued at the end of a full day's run. Also—freedom from punctures, blowouts and other tire accidents.

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MONEL Metal is manufactured in the form of rods, castings, forgings, wire, sheets, strip stock, etc. Some of its common uses are valve trim, pump rods and liners, turbine blading, mine screens, filter cloth, gasoline still plugs, spark plug electrodes, propellers, ornamental trim, roofing, golf club heads, table cutlery, and window screens.

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THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

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he had worked it and what he was going to do now. He told them, honestly enough, that he had known nothing about it beforehand; and he told them, with equal honesty, that he was asleep in the Weaver House when the word was brought to him. They seemed surprised that he should state these things without disguise or palliation; and they seemed to approve of him for doing so. Their attitude gave him renewed confidence, so that he went up toward town with his head high, ready to look men in the eye.

He began to meet people at once. They were for the most part men going to their work; and some of them eyed him angrily, and some seemed inclined to laugh at him; but most of them, like the railroad men, gave evidence of a certain new respect. They hailed him with effusive cordiality as "Mister Mayor" but they seemed a little afraid of the sound of their own words, a little afraid of what his attitude might be.

Wint had made his plans. He must get some clothes from his home, must cut himself off completely from his father. To this end he sought Jack Routt. Routt, like everyone in town, went to the post office each morning for his mail; and Wint found him there.

Routt shook his hand heartily. "Wint, congratulations!" he said under his breath. "This'll be a great thing for you. It will steady you, Wint."

Wint shook his head, some of the sullen anger of the night before returning. He had no wish to be steadied, and he said so.

"I can take care of myself," he told Routt.

Jack nodded. "Sure you can. But you need something to hold you down. And this'll do it." He nudged Wint in the ribs, smiling slyly. "Y'know, you've been hitting it too strong lately. You don't know when to stop, Wint. This will put the brakes on. Make you 'tend to business."

Wint brushed his hand across Routt's face abruptly. "Cut it!" he said. "Say, Jack, I want you to do something for me."

"Anything in the world."

"My father is sore. He thinks I was in on this. So he kicked me out last night."

"Kicked you out?" Routt was startled and indignant. "Why, say, that's —— Where did you go? Why didn't you come over to my place?"

Wint said consciously: "No—I went to the Weaver House. They know me there."

Routt looked quickly round to see if anyone had heard. "Sh-h-h!" he warned. "Say, that was a fool thing to do. Don't let anyone find it out. You want to walk straight now ——"

Wint cut in: "I want you to go out home and get my steamer trunk and pack it with some things. There's a blue suit in my closet. And shirts, and so on. Get my overcoat too. Mother will show you—or Hetty."

Routt looked at him quickly. "Hetty who?"

"Hetty Morfee."

Routt looked at Wint and laughed softly. "Oh—she's working for you?"

"Yes."

"Nice kid, isn't she?"

"Yes. And—as I said—she'll help you if mother won't."

Routt nodded. "All right," he agreed. "I'll go out this morning. Where'll I send the trunk? Weaver House?"

"I'll send for it. You just pack it."

Routt touched Wint's arm. "I'll do it," he said again. "But, Wint—for the love of Mike, don't make a fool of yourself! Thing for you to do is to take hold, run the town right, make a name for yourself. It's a great chance, Wint. Make everybody see what you've got in you. And it'll be the making of you, Wint."

The distribution of the morning's mail to the boxes was ended just then, and the windows opened. Routt broke off and went to get his mail; and Wint, still resentful at Routt's insistence on the moral advantage of his situation, went to the window. Dave Howells, one of the postal clerks, was there; and before Wint could speak he had offered his congratulations. These continual good wishes were beginning to irk Wint. He nodded impatiently.

"Dave," he said, "I want you to hold my mail hereafter. Don't send it to the house."

"Oh, we always put it in your father's box," Howells told him.

"Well, don't do that. Hold it. I'll call for it."

The clerk wanted to ask questions, but decided not to do so. He took out a card and wrote something on it. "I think there's a letter for you in the box now," he said. "I'll give it to you."

Wint nodded; and a moment later the man handed him an envelope, and Wint turned away from the window. He met his father face to face at the door of the post office. Neither of them spoke.

Wint had dropped the letter into his pocket without looking at it. When he reached the hotel on the corner he turned in and sat down in one of the deep leather chairs in the lobby and drew out the envelope. The address, he saw, was typewritten. The letter had been mailed in town. The envelope was plain; and when he opened it he saw that the paper it contained bore no distinguishing mark.

The letter, like the address, was typewritten, and Wint read it once, and then read it again with slowly kindling resentment. It read:

"*Dear Wint:* You have made ducks and drakes of your life. And you have made yourself the butt of the town's jokes. And you have made those who loved you the objects of derision.

"But your election as mayor gives you the finest chance a man ever had to retrieve those old mistakes, to make a man of yourself, and to make a fine town of Hardiston.

"Take hold. Work hard. Live straight. And be sure that there are some true friends who will watch you lovingly and sympathetically, and hope and pray for your success."

This letter was unsigned. Wint read it a second time, and then with tense stiff fingers he tore it into little bits and dropped these bits into a wide brass cuspidor beside his chair. As the scraps of paper fluttered from his hand he clenched his fists; and he looked about to see if anyone had been watching.

He hated this preaching, this morality, this harping on the hope of his redemption. He was all right; no harm in him. But they would not leave him alone. They nagged at him; nagged. He hated it.

He wondered, as an undercurrent to this rage, who had written the letter. It might have been his father or his mother or Routt. Routt was a sanctimonious ass about some things. Or it might have been —— He thought it was probably the minister of his father's church; and he grinned with dry relish at the thought. The old man must have been sadly shocked at Wint more than once; and this letter sounded just like him.

"Blithering, self-righteous ——"

He lunged up from his chair, boiling furiously. All his determination to stick it out was gone. He would not do it, would not go on and make a righteous spectacle of himself for the edification of these old women! He went out and turned up the street past the court house, walking blindly, storming inwardly. He would get out of town, shake the dust of the place off his feet. Let them find a new mayor.

He was still fuming thus when, in front of the court house, he met Peter Gergue. Peter rummaged through his back hair and grinned at Wint.

"Saw you coming," he explained. "Thought as how you might be looking f'r me. So I came down."

"I'm not looking for you," said Wint.

Gergue nodded. "All right," he assented. "Mind if I walk along with you? Going on this way?"

Wint halted in his tracks. "What's up?" he asked sharply. "What do you want?"

"Me?" Peter ejaculated. "Why—me? I don't want nothing."

"What are you so anxious to keep an eye on me for, then? I don't want you."

Gergue hesitated, and he looked across the street toward his office; and at last he leaned toward Wint and said slyly: "Tell you the truth, it ain't me. Amos is over at my place. He see you coming, and he was worried f'r fear you'd come up and find him there. He knows you're mad at him. Don't want to see you. Don't want to listen to you. Knows you got a fair kick, and he don't like to listen to kicks."

Wint looked across the way, and then at Peter; and then without a word he started across the street. Peter went hurriedly after him.

"Say," he begged, "you ain't going ——"

"I'm going to tell that old scamp what I think of him."

Peter pleaded. "Oh, now, Wint—he'll be mad at me." He laid a restraining hand on Wint's arm. Wint shook it off.

"What do I care what he thinks of you?" he demanded. "Let go!"

"You don't want t'see him, Wint."

Wint went stubbornly ahead. He turned into the stairs that led up to Peter's office; and Gergue sighed.

"Glory! Well—all right then. I'll trail along," he said; and then he smiled at Wint's ascending back with amiable satisfaction and followed Wint up the stairs.

Wint had never been in Peter's office before. He halted in the doorway, struck by the slack disorder of the place. There were spider webs in every corner; there was dust everywhere. The soft floor had been worn by many feet till every knot stood up like a rounded knob, and every nail upreared a shining head. The door of the wardrobe hung open, revealing some battered books inside. The old oilcloth-covered table at the window was littered with papers and rusty pens, and sagged weakly under the weight of the letter press and seal. At this table, when Wint went in, sat Congressman Amos Caretall. The congressman saw Wint and got up hurriedly, eyes squinting, head on one side. He looked distinctly apologetic; and when he saw Peter behind Wint he eyed his satellite reproachfully.

Wint stormed across the room to face the congressman; but even while he approached the older man some of his anger died in him. Amos was so frankly unhappy, he was so apologetic, the tilt of his head was so plaintive.

Nevertheless Wint cried: "What right had you to use my name this way, congressman?"

Caretall shook his head humbly. "Not a right in the world, Wint."

"It was a dirty trick. Underhand."

The congressman nodded. "I know it, Wint," he assented. "I c'n see that now. All the trouble it's made and everything. If I'd knowed—but, you see, a man gets to playing the game, and he don't stop to think like he oughter."

"You hadn't any right to do it," Wint insisted; but he was weakening. Nothing is so disarming as acquiescence; and when a man condemns himself it is human nature to wish to defend him.

"I know it," Amos repeated. "I ain't got a word to say, Wint. Except that I'll help to straighten things out so you won't have to serve."

Wint looked puzzled for a moment. "I—what's that?"

"I say, I'll help you fix things so you won't have to take it."

"What makes you think I don't want to take it?"

Amos spread out his hands like a man who has nothing to conceal. "Why, that's common sense. I'd ought to have knowed. It's a hard job.

"Prob'ly you couldn't swing it. Anyway, it means work, and stickin' to the grindstone; and you're a young fellow. You like your good times. You wouldn't want to be tied down to anything this way."

Wint laughed derisively. "You think you know a lot about me, don't you?"

Amos smiled. "Well, Wint," he returned, "I've seen some of life. I know a lively young fellow like you don't want to take on a job that means work. And you're right, o' course. It ain't the job f'r you. You ain't fitted for it. You couldn't manage it. You're right, I hadn't ought to have got you into this. But I'll help get you out. That's the least I can do."

Wint looked at the congressman with level eyes for a moment; and then he turned and looked out of the window, saying nothing. Amos caught Peter Gergue's eyes, and Peter winked at him.

Amos said humbly: "I sure am sorry about this, Wint. It's made it hard for you. You can't stay here now. You might go over to Washington, Wint. I c'd get you somethin' easy there."

Wint turned back to him abruptly; and there was a catch in his voice. "Congressman," he said, half laughing, "you owe me something."

Caretall nodded. "That's right, Wint. 'Nd I'm ready to pay."

"All right. Here's what I want you to do." He hesitated, extended his hand. "I know I'm not fit for this job, sir," he said reluctantly, "but—if you'll give me a hand and help along—I'd like to tackle it."

Amos looked doubtful. "Now, Wint—don't you get wrong notions. No sense your sticking in this mess. I'll get you out all right, without any ——"

Wint interrupted angrily: "You can't get me out! Nor anyone else! I'm in and I'll stay in. But—I'd like to have your advice and help when I need it."

The congressman yielded. He took Wint's hand. "All right," he agreed. "I'll back you. I don't know as you're right, and I don't know as you're wrong. If you can get away with it——"

"I intend to."

Amos nodded. "Sure, you intend to. But can you? Well—we've got to see." He hesitated, seemed to be thinking. "I hear your father and you've broke," he said.

"Yes."

"That's too bad. Where are you living?"

"The Weaver House," said Wint defiantly. But his defiance was misplaced. Congressman Caretall nodded approvingly.

"That's fine," he said. "Old Mother Moody sets a right good table when she's a mind to. I wish I c'd live down there myself. It's a good plan." He looked at Wint and winked slyly. "Always a good plan to play to the workingman," he explained. "Good idea of yours, Wint, living down there. Get the workingman and the railroad men and all to sympathizing with you. They'll play you for a martyr, and back you strong. You'll make a good politician, Wint. I c'n see that."

Wint shook his head. "It's not politics," he said. "I—don't intend to stay there. Just till I get settled uptown—somewhere."

Amos studied him. "Sho, now, that's too bad. It'd been a good play, Wint."

Wint laughed. "I'll play the game some other way."

The congressman nodded. He remained silent for a moment, then said thoughtfully: "I was thinking—you and me has got to do a lot of talking. I wish you could come and stay with me till your paw comes round."

Wint shook his head. "Thanks," he said, smiling. "That's good of you. But——"

He hesitated; for through the window he had seen, across the street, Jack Routt and Joan together. They were talking briskly; and Joan was laughing at something Routt had said. Wint stared at them with slowly burning eyes.

Before he could continue Gergue nudged him in the side and told the congressman smiling, "That 'uz a bad break, Amos. He can't come live with you."

Wint looked at him. "Why not?" he asked.

Amos said to Gergue, "That's right, Peter. I'd forgot."

"Why not?" Wint repeated impatiently. He glanced again toward the two across the street.

"Why, he means Miss Joan wouldn't like it," the congressman explained.

"Why wouldn't she?"

Gergue pointed across the street.

"She'd soon teach you manners," he chuckled. "The congressman here's got a nice-looking daughter of his own, you know."

Wint's hand clenched at his side. "You're all wrong there," he said curtly; and then, to Amos: "I think I'll accept your invitation after all," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FINDERS KEEPERS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Now then," Carter Brooks said furiously, "who is that fellow?"

I then tried to tell him, but he was to angry to listen and kept asking where I'd met him and if Hannah was with me, or mother or anybody, and when I said no he took my arm and observed: "Let's get out of this place, because I'm probably going to raise a disturbence and we'd better be alone."

"You can be entirely alone so far as I am concerned," I observed. And with a breaking heart I turned away, feeling that all was ended, and I left without funds for a new tire or even a railroad ticket.

Ah, jealousy, jealousy! That most frequently experienced emotion of the other sex, which so often leaves its victims "like Patience on a Monument, smiling at Greif!"

We did not become friendly again until in the lady's parlor at the hotel and the door closed. Beyond that closed door let us not peer, except the part which refers to my familey.

For after certain loving passages and while still thrilled to think of being engaged to one who looked so tall and mature and every inch a soldier, he observed: "You are a peculiar mixture of the diabolical and the sublime, Bab, for I'm crazy about having you here. But I have a strong impression also that you ought to be spanked for coming."

Ye gods!

"I can go home again," I said coldly.

"Why not bring your mother here?"

I was very antagonistic to the idea, for though allowing sis to go alone with her *fiancée* anywhere, she insists on remaining with me under every and all circumstances and generally knits while doing so, as if reading she could not listen to everything said.

"But, you darling baby," said Carter Brooks, "don't you see that if I let you visit me here alone they'll never let me marry you?"

"We'll be alone together when we're married, won't we? Though I doubt it," I added in a bitter tone. "They'll probably hang round as usual, and I'm perfectly certain mother would go along on the nuptial journey."

He then laughed and said that if I spoke in such a way he would have to put cotton in his ears or he would never go back to camp. But that he would telephone my family anyhow, because he did not want to be accused of abduction and thus perhaps not get a commission.

Also he said he would have to get me a room, for there was a clean spot on my face for every time he had kissed me and I'd better wash before looking in the glass.

I now come to a very strange part of my narative. For my familey did not come and indeed seemed to have cast me off utterly. I was divided between ecstasy and misery for some days, but later on heard from Hannah as follows:

My familey having learned of my departure from Hannah while seated at the breakfast table, my mother then said in a furious manner: "She has run off to that wreched Brooks boy. Telegraph to the police in the towns she is going through and describe the car. Then have them arest her. She is a wild and headstrong girl, and I sometimes wonder if indeed she is my own child."

But my father, Hannah said, remained still and thoughtful and at last he said: "She has courage, anyhow."

He then said to Hannah: "Did you give her any money?"

"No, sir," said Hannah. She meant she had loaned it, so it was not a lie and she did not have to tell about it at confession.

"I'm inclined to think," said my father then, "that the best thing is to let her see it through. She won't always have us to help her out of scrapes, and it may be a lesson."

"You would leave that child in an army camp with forty thousand strange men?" asked my mother in a terrable tone.

"I wouldn't worry," he then said. "She will be all right, because since her birth a sort of special Providence has saved her from herself. And it will be good training for the Army. Of course a certain percentage will suffer, but a large part of it will escape."

"I do not like your levity," said mother.

And she then retired to her boudoir and had the vibrater used on the back of her neck for thirty minutes.

I, however, knew nothing of these circumstances and considered myself as "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." (Pope.) I was utterly happy but for one thing. I discovered almost immediately that I was to be second in the thoughts of my *fiancée*.

I did not repine over this, being one who realizes that my country must come first and that the movies in the evening or a short walk or drive while planning was all I could expect. And though anxious to talk about my trouseau et cetera, except for those loving phrases, which I shall not put down, I was obliged to feed my hungry heart on drill formations and rotten food and the best way to kill a German with a bayonet. How true it is that:

Man's love is of his life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Most of the day while Carter was practicing I sat in my chamber and knitted, pondering on the way my familey had cast me off, and recalling the loving words of the evening before. But I was not always lonely, as Mr. Stratton would stop at my hotel quite frequently and we would then walk round and converse. Remembering M. T. H., I felt it my duty to make him as happy as possable, and therefore I did not mention my engagement, feeling that to do so would make him more lonely and sad than ever. As he seemed to think it queer that I was alone I felt obliged to say that Hannah had been sent on, but was reposing in her chamber with the rhumatism, which she is subject to.

"Thank heaven for rhumatism!" he then said, and the next time he came he brought her some flowers. I felt very gilty and queer then, but nothing at all to later on.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to decieve!

It was on my fourth day there and I was feeling very lonely, owing to Carter having had lectures the night before and having had to spend a whole evening manacuring my nails, that Mr. Stratton and I began to speak of love.

He then said: "At first I thought you were engaged to that chap in the drug store. He nearly bit me that day. But you don't wear any ring."

"My familey considers me too young to be engaged," I observed.

"Does—does the familey know about Hannah's affliction?"

"No," I said after hesitating, for I do not like to fib. But that was not a fib, for how could they know about her rhumatism when she did not have it?

He then said: "I am awfully lonely. You don't know how I look forward to these hours with you. I've never really cared about girls until now."

He said this in such a tradgic manner that I was very sorry for him, and said: "I want to make you happy, if possible. I am to young to do much war work, but if by taking these walks et cetera, it lightens the burdens of war, I am being useful.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't dare to tell you all I think," he said, and caught my hand.

I allowed him to hold it for a breif period, as he might never return from the war or with a leg off or some other crippled condition. It was a mistake, as I now know, for such things, having once been commenced, cannot be lightly left off. I think it is silly to let a man hold one's hand one day and to be angry and insulted if he does it again the next day.

Love goes forward, not back.

We had by that time wandered into the halcyon fields near the camp, and to my surprise there was Carter superintending a football game! This made me angry, as I had supposed him to be drilling, et cetera. I stood for some time gazing at him with angry eyes, but as one of the soldiers just then got a rib broken, or cracked at least, he did not look in my direction.

I felt absolutely heartbroken, and I then determined that if he could play, while leaving me forlorn in a hotel, I would play also. I therefore allowed Mr. Stratton to draw me to a grassy bank and there to hold my hand again.

"Such a little hand," he observed in a loving manner. "I wish it were mine."

"It would be to small to be useful," I replied.

"I mean mine in a different way. I certainly have fallen for you, child. If I could go away to war thinking that you would think of me now and then, I'd die happy."

I felt terrably sad at this, especialy as I now felt utterly alone and with no one else who realy cared.

"As one of my country's defenders, I shall never forget you," I said.

"Oh piffle!" he then said, and pushed my hand away. "I don't want that, and you know it. I'm as lonely as a lost dog. Nobody cares a hoop whether I come back or not. Unless you do."

"I do; awfully!" I replied, feeling that he needed comforting, and feeling also I could turn him over to Jane later on. He was exactly Jane's style, having blue eyes

(Continued on Page 57)

The Stranger Then Sat Down on a Sea Lion, and Said "Well, I'm Not in Any Hurry. I'm Willing to Stay Here All Night"

THE steady grind of school work is as much a tax on the nervous energy of young people as is the daily routine of business and housework on that of grown-ups. *Conscious rest*, however, restores this nervous energy. It braces the nerves, refreshes the body. It means health, comfort, happiness to young and old alike.

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(Continued from Page 54)

and long lashes and hair that curled, though he hated it.

"Bab!" he said, in a tence tone.

And then he kissed me.

My conscience is clear about that, because when a young man realy knows how to kiss he does not ask a girl or indeed give her any warning.

But I was stupified when he said: "That settles it. I'm not going to get killed over there. I feel imortal. And I'm coming back to you, little girl."

Ye gods! What was I to do?

"I'm coming back and marry you," he said in a virile tone. "Fate cannot harm me. I have kissed to-day. I'm—I'm completely mad about you. I was from the minute I saw you on the road, with your dear little noze all smudged with grease."

And then he kissed my noze.

I have since discussed this matter with Jane Raleigh, and Jane says she does not see what else I could have done. We had both agreed to send as many soldiers away happy as possible, and though Jane did not become engaged, as she gives an impression of being cold though not actually so, she kissed eleven men good-by, six being in the Navy, and would have kissed too more but for their ship going sooner than expected.

"You poor darling!" she said, when I told her. "No wonder you look so wan! Was he honestly handsome?"

"Stunning, Jane," I observed sadly.

"Well, I don't see what else you could have done," she said in a reflective manner. "You could not break his heart, dearest."

"Jane," I said in a low tone, "what is the fatle attraction about me? I am not beautiful, and my disposition is changable, being good sometimes but getting angry very quickly, yet here I am, embroiled in a number of love affairs, and thinking sometimes that I would be better if dead."

"It is your kind heart, Bab," said Jane truthfully. "You cannot bear to see others suffer. Do you never think of yourself?"

I now return to the mossy bank. Mr. Stratton's face wore such a happy expression that I could not bring myself to tell him that my heart was another's, but while he was relating to me that he had never been in love before, though once or twice thinking himself so, I was reflecting that I had not yet said the fatle "Yes," though he seemed to consider everything settled, and that as he was a brave person and had said over and over that he meant to kill as many Germans as possible, he might not come back.

I therefore comforted myself with the sage reflection: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and allowed him to consider me as won.

I have now come to the matter of engagement rings, which sis has made such a fuss about, but partly because of her having only one.

I am not one to swallow a straw and strain at a camel, and therefore on the way back to my hotel when Mr. Stratton drew me into a jewelry shop I was nothing loathe, though expecting only a pin with a service star on it or some similar trifle.

But he said to me in a loving tone, while the jeweler was selling a frame for a soldier to put his picture in: "You're such an elusive little fairy that I'm going to cinch this thing here and now."

He then asked to see soli .ire diamond rings! Ye gods! how I r ,ented of my folly! But the jeweler was by that time picking out the largest solitaires, and I felt that I was trapped As one in a dream I selected a fine stone of 1^3_4 carets, and in a sad manner allowed Mr. Stratton to place it on my reluctent finger. I then retired to my hotel chamber and wept bitterly, because I felt that though only doing my national duty, to often the path of duty leads only to the grave. Besides, I was now betrothed to too men, and do the best I could I knew that the life of one of them, if both survived, must be blighted.

As I could only wear the ring in the solitude of my boudoir, I then took the ribbon from one of my *robes de nuit* and hung the ring round my neck.

I have since reflected that the unthinking may consider that my love for Carter Brooks was but a light thing and free as air. Alas, no. Even with Mr. Stratton's ring on my finger I loved but one only, and that with my whole heart. He was to me as a god, being amiable, good-natured and handsome. Therefore it was with a bursting heart that I went down to meet him by the cigar stand in the hotel that memorable evening.

"Sweetheart!" he said in thrilling tones. "A whole day without seeing my little girl. I've been working like a dog."

"So I percieved," I remarked; "especially when playing football this afternoon."

"Great Scott!" he then said. "If you think refereeing a lot of roughnecks and teaching them the game, which is a part of my job, is any picnic —— Now see here, Bab, who took you out that direction anyhow? If it was that stuffed shirt, Stratton, I ——"

He then led me away from the cigar stand, because the girl was listening, and said: "You're a horrible little flirt, Bab Archibald. And the only thing I know to do is to mark you 'sold.' And I'm going to do it this minute, familey or no familey. Because if I don't somebody will wrap you up and take you home. About a dozen fellows are following me round, hoping to meet you."

"I don't know what the other sex sees in me, Carter," I said wistfully.

"I know what they are going to see on you," he retorted.

We were then outside the jeweler's again, and he took my arm and led me in. I must say the jeweler looked queer when he saw me getting another engagement ring, and while Carter was bending over the tray of precious emblems he winked at me. But I was very grave and dignified, and finally selected one of two carets and blue-white, which was very expensive, but which Carter liked, because he said he wanted it to show a block away and keep off the crowd.

When leaving the jeweler presented me with a small box.

"Just a tiny gift, miss," he said. "A small token of my regard. If you need anything more we have a full line and lower prices than New York."

When I got out into the street I opened the box, and it was a service pin with too stars.

"Too!" said Carter Brooks. "He must think I'm twins."

We then arranged that as my family did not approve of engagement rings for one whom they still considered to be a mere child, I was not to show the ring to them on my return.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said, after cogitating for some time. "I don't like to think of it as stuck away somewhere. I want to know that you'v got it about you—er—incognito, as you would probably say, and why can't you wear it on a ribbon round your neck?"

I then looked at him, but his face had no suspicious look about it.

"And you're not to worry about me when I'm—when I'm gone," he said in a brave voice. "Because I'll come back all right. I'll come back, if only to see that nobody else gets you."

I then went to my room and stood for some time looking at my engagement rings and pondering. Because I now felt that through no fault of mine I was betrothed at one and the same time to too men, both of whom loved me to the death. I then retired to my couch, and went to sleep after hours of melancholy, only waking once or twice when my rings on the ribbon got under my back.

I was wakened at an early hour next morning by a beloved and familiar voice, i.e., my father, who had arrived at five A. M. to take me home, on account of Leila's *fiancee* having been ordered to France and the wedding hurried up and to take place in four days.

He came in and stood looking down at me with a peculiar expression and then said: "Can it be that this angel child before me, looking as innocent as a new-laid egg, can be my runaway daughter?"

"It is, father," I observed faintly.

"Bab, you bundle of originle sin!" he cried, and sat down on my bed and embraced me.

It was fortunate that my engagement rings were down my back at the moment and I had time, while he telephoned for breakfast for too sent up, to conceal them beneath my pillow. He then scolded me severely, observing that the whole house was filled with dressmakers and pins so thick that it wasn't safe to step out of the bathtub without slippers, and that I had added to his misery by following my heart.

"Only I am glad you did not follow your noze," he added, "as that would have led you to heaven. By the way, you haven't been married since I saw you, have you?"

"Father!" I cried. "How could I do so without your consent?"

"My consent indeed!" he said in a jibeing manner. "Since when have you taken to asking my consent? I only asked, because if I have to lose too daughters I might as well have both operations at once, like adenoids and tonsels. Besides, the more I see of Leila's preparations, the more I wish she had eloped."

Breakfast then came, and he ate a great deal, including buckwheat cakes.

I watched him and reflected to myself: "After marriage how can love persist, when one must sit opposite one's husband and when not hungry oneself watch him eating fruit, cereal, ham and eggs, hot cakes and perhaps two cups of coffee? Is not this the reason that love so seldom persists after a few months of married life?"

I felt very sad at this thought, and my father suddenly said: "Now that you have seen Carter Brooks at first hand, so to speak, is he still leading the field? Or in this town full of handsome soldiers have you anexed somebody else?"

I turned pallid at this, but he was eating his fourth cake and did not percieve my distress.

He took me home that day, leaving the runabout for Carter Brooks to bring when having a furlow for the wedding, and soon I was again in my familiar chamber. But now, alas, my girlish gayety was gone. My heart no longer sang. For I had seen Mr. Stratton for a moment before leaving, and he had said that he would come to my native town before departing for the war, and would then see my father.

I pass but lightly over the days which followed, as they were filled with both pain and pleasure. The pain was in seeing Leila's presents, which contained many articles I had long desired, and the pleasure was in my bridesmaid's gown, which was cut very low in front, and made me look mature and fully twenty. Also my hat, which was large and drooping, and cost forty-eight dollars.

I still feel that had Carter Brooks come to sis' wedding the tradgedy would not have eventuated. But at the last moment he took chicken pox, and a friend of Doctor Connor's had to take his place. He was a very handsome man named Captain Van Buren and he looked like an actor but was really a doctor also.

Jane Raleigh went to see the church rehearsle, and coming out she caught my arm and said: "I am perfectly mad about him, Bab! He has the most tradgic eyes I ever saw. But I suppose you are going to be a pig and grab him."

"Jane," I said in a troubled voice, "I must tell you something. Not here. And as for Captain Van Buren, all I ask is that you take him and keep him if possible. I am in no mood for further *affaire-de-couers*."

It will be seen from this that I was perfectly fair with her and that it was not my fault that things turned out as they did. I certainly tried to do my best by her but she is one who will turn on her best friend and rend her when a member of the Other Sex is in question.

The house was a horrable mess all that day with everyone running round doing things for sis and sheets tacked all over the third floor where we were to dress and somebody yelling upstairs every minute, "Here are some more silver candelsticks, making twelve sets now"; or "Here's the twenty-fifth sandwich plate"; or "Good heavens, Leila, more plates!" Sis sat in the cook's room writing notes of thanks, and every now and then weeping, as Doctor Connor was going abroad, and besides she thought her vail was not becoming.

So Jane and I retired to Hannah's room, and there I said: "Jane, do you still think it one's duty to make our soldiers happy before going to war?"

"I certainly do!" said Jane in a feirce manner. "I have kissed about sixteen, and if I write all the letters I've promised I won't have time for anything else."

I then sighed, and she exclaimed: "Darling what is it? You are in some sort of trouble."

I made no reply, but drew my two rings from down my neck and held them out.

"Bab!" she said. "Two of them! And perfectly enormous!"

"Three and three-quarter carets together," I said sadly. "Jane, I cannot marry them both." I told her about Mr. Stratton, and she listened with a tence look.

"You could not break his heart," she said at last. "As to the ring, if he does not come back from the war it would be stunning set round with small stones for a dinner ring." She then sat back on Hannah's bed and observed: "I can't help thinking about the sadness in Captain Van Buren's face. He looks as though he would be a passionate lover, Bab. A proposal from him would be a hectic performance."

It is not my intention to blame Jane Raleigh for Captain Van Buren, but I felt a thrill pass through me at the thought of the sadness gone from his eyes and love taking its place. To be curious is to be femanine, and I believe that had Jane not uttered the aforementioned remark I should have been more distrait while in his company. For I am really as true as steel, and at no time did my affections really waver from the object of them, i. e. Carter Brooks. As for flirting with him, I did not do so, though letting him talk a great deal about himself. Which may be flirting, but I do not consider it so.

The fatle moment now drew near when I was to lose my sister in the toils of matrimony. Hannah dressed me, and helped with the bridesmaids, as sis is not keen about Hannah, saying she does hair like making bread. My father pretended to be calm, but he mixed a cocktail before starting, and mother found him in the drawing-room practicing walking to the wedding march while whistling it.

"I only hope the organist doesn't dose off between notes," he said in a nervous way. "This thing of standing on one leg until it is time to put the other down makes me feel like a chicken going through a puddle."

Mother then took his straw hat away from him and sent for his top hat, and said: "If you keep on acting frightened you will do something awful."

"Frightened!" he said in an angry tone "I should think I am frightened. I've a darned good notion to quit right here. Anyhow, I don't want to give her away. She's fifty per cent of my children. Not," he added in a gloomy manner, staring at the florist, "that it's realy giving her away anyhow; it's cost about ten thousand up to now, and if this heat continues we'll use a million dollars' worth of champane."

We then went to the church, and Doctor Connor kissed all the bridesmaids in the parish house, and when the signal came that all was ready he shook hands with his best man, and their hands were so clammy they stuck together. I then arranged sis' train and prepared to walk alone into the holy edafice, as I was maid of honor. It was while thus proceeding that I looked at the altar, and Captain Van Buren was there with Doctor Connor, backed with tropicle foliage and white flowers, and his eyes were fixed on me with a peculiar look. He was indeed a wonderful picture in his unaform with belt et cetera, and the haunting look of melancholy which went to one's very soul.

I recall little of the ceremony, being occupied with the thought of losing my beloved sister, and also of taking her flowers at the right juncture. But at last the momentous words were said and sis was no longer free and independant but belonged to another. Her dream of love was o'er.

It was while moving hastily down the aisle, to the roaring strains of joy which customarily follow a wedding, that Captain Van Buren bent toward me and observed in a warm voice: "You are the most wonderful thing I have ever seen."

"I fear it is my clothes," I replied.

"It is you!" he said thrillingly. "You! Almost you restore my faith in your sex."

I felt glad to do this, as to many men lose faith in women and girls because of some sad story and do not recover it, or at least until to late, when they have become bachelors and prefer slippers et cetera to going out to a festivaty. I, however, resolved to be his friend only, as I simply could not bear the thought of any more lovers. But alas, how oft the plans of mice and men go wrong, and without fault on either side.

We then returned to the house, which looked strange with most of the furnature gone and relatives everywhere, while flowers and other symbols of gayety lighted the scene, and stood in a row to recieve our guests.

While thus standing and shreiking over the music Jane Raleigh came up to me and said: "Don't you ever have enough?"

"Enough what?"

"Enough lovers," she said in a low but angry tone. "You know I am wild about him. And you have done nothing but make eyes at him since you entered the church. I think you ought to be ashamed."

"I don't even know where he is, Jane," I retorted, feeling very angry.

"Then I'll tell you," she said. "He is over in that corner behind the palms, looking a hole in you. When I think that at this moment your *financee*, or one of them, is ill in an army camp, I feel absolutely discouraged about you."

She then went away, leaving me to be kissed by various relatives I detest and who all said: "So this is little Bab! Dear me, how you have grown."

At last the greetings were over, and the wedding guests were jammed into the dining room, as though they had never seen food before, and my Aunt Sara was complaining because of beginning by accident with ice cream and ending with bouilon. It was at that time that seeking a refuge to sit down in, as my slippers hurt I retired to the corner behind the palms, imagining that he had gone.

But no, he was still there, and he said: "Do you know why you came here?"

"Because my feet hurt," I said.

"Not at all. Because while all that crowd of unutterable bores was gushing over you I was calling you mentally with all my might."

"Really!" I said in a stupafied tone.

"I want to talk to you," he then said: "because my time is short, and in a few days I may be gone, never to return."

I felt very sorry for that, and he bent forward and took one of my hands.

"I'm a direct person," he said; "and anyhow I think this war leads to all sorts of short cuts, don't you? Because we may have to crowd all of life there is into a breif time."

I was by that time on the verge of tears, and he then said: "Bab! Little Bab!" and kissed both my hands. "A little while ago," he pursued, "I told you that almost you restored my faith in your unfaithful sex. But I am glad to say that it has all come back. All. I wonder if I dare ——"

I then felt that he was growing to hectic, as I had known him but a short time, and I said: "We'd better get some supper before that greedy lot eats it all!"

"Food!" he exclaimed, "Nay! Wine, rather. But before you go just say you don't hate me. You don't, do you?"

"No," I said. For he looked simply wonderful, and glowing with the divine afflatus. "No, I don't, of course. But I simply will not be engaged again."

"Again?" he observed hastily. "Ah, then you to have been through —— Bab, once I thought I loved, but now I know that I never did. I love you. I love you!"

But my Aunt Sara came into the corner then, and finding me there said she had seen a waiter drinking champane in the pantry, and to run and tell mother at once or nobody would get any food, though they weren't getting much anyhow and the service was a scandle.

We were then summoned to the bride's table, which was in the library and had a fountain in the center. And I had one or to sips of wine but not much, as I believe no nice girl drinks champane until after marriage and then only moderately. But Captain Van Buren sat beside me, and made passionate love to me all the time, so that I did not really know what I was eating.

And at last he said: "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"I'll probably be round, if that is what you mean."

"That's what I mean. Round. Always round. I want to come back to you. Bab, for heaven's sake give me something to come back to. Otherwise, I'll not care, and they'll get me sure. Do you want me to come back?"

Well, I certainly couldn't say I didn't, so I said yes in a low tone, not thinking it serious. But—ye gods!

He then said: "Put your hand under the table." I did this, because of not wanting to spoil the festive spirits of anyone at my own sister's wedding. But when I drew my hand away there was a ring on the engagement finger—a diamond solitaire, and perfectly magnificent.

"That settles it," he said in a masterful manner. "Now you are mine, and gods and men, nor Huns either, can separate us. My darling!"

I felt very queer then, and cold in my back, and I said: "Oh, no!" in a terrafied manner.

"Oh, yes!" he declared in a ringing voice. "And for to cents I'd get up and shout it to the world."

However, it was now time for sis to put on her traveling clothes, consisting of a blue suit embroidered in black, and a black hat with Paradise on it. So amid laughter and aplause she retired to the staircase to throw her boquet, the one catching it to be married next. Though not wishing to receive it, as I had by that time a horror of love et cetera, it fell directly in my hands. I suppose, with three engagement rings about me, it could not have done otherwise, but I was about distracted by that time and burst into tears. All the familey thought my grief quite touching, not realizing the awful truth.

I considered during the evening that followed that my headache was due to the terrable situation I now found myself in, owing solely to having decided to send the Army away as happy as possible. But the next morning I felt very queer, and on rising to hide my fatle engagement rings as usual, placing them under the seat of an old doll carriage which still remains in my closet for sentamental reasons, I was dizzy, and one minute hot and the next cold. I then knew that I was sick, and hoped that I might die as the easiest way out of my troubles. I decided to be dressed, if I passed away, in my brideamaid's dress, as it only needed pressing, and I feel very sorry for my familey, which would realise then that had it allowed me to be properly engaged, and announced in the papers, I might still have been with them.

Hannah then came in and said: "Well, this house looks like a saloon on the Fourth of July. And if I ever get all the confetti out of your mother's hair ——" She then looked at me and exclaimed: "For goodness' sake, Miss Bab, what's wrong with your face?"

"Nothing more than usual," I said in a cold manner. I then looked at my breakfast tray and said: "Take it away! Take it away!"

She removed it and thinking to distract my mind began to discourse on other matters, such as more gifts still arriving, mostly silver candlesticks, and a waiter being discovered under the billiard table at seven A.M. by the cook in a shameful state of inebriation. (The waiter, not the cook, though Aunt Sara says the latter was not entirely herself, and was observed weeping over sis' departure with a champane glass in her hand. Though hating sis usually because of being what she called "bossy.")

I felt very sick, and at last Hannah said it might be pimples but might be something else, and she got mother in. My mother at once said, "Chicken pox or measels; and I hope it will be a lesson to you, Bab, as to running away as you did. For when I think that you probably had it yesterday, and the number of people who think it necessary to kiss at a wedding, though never at any other time, I simply wonder how many you've infected."

I then said, in a weak but hopeful manner: "Then I cannot see anyone for a long time, can I?"

"Certainly not," said mother, "but why in the world that should please you I don't know. You are the queerest child I ever saw."

Child! And three engagement rings concealed at that moment in my chamber! Alas, I was no longer a child, but fully mature and suffering from my own folly, for I am the sort that cares for but one of the other sex at a time, and that deeply. I consider marriage as a final thing, and do not approve of devorce unless simply forced to it by incombatibinty or nonsupport. There are conjugal rights on both sides always.

But a terrable thing occurred at that time, for our familey physician was out of town, and Doctor Connor had gone on his nuptial journey, and so mother asked Captain Van Buren, who dropped in that morning, to come up and see me. Ye gods! And I broken out all over, and also hoping never to see him again! And also Carter Brooks' picture on my desk, with a loveing inscription on it!

He at once told mother to leave the room, as whatever it was it was catching, and he then sent Hannah for a glass of water and observed: "You poor little darling! And all its pretty face covered with spots, and still as lovely as ever! I've never had the d——d thing, but I am going to kiss you anyhow."

"I must tell you something," I said desparately. "You must not kiss me or make love to me. I do not deserve your affection—I ——"

"Deserve it!" he said. "Of course you don't! Nobody deserves to be loved as I love you. I m pium crazy about you, child, and that's no joke. I'm going to talk to your father to-day."

I then sat bolt upright in bed, forgeting my *robe de nuit*, and cried in a hoarse tone: "Oh, no, you must not! I cannot marry you."

But he then put a thermometer in my mouth, and this rendered me powerless.

"Look here," he said tencely, "that fool maid will be back with the water soon. I only want to say one thing: I am not a man to give up what I want easily. And I want you. Soon I shall be going away and I may never come back. Aren't you going to send me away happy?"

Happy! Had I not ruined my life trying to send them all away happy?

As Hannah then returned I lay back, still engaged to him and unable to do anything.

I shall pass breifly over the next few days, as I was very miserable and did not care how many I was engaged to. He came every day and often twice, but was only able to convey his passion in loving looks, et cetera, as I had told Hannah never to leave the chamber. But we had a hectic scene one day, with Hannah right there, because of boxes of flowers from my other *fiancees*. I realized then that he had a very jealous temperament, and that I could never risk my marital happiness with him even if free.

For he said: "Let me see those cards, Hannah." He took them and read them, and both of them said "Devotedly."

He then tore them both up in a slow manner and dropped them on the floor and said in a cold tone: "This has got to stop, here and now."

Hannah looked very surprized, but he continued: "I am not jealous, but I shall write to those young asses to-day, stating things as they are, and suggesting that they save their money. As for these things ——"

He then walked to the window and threw the boxes of flowers out, striking William the butler on the head, as Hannah ascertained later.

I was very angry, and would have returned his ring at once, but it was under the seat of my doll's perambulater and I could not.

He then turned to me and said: "I am going now. If I stay I might let my feelings get the better of me."

He then stocked out, and Hannah said: "I dare say when his feelings really get the better of him he committs a murder or too to calm them down. As for you, Miss Bab, you've been up to some sort of mischeif and don't deny it. If you didn't have the chicken pox I'd give you a piece of my mind."

My father had been away on business, but he came home that day, and at once ascended to my chamber and pushing aside the sheet wet with disinfectant in the doorway, observed: "Well, how is the volcano? Still erupting?"

I then said no, and asked for a small piece of steak and some lobster salad, of which I am very fond.

But he merely looked at me in a kindly way and said: "That's up to the doctor. And speaking of —— Is there anything I can do about anything, Bab? I don't mean food."

"No," I said in a low voice.

"Not feeling low about anything, are you? You look as though you had something on your chest besides spots."

"Father," I said, "do you not consider it a duty to send the soldiers away as cheerful and happy as possible?"

"Well, there are limits, of course," he replied. "I beleive in giving them food and sweaters, and so on, but when it comes to giving my familey I'm inclined to be stingy. Why?"

"I merely wondered," I said.

He got up and went to the door, saying: "Well, hurry up and get round again. I'll have to run off and earn money for another trouseau, I suppose." He then looked at me in a peculiar manner and said: "Just remember, Bab, that if you need my—er—advice, et cetera, as you would say, I'm still doing business at the old stand. There's no tax on advice yet, either, though I'll bet the President would like it just now."

I now come to the tradgic part of my narrative, "*Facilis descensus Averno*"; which means that the descent into h—l is easy. For on the following day, being now recovered but not yet allowed to see the neighbors' children, and so on, I was permitted to put on my negligee, which had been sis'—as is the way with many of my garments, as she took away only her trouseau—and to go downstairs. They then fumigated my chamber and housecleaned it, and I read the newspaper. I there happened on an article which told how a young man had given a girl a diamond ring and was now suing her for it as she had committed breach of promise. I felt very worried when I read this, and on going back upstairs at once went to the closet to get my engagement rings, to return the superfluity.

What was my horror to find them gone, along with the perambulater.

Like one maddened I flew to my mother's boudoir, and there exclaimed passionately: "Where is my doll carriage?"

"Good heavens!" said my mother. "For a girl of your age you certainly —— I had it thrown out of course. You are too old to have such things about."

"Mother!" I cried in an agony.

But she said she would listen to no silly heroics, and went on checking up the house bills, observing that when she looked at them she did not wonder that the new cook had gained ten pounds.

Like a broken and wounded thing I crept down the stairs, but happy that at least she had not lifted the seat and found the rings. I made up my mind then and there to return all but Carter's ring, even if it resulted in tradgedy, because after all I owed my own soul something, and my present polygamous course was destroying me, body and mind.

I found William in the pantry, and there asked him to get it from the barrel in the garage where we throw the flotsam and jetsam of the house.

But he said: "I'm sorry, miss, but Mary Ann is out to-day, and she took it along for her neices' children."

Ye gods!

"William!" I cried distractedly. "Then you'll have to put on your hat and go after her and get it. William, I must have it!"

"Your mother's expecting some ladies to tea at five," he said. "I can't do it, Miss Bab."

"Was she pushing it or carrying it?" I demanded. Because if pushing it very probably nothing would fall out, but if carrying it all was lost.

"Carrying, I think, miss," he said. "I wouldn't take on so. If you'll go into the library I'll bring in some fresh cakes cook has just made, with nuts in."

That was always the way in my familey, and will be so probably when I am forty and feeble. I am always one to be humored but never reasoned with. I refused the cakes with a gesture of negation, and went to my room to face the situation.

Breifly it was as follows: The rings were gone, and as I was not permitted to leave the house I could not follow Mary Ann, and anyhow I knew her well enough to know that a girl who could lose a vacuum cleaner as big as a sewing machine and only find it in the trunk room after four days could lose three engagement rings she didn't know she had.

In my diatrait condition I could only think of Jane, though she had been so nasty about Captain Van Buren. So I telephoned for her and she came, though forbidden as she had never had the chicken pox. I told her my situation, amid tears and lamentations, but at first she remained cold and unmoved.

"So you landed him to," she said. "Well, he was like a ripe apple ready to fall. And of course if one stands underneath with one's mouth open —— Well, that's three rings. Are there any more?"

"I shall not tell you the rest, Jane," I said in a fridgid manner. "Was it or was it not you who suggested making as many soldiers happy as possible?"

"I certainly did not suggest turning yourself into a walking jewelry store," she retorted.

But she repented after some nut cakes and tea, and got Mary Ann's neice's address from Hannah, and started, promising to look on the pavements in case they had fallen out and been overlooked.

But alas, in a short time she returned and said there were no rings under the seat, and they looked like honest people who wouldn't lie. She had also said that they were hers and I was keeping them for her, and she had promised Mary Ann my musterd-colored sweater not to say anything about it.

"Why the musterd-colored one," I asked, "when you know I hate that green one?"

But she said Mary Ann had held out for the musterd, and after all what was a sweater compared to my agony of mind?

(Continued on Page 61)

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We sat for some time in pensive silence, while "a green and yellow melancholy ate like a canker worm at my damask cheek."

Then Jane said: "You'll simply have to advertize and offer a reward. You can give a number instead of your name."

"I can give a number easier than I can a reward," I said brokenly. "I am absolutely insolvent."

We then discussed ways and means, and at first Jane was for selling my runabout and pretending it had been stolen, but I would not do this on account of the mendacity necessary.

"Oh, very well," she responded crisply. "But if you think a lie is any worse than what you've done—well, we simply don't agree, that's all." She got a piece of paper and a pencil, and observed: "You'll have to offer a reward. We'd better make a list of your valuables and thus find out where we stand. This is now a business matter and we'd better be systematic about it."

"You don't need that paper," I said sadly. "I have but my pearl bowknot and a turqoise ring which has turned green from washing my hands."

"All right," she said in a cheerful tone, for she had lost nothing and besides had never seen Captain Van Buren when angry. "It ought to be like this: 'Lost, three diamond engagement rings on blue ribbon. Owner will give one pearl bowknot pin as reward. Address B-19.'"

"It is to cold, Jane," I said. "I think we ought to apeal to the finder's heart and not his head."

We then considered and added: "These symbols were given the owner by soldiers about to risk their lives in their country's service, and if found by any patriotic person will be punctually returned."

I then borrowed three dollars from Hannah and Jane started on her way, leaving me alone, and a prey to wild greif and waiting. Also to hoping that the familey would not miss my pearl pin after I had given it as a reward.

It was that evening that my father carried up some rice pudding after dinner, though mother says such actions spoil the servants, and observed: "I had a visit from Captain Van Buren to-day, Bab."

I could not speak, but sat on the side of my bed with anguished questioning in my eyes.

"I suppose you don't happen to have found him more attractive than Carter Brooks, by any chance," he said, "because I felt it my duty to discourage him. He's—well, he's rather a violent type. He seemed to think you'd encouraged him."

"When I love once I love forever, father," I said firmly, but with, alas, a quivering soul. For if refused by my familey he would want his ring back, and alas, where it was I wot not. "I never want to see Captain Van Buren again."

"Well, he's been called away for a few days anyhow," said father, "and as I've lost one daughter I am going to keep these unaforms away from here from now on. Even Tommy Gray next door is hanging round in a navel outfit, hoping to get in here and catch the chicken pox or something."

I slept but little that night, as my *affaires-de-coeur* were reaching a crisis, and I now realised that Mr. Stratton-Smith would also go to my father and would probably mention having given me a ring.

The advertisement was in the paper next morning, and under the excuse of taking a strole to recover my strength I went with Jane to the newspaper office that afternoon and asked if there was any mail for B-19. There was a letter and I tore it open with shakeing hands. Alas, it was not from one who had found my jewels. It said:

"*Dear B-19:* I didn't find the rings, but I'd like to find you. Any girl who can get three solitaires from departing soldiers is worth meeting. Suppose you wear the bowknot pin and meet me at the corner of State and Main this evening at eight P. M."

There was also a card from a jewelry shop saying they sold diamonds on credit, but that was all.

I got very white and Jane relented and caught me, saying: "Courage, darling!"

Just then a strange young man stepped up to me and said: "I beg your pardon, but did you advertize in the morning papers for three engagement rings?"

Jane said later that she pinched me, but I did not feel it and said: "Oh, did you find them?"

"No, I'm sorry to say. But my attention was caught by the ad, and I thought if I could help in any way I'd be glad to. You see, one engagement ring is often lost but—er—not three. That is, by the same person. And then, the offer of a—of another piece of jewelry is unusual to. I suppose you were just walking round and they dropped off."

"Something like that," I said, not feeling like telling the whole story to a stranger.

"About what size were the diamonds?" he asked, getting a peice of paper. "If I am to help find them I ought to know."

I then told him the sizes, and he said he felt awfully sorry and he had an idea he could be helpful, but he'd have to have my address.

But Jane spoke up and said: "B-19 will reach her any time."

We then bowed politely but coldly, as we had not been introduced and Jane felt he was probably a detective. She said this as we went out, and when we saw he was following us but far behind, we were sure, and I was afraid he would follow to my home and perhaps talk to my father. So we went to the hairdresser's and after having a manacure and a wave we looked out and saw him waiting and went out a back door, thus losing him.

The next morning, which was Sunday, seated at our table and addressing ourselves to the various viands my father said suddenly: "Hello! Here's a girl has lost three diamond engagement rings! Some 'symbols' as Bab would say. It's a full page."

"Don't be vulger," said mother. "And don't read it aloud. Barbara is here."

"Three!" said my father. "On a blue ribbon. And all of them given her by departing soldiers."

"Absolutely imoral!" said mother. "The way some girls have taken advantage of this crisis to rob and despoil our men makes me posatively ill."

"Funny thing," observed father. "This ad gets better as it goes on. She offers a pearl bowknot pin as a reward."

Mother had got some grape-fruit juice in her eye and therefore said nothing, but got up and ran to the pantry to bathe it in cold water, while I merely said: "A great many girls have pearl bowknots," as I feared he might suspect me.

I then pretended to have finished and left the room. How terrable were my feelings! And more so when I read the article, by which I learned that the young man had been a reporter who had seen my advertizement and in his own words, "ran it down." There was also a drawing of Jane Raleigh and me but not recognisable, and he called the article The Mysterious Fiancee.

For three days there was silence. I recieved no letters at the newspaper office, and became sunk in the depths of despair. I did not care so much about the other to rings, but I was simply heartbroken over the loss of Carter Brooks' token of love and marriage. To love a person with all one's soul and mind, and then to lose a two-caret diamond given one by that person is simply sickning. And Mary Ann would not take the green sweater but insisted on the musterd, and mother saw her in it and absolutely raved.

I by that time was very pallid, and my collar bones began to show in my neck as when a mere child. I wept at night into the silence of my pillow, and even contemplated death by my own hand, so that all concerned would at least remember me kindly. I also put away Carter's picture, as the eyes seemed to follow me about the room, reproaching me for having played fast and loose with the deepest emotions of mankind.

Jane came every day, and we sat for hours talking things over. I one day mentioned thinking of taking gas as the best thing I could do, and she leaped to her feet and made a dramatic gesture.

"Darling!" she cried, "How desparate you must be! But how can you do it? The whole house has electricity, hasn't it?"

I was obliged to assent. She then said that if I did so we would go together, as she had for a long time cared for one who should be nameless, but was already married though she felt not happy. But the thought of Jane lying ridgid and dead made me decide not to do it, but to be brave and face things out to the end.

We then discussed it all over again, and Jane observed: "After all, it may not be hopeless. For it isn't likely that they will all three come back from the war, and if they do some of them may have ceased to care. Men are naturally fickel."

But I did not agree with her, as Carter Brooks is not fickel, and my father is as steadfast as a rock, even when beaten by the tides of emotion which always ensue when there are three of the femanine sex in one house.

During this dreadful epoch my father came to my room one evening to say good night, and he stood me off and looked at me with a criticle glance, saying: "I don't like to see my only remaining daughter looking like a picked chicken. You aren't worrying about anything by any chance, I suppose?"

"No, father," I said in a brave manner.

"No debts or—er—anything of that kind?"

I again said no, but was obliged to shed a few tears and he then took me on his knee and observed: "A father is a good bit like a bed, you know. About the last thing you think of, but coming in mighty handy after you've tried everything else all day. How about a little money?"

"How much money?" I inquired, thinking he meant a paltry sum.

But he said: "Say a hundred dollars. And say nothing more."

By which he meant not telling mother, who beleives one should live on one's allowance and even buy Liberty Bonds, et cetera. "I could use it, father," I said.

He then carried me over and put me into my bed, and got out his wallet and gave me one hundred dollars, saying: "You used to be fifty per cent of my daughters, but you are about twenty-five per cent now, and getting as bony as a shad. A daughter these days is a pretty big investment and I hate to see her below par and paying no dividends."

I now felt somewhat more cheerful, as I had one hundred dollars, and could perhaps give that as a reward instead of my bowknot pin, to which I am deeply attached, as commemorating my sixteenth birthday and being made captain of the basket-ball team at school. But with me life is never placid but consists of one emotion after another. I could have endured Jane catching the chicken pox from me and the way her mother raved about it, and even a silence from Carter Brooks, for now that Doctor Connor was gone on his nuptial journey there was no way to send me affectionate epistles.

But on Thursday I received a strange visitor. This was none other than the newspaper reporter, and I only recieved him because of being curled up pensively in a window seat when he was shown in.

He did not see me, and walked straight to a photograph of me and stood staring at it, so that he jumped when I said in a bitter tone: "Why don't you take it along, so that the next time I am in distress and you want to be funny about it you can use it."

He grew very red and said at once: "You can't lothe me half as much as I lothe myself."

"I could give you a handicap and still beat you at hating," I observed angrily. "Hell hath no anger like a woman scorned."

"True," he said sadly. "Terrably true. And to think that I should have brought you this misery! I who ——" He paused there, and a sort of cold chill went down my spine. But he did not propose to me.

He merely sighed and said: "I go into unaform next week. To-day I am finishing off, and it occurred to me to go round and see if there was anything for B-19. There was. Here it is."

He then passed a missive to me, and while I read it he went and stood before my photograph, sighing in a loud manner. As I have lost the letter I only repeat it from memory, but it was to the effect that the writer had found three engagement rings on a blue ribbon and had seen the advertizement for several days, but had hesatated because of a concience.

"I am not femanine, being of the male sex," it said, "but I have felt that no young lady who really loved would alow herself to become engaged to three men at one and the same time, especially as all were soldiers. Such a one is a vampire and nothing else. However, I reason it out like this: There is probably one ring which you prefer over and above the others, and to secure which you will make any sacrifice. That ring you may select from the three, if you will follow directions given below, and will pay in exchange the pearl pin plus one hundred dollars cash to recompence me for my trouble, et cetera." It was signed "Finders Keepers."

I then collapsed into a chair, and the reporter bent over me and said: "You poor little thing! Don't take it so hard. If I'd known you were going to look like that I wouldn't have brought the d——d thing."

"I am all right," I whispered feebly. "Joy does not kill."

"Joy!"

"I must tell you," I said, still in a wistful manner, "that of all those rings but one meant anything to me; and now I am to get that one back."

"I see," he said reflectively, "so there is one you really love. Well, I guess I can be a sport. I just had a notion that maybe you'd gone into the pacifier business—sort of letting our soldiers cut their wisdom teeth on rings. But if there's a real afair, well —— How are you to get back the one you want?"

But I couldn't tell him that as the letter had commanded secrecy and I could only rise and sweep back my hair with a careworn gesture at the same time saying: "I have had a bitter experience and I now feel old and sophistacated. But the worst is over though how I am to explain to the other too about their rings I do not know."

I then gave him the signal to depart by holding out my hand in a farewell gesture, and he shook it very hard and said: "You look as though you haven't slept for a week."

"Nor have I" I responded sadly. "And yet the writer of that letter terms me a vampire."

"Oh surely not!" he said in a horrafied manner. "Why, there is all the difference in the world. A vampire takes, while giving nothing, but you give yourself. You do it over and over. You are a victim, not a vampire." He then eyed me carefully and said: "You are the Elsie Ferguson type."

I have sometimes thought this myself, about the E. F. type. I have a way of arching my eyebrows when astonished that is like her, and sometimes the same sort of dramatic walk, as though expecting to find love or some kindred emotion round the next corner.

When he had departed I went to my chamber and locking the door paced the floor with my hands held to my throbbing brow. For though greatly releived to get the ring back there remained the other too. Too lost rings, too broken lives. For how much misery was I to be responsable?

Feeling lonely and broken-hearted, and being now no longer quarantined I wandered out into the city streets, so lonely now that every available man had fled to the flag, and in sheer ennui dropped into a moving-picture theater, taking Hannah with me, as I am not allowed out at night alone. I grow cold with indignation as I record this, because if old enough to be sought in wedlock by several men of mature age surely I was not an infant in arms, as they all seemed to think.

However, I there saw a girl no older than I, and with the same eyes, though a larger noze, and she recovered six bags of gold dust from a mine by pretending to let the highwayman make love to her, and then slipping some handcuffs on him unawares.

I determined then and there to recover not one ring but all three. I became greatly agitated at the thought, but on looking at Hannah perceived her to be sound asleep and not noticing. How releived I then felt, as it was one thing to break an engagement and not return the ring, and very different to return the ring and have everything cleared up.

But I realized even then that I should need a paramour, as I could not possibly do it all myself.

On returning to my residence I repaired to my father's den, to see if the handcuffs used in capturing the German spy who pretended to be a chauffeur were still on the wall. They were, but my father was there, and reading a letter, which he put away on my aproach. I have since reflected that he appeared to be troubled, but I did not consider it then, being concerned with my plans to free myself from "the bonds of guilty love."

After a breif conversation I said: "Father, if you were going to recieve bad news would you rather have it by letter or face to face?"

He pondered for a time. "It's like this," he said. "If there's anything to be done about it I'd like to have a chance to talk it over. But if it's final, if the beans are really spilled, by all means a letter, and let me get over it by myself."

Feeling that my dear father understood the human nature of the Other Sex much

better than I did or ever could I then left him and wrote too letters, one to Captain Van Buren and one to Mr. Stratton. They were the same, except for the names, and in a lofty tone, being kind yet firm. I first broke the engagement, as a mistake on their part as to my feelings, and due only to my desire to send all our soldiers away happy, and then said that I hoped to return their rings ere long, probably by insured parcels post.

How I slept that night, freed from my burdens and dreaming of being married to Carter Brooks, instead of, as once before, waking in a cold perspiration because of seeing all three waiting at the alter!

With daylight, however, came the necessity for an acomplice, and also the fact that for me at least the motto M. T. H. had become but empty words.

However, I was cheered by learning that mother had gone to the country house to see that it was properly closed, and would stay overnight and that my father would not be home for dinner. At last I was free! Free!

During the morning I asked William if he had a revolver, but he seemed uneasy and replied no, except an amonia pistol because of a dog belonging to the milkman which had once nipped the calf of his leg.

"Do you mind lending it to me?" I asked, because I had seen it and it looked like a real one, which I considered was all that was necessary, as I did not intend to do more than show that I was armed.

"If you'll promise not to be reckless with it, Miss Bab," he said; "because it's something horrible if you get it in the eyes."

He then brought it to the library and I was toying with it and reflecting on the next step in my desparate enterprize when Tommy Gray came in.

He was in navel costume, and looked even younger than usual but very nice. He did not sit down, but walked about and at last stood before me and spoke in a very deep voice but not much breath behind it: "Well, Bab, I'm off at last. Or I will be in a few months."

"Well, I hope you'll get lots of action," I replied.

"Oh, you do!" he said in a bitter manner. "Well, I'm likely to. But if I do come back I'd like to have something to come back to."

"You've got your whole familey and more couzins than any other human being in the world."

"Couzins!" he repeated. "Bab, I am going away, perhaps never to return, and I think you ought to give me something to come back for."

I saw then, but to late, for he caught my left hand in an impassioned manner and kissed it, and when he let go there was his frat ring on my engagement finger.

I posatively tore it off and held it out to him: "No!" I cried in despair. "Not again! Not again!"

"Again!" he said. "What do you mean—again?"

I then told him the entire story, and he was terrably low in his mind at first, percieving that there was no hope for him.

But in the end he brightened up and said: "Let me in on it, won't you? You can't handle old Finders Keepers yourself anyhow. You walk right up to him and begin negotiations, and while he's got his eyes on you and can't get them off, which mostly happens to you, I'll engage him from the rear."

"You won't kill him?" I inquired, feeling anxious because of his warriorlike voice and manner.

"Well, not if you insist. But I'll fix it so he doesn't function much for a few days. That's all."

In the excitement of helping me to recover my engagement rings he became quite cheerful, and he put his fraternity ring back on his finger as if he had not just offered it to me.

"What time to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nine o'clock, in the park by the fountain."

"All right," he then said. "I'm not given to boasting, but by ten o'clock you'll have all your rings back again. And you'd better throw them all into the discard and draw a fresh hand. Mine, for instance."

I then gave him the amonia pistol and the handcuffs, and he looked at them so savagly that my blood turned cold.

"While you are talking to him," he said, with his teeth clenched, "I shall cover him from the rear."

"A lot of good an amonia pistol is from the rear," I observed.

"Stand up," he then said, and went behind me and caught both my arms as in a vice, saying: "You are my prisoner. Do what you can, you cannot move. It is a trick I learned from our new Jap butler, and he d——d near broke my shoulder. I shall try it on old F. K., and there's where the handcuffs come in. You can then go through his pockets and get your rings. Also anything else you take a fancy to, for a fellow like that deserves no consideration whatever."

The evening came at last, "dropped like a feather from plumage of night," and found me grave, but calm on the surface. My father and I ate our evening repast together, in pregnant silence, with William coming and going out of the dark by the pantry door like a figure of mystery, and ever and anon urging me to eat the viands which I felt would choke me. For I was playing my last card. My whole Fate rested on the approaching events of the night. If I failed—ye gods! Better death.

My father also was very quiet and looked somewhat worried. It was not a salad night, but on the contrary a desert of rice, but he pushed it away, saying: "I am so full of various grains now that if buried I would sprout." He then looked at me and said: "Any particular plans for to-night? Because Charlie Chaplin is at the movies, and as your mother is away we might have a real low-brow evening."

But I declined, saying I meant to retire early, and he gave me a strange look that cut me to the heart, but said nothing more, and at eight o'clock I heard him go out, to my great releif.

The time had now come, or nearly so, and I waited in our vestabule for Tommy's signal, which was to be too long and one short whistle, as he was not to go with me, but to follow behind in case of being watched by my nefarious enemy. All went well and at 8.45 P. M. I left my residence feeling like one whom a pirate is forcing to walk the plank, and carrying my pearl bowknot and the one hundred dollars, as he might ask to see them before entering on negotiations.

It was still to early, and for some time I dallied along, looking keenly behind me now and again, but seeing only Tommy Gray, who was escaping suspicion by pretending to be intoxicated. I did not approve of this, as putting a stigma on the unaform, but was unable to tell him so.

It was as yet not dark, and at that time I had a terrable shock, for on standing in a melancholy position by the fountain I thought for a moment that I saw Carter Brooks looking at me from near the bear-pit. Ye gods, how I trembled! Had an observer even doubted the nature of my devotion to Carter Brooks, on percieving how my knees vibrated he would have indeed beleived.

Darkness fell at last, and I stood there alone, with the one hundred dollars reward in my hand, waiting. At exactly the hour, by a clock on a near-by sacred edafice, I was suddenly aware of a silent but masculine figure standing near me and gazing at me with the expression of a sphnix. It was not disguised, but wore a coat collar turned up and a soft hat. Also it was not very tall, though seeming so, owing to my being nervous. And it had a small mustache.

"Good evening," said a male voice. "I see you are punctual."

I then steadied myself by holding to the railing round the fountain and said: "Are you Finders Keepers?"

"Righto," he said; "right the first time. But I'm not a burglar, so you needn't be so scared. I'm really a kind-hearted person. I wouldn't be here if I weren't."

"Have you got them?"

"All three of them," he said in a cheerful manner. "Now that I've seen you, though to dark to see well, I don't wonder ——" He then stopped and began again in a severe tone: "Has it occurred to you that it is imoral and wrong to be engaged to three men at the same time?"

"Not more imoral than keeping what doesn't belong to one," I said coldly, for I was by that time mistress of myself again.

"There's a nice question there," he said. "A very nice question of ethics. I'd like to argue it with you sometime. But now —— You haven't notafied the police, have you?"

How suddenly savage was his tone!

"No," I said in a faint voice, because of realizing the iron hand in the velvet glove.

"Very well. Then to business." He reached in his pocket and brought out a box. "The three rings are here. According to our agreement—for by your presence here you have tacitly agreed to my conditions—you may now select the one you wish to recover, giving in exchange one pearl brooch as advertised, and one hundred dollars."

I was by that time very nervous again, as I am sensative to the tones of peoples' voices, and his was cold and relentless.

"But ——" I began in a shaking voice.

"The pin!" he said peevishly. "No fooling now! Have it ready How do I know you aren't going to spring a trap on me? And the kale The kale!"

"Kale?" I inquired tremblingly, because I feared I had forgotten something.

"The money!" he said. "Money is kale. Kale is money. If I had a trifle more of it I'd like you for my honey. My word, you've got me running to poetry!"

He then held out the three rings on the piece of ribbon, saying: "Quick, choose! Because if you keep on looking like that I'm going to take off my own ring and string it on that imoral strip of blue ribbon and simply lose my identity and become Number Four on your list. Choose, girl, and quickly!"

So I chose Carter's ring, and he took it off the ribbon and said: "You are sure that's the right one, are you? Because when I depart hence I depart, and no inching. I shall fade into the night and become only a memory. But I've got something on these blue-ribboners of yours. You'll forget them. But you'll never forget me."

"I certainly shall," I said, feeling calmer now that my precious ring was once more mine. "I shall forget you as one forgets a pain."

He then put the other emblems back in his pocket, along with my pearl bowknot and one hundred dollars, and at that moment Tommy Gray rose from where he had crawled on his hands and knees behind him and by the aforementioned trick caught both his arms and held them, in spite of terrific struggles.

He then said: "Quick, Bab, snap the handcuffs on and we'll show him that finders is keepers, all right!"

We had merely expected to handcuff him and then tie him to a tree or a bench while making our escape with the rings, which was not stealing, as they were certainly mine. But on the mere word "handcuffs" he made a desparate struggle, and in the end they both fell into the fountain, and Tommy was yelling for me to go in and handcuff the prisoner.

At last, driven to desparation, I flung myself into the fountain, which was almost to my waist in depth, and handcuffed the desperado's too wrists, only to discern, when to late, that I had fastened one of Tommy Gray's and we had forgotten to bring the key!

When they discovered it they quit fighting at once, and the stranger said in a furious manner: "You fool! You don't mean to say you haven't got the key?"

"How did I know I'd need the key?" said Tommy in a sulky tone.

The stranger then sat down on a sea lion, which had water running out of its mouth, and said: "Well, I'm not in any hurry. I'm willing to stay here all night. And when the newspapers get it, as they will, you've nothing on me. Remember that."

"Tommy!" I said in an agony. "The police will find us, and people are not allowed in the fountain."

"I hope they do come," said the stranger, as though through his teeth. "I could have you jailed for this. Here I come to restore some lost jewelry and get a reward, and I'm subjected to assault and battery, not to mention possible drowning, and I'm hooked up into the bargain to a young fool in a navel unaform, though this fountain is all the water he's ever likely to see."

The situation was gastly, especialy as on Tommy suggesting that we get out of the fountain and think of something, the stranger refused in a nasty way, saying we'd put him in there and now he rather liked it. It was cool anyhow. But in the end after I had pleaded with him for some time, he said he would go to the street I live on, walking with Tommy as though merely confidential and not fastened together, and that I should then go into my house and get the key and come out to the lamp-post and unlock them.

I, however, now realized that, like the girl in the movie, the villan was in my hands, and I said: "Very well, I will do so. But not until all three rings as well as my pin and money are again in my hands."

"Leaving me with nothing," said the stranger bitterly, "but a probable case of pnumonia! Very well. What else can be expected of a young woman who plays with the emotions of men by the wholesale?"

He then produced the rings, et cetera, with his free hand, and stood up off the sea lion, saying: "All right, let's go. But don't you sick that butler of yours on me. I've still got one hand and the way I feel, killing would be a mere bagatelle."

So we started, but alas, how anxious I felt as I thus led this melancholy procession through the streets of my native city, with water making a faint gurgling sound in my shoes as I progressed! Not even the three rings, now again intrenched against my heart, made me feel other than guilty.

"If the one man you love in all the world, Carter Brooks, could see you now," I remarked to my cringing self, "would he find you a fitting mate? Would he not rather turn aside from you coldly?"

This was because I was wet all over, including my hair and best sweater, and everything stuck to me as though with paste. And it seemed to me then that I was one who was always in trouble and always would be, bringing misery on all I loved. I was reminded of the words of the great poet (Hood, 1835–1874), whose works I had studied at school:

Alas, I have walked through life,
To heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trampel my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod.

William let me in, while the others waited across the street. He seemed very startled and exclaimed: "Good heavens, Miss Bab! If you'll stand still right there I'll get the pantry rug for you to drip on."

But I waved him aside, and oozed, as one may say, back to the den. As it was by that time late and all was still, I considered it empty, but as I reached the doorway, to my horror my father was there with a watch open in his hand and an anxious look on his face, and a figure in unaform was pacing the floor and saying: "I'll go after her if you say so. But nothing can possibly happen."

"You don't know her," said my father in an angry voice. "She is sensative. And if you could have seen her the last few days——" He then got up and said: "I'm going to the park myself. What I should have done was to take hold myself a week ago. If you call it being in love to ——"

"Love!" said Carter Brooks with a dreadfull laugh. "Look at me! I haven't slept a wink since I saw that advertizement. Three rings!"

"I tell you," said my father, "that I —— Listen! It's raining, and she's out in it."

"It is not raining, father," I said in a weak tone. "I fell into the fountain."

They both stood still and stared at me, and my father cried: "Bab! You poor little drowned kitten!"

But Carter said nothing, and stood as though he did not care whether I was drowned or not. My heart was broken, but I had to have the key to the handcuffs whether despised by them both or not. So I asked for it, and father said in a dazed way: "Key! What for? If you mean the handcuffs that were here, I never had the key to them."

But at that moment Carter Brooks took a step toward me and said: "Which ring did you claim?"

"I have them all, Carter," I said tremblingly.

He then muttered something and my father said: "You see, you have exposed her to all this, and where are you? You may call it teaching her a lesson but I call it d——n foolishness. Now, Barbara, what about these handcuffs?"

But there was no need to explain, as footsteps that sounded squashy were coming along the hall, and it was Tommy and F. K. They were still fastened together, but I did not notice this at the time, as my eyes were on F. K.'s face. He was none other than the newspaper reporter, the reason I had not recognized him being a mustache drawn on his lip with burned cork and now running down his face.

There was a policeman behind them, and he said to my father. "These young gentlemen seem to think you can explain their being handcuffed together, Mr Archibald."

My father looked at them both as though Tommy Gray were a complete stranger, and said frigidly: "I know nothing about either of them, officer. If you feel like locking them up, do so."

The officer then looked at me and said: "Look's like somebody has been getting

(Continued on Page 65)

THE GREAT DEMOCRACY

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The passing centuries have added ever increasing numbers to this democracy. Today it is the greatest of world powers; for it is a democracy of leadership of men with ideals.

Whether these ideals lead to the building of a railroad, making a shoe lace, painting a picture or teaching the joy of service and the economy of justice, matters not at all.

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For the past fifty years, or during the period of this democracy's greatest progress, an essential factor in its advance has been the house of N. W. AYER & SON.

We have guided small industries into places of greater growth; and great industries into larger markets. Through merit have we established our right to the title of Advertising Headquarters. Through service have we built a reputation for *making advertising pay the advertiser.*

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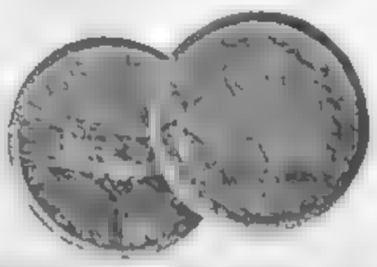

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BUT to get these profits you must first make the air do some of your work. Air is free for all to use. Moving air is an all-round power for which, after sixty years of study, we are finding new uses constantly.

Our business is to make the air do your bidding. We make it blow hot or cold, dry or moist, in any direction you want it to. We dry things with it, convey other things, feed it to your fires and make them give out greater heat, force a clean supply of it into a room and keep you feeling fresh and energetic.

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A certain large manufacturer of hard candy experienced great difficulty in running his plant on wet days. The candy would not mould; it stuck to the hands of the girls who packed it, to the paper it was wrapped in, and generally raised so much trouble that, on days when the humidity was high, it was less of a loss to shut down the plant than to try to operate it.

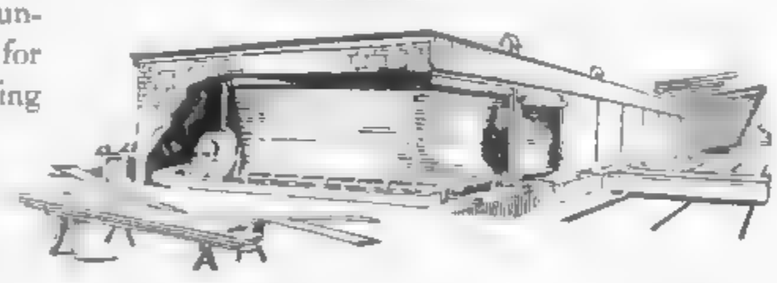
Our engineers solved this problem. Today in this candy factory

every day is an ideal working day. The factory is as free from bad outdoor weather conditions as it would be if it were on another planet.

How Air Cut the Cost of Lumber Production

Large manufacturers of a well-known product, who needed so much lumber that they had already purchased their own forest land, used to ship the untrimmed, unseasoned wood north for seasoning. After seasoning it for more than a year they would trim it and make it into the finished products.

We installed a system whereby the lumber is seasoned where it is cut. Then it is trimmed there. Freight charges are saved, because no waste wood is shipped north; storage charges are reduced, because large amounts need not be stocked up; and manufacturing costs are lowered, because the raw material is made into the finished product in a shorter time.



We maintain a large staff of engineers who are ready to try to solve your manufacturing problems by the use of air. These men have a collection of data to rely upon which took us more than sixty years to collect. If you wish to know how air has been or can be used in your business, write, phone, or wire for specific information. State the exact business you are engaged in. We will send you bulletins which cover the uses of air in your business. Or, if you specially request, we will have one of our representatives visit your plant and go over the problem with you.

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STURTEVANT ENGINEERING COMPANY, London

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gay with a garden hose! All right. I'll take them along. Now, gentlemen!"

But the reporter glared at Carter Brooks and said: "Better speak up, Brooks. Because if you don't, I will."

"I didn't tell you to put on that mustache and play the fool generally!" said Carter. "All I told you to do was to offer her all three rings and see which one she took. If you chose to play the highwayman and hold up a defenceless girl ——"

But the reporter threw up his free hand and laughed in a bitter manner.

"Hold up a defenceless girl!" he cried. "That's good! That's funny! Who held up who, I'd like to know? Look at me! Do you think I went into that fountain for a joke? Or that I'm fastened to this—this young desperado because I like it? I'm the victim, all right. She's got all three rings, and her pin and money to boot, and the only reason she hasn't got my watch is because it fell out into the fountain and is still there."

I regret to say that at this point my father said: "Bab, run up and take a hot bath and get into bed. I'll settle this matter, and I'll settle it right."

I was thus driven away from the scene of battle, and in a short time was in bed, with Hannah hovering over me like a ministering angel.

At eleven P. M. she brought me a glass of hot milk, and said: "Your father has got all the tools from the garage and the cook's meat saw and it sounds like a blacksmith's shop downstairs. Whatever have you been up to this time?"

"Hannah," I said sadly, "I have been trying to make several people happy, but I fear I have not succeeded."

"Not if you tried to drown them," she observed disagreeably. "I only hope I get your shoes out of the oven before the cook gets down in the morning. The next time," she added, "that you feel like making somebody happy you let me know and I'll lay out some old clothes."

I lay there in anguish of soul for a long time, listening to the fatle sounds from below, which showed that they were still working at the handcuffs. And as I lay there I remembered the angry and jealous look on Carter Brooks' face, and I realized that I was but a pawn in his eyes, to be moved round as he desired.

"If this is love," I muttered, "give me celibacy. This whole thing has been a plot, and I will not stand it!"

It was at that moment that the terrable truth burst on me, that though many had seemed to love me but one really did, and that was my father. At this thought I felt that my heart would break, and I at once went to the hole in the baseboard behind my bed where when young I had been wont to keep face powder and so on, not being permitted to use it, and got out my rings.

Hannah's eyes nearly came out, and she said: "The saints preserve us! What's those?"

But I could not reply, being afraid of shreiking with agony, as I selected Carter Brooks' emblem from the others and held it out to her.

"Take it downstairs, Hannah, and to the den," I said when able to enunciate. "They will understand."

As soon as she was gone I abandoned myself to greif, and also to listening if there was any excitement below. There was none, but the hammering stopped, and I heard the familiar footsteps of my male parent on the stairs. He knocked at my door and then tried to enter, but I had locked it.

So he said: "Bab!"

"Yes, father," I replied brokenly.

"Let me in. I want to talk to you."

I then said I could not, and please to go away and let me suffer alone.

But he said: "D——nation! Now see here, Bab. I want to explain some things."

He then asked me again to open the door, et cetera, but though not sulky by nature I simply felt that there are some things that cannot be explained, and I became silent and morose, while he talked through the door, growing somewhat peevish at no reply.

"Very well," he said at last; "only it is not Carter's fault entirely. We all thought you needed a lesson."

A lesson! Ye gods!

"If you want the exact truth," he said, "I picked those rings up in the hall the day you lost them. And I gave you every chance to explain, but you wouldn't. When you recover your power of speech Carter and I will be waiting downstairs. Because if you are engaged to three men something will have to be done about it, but I'm darned if I know what."

He went away with a firm step, leaving me crushed to earth. For I had at least beleived in my father, and now he to had turned against me.

But I would not go downstairs, as I simply could not explain, and in a half hour I heard my father coming up again, and he said: "Bab, Carter has to take the last train. How long are you going to keep this up?"

I then tried to reply, but was afraid of weeping, so he went away again, and there was a dreadful silence, as though Carter and my father were sitting up with a corpse, I being the corpse. Thus the hours crept on until it was one o'clock, and at last I heard the windows being closed and locked below and father came upstairs and went into his room and closed the door.

After a while he came out again and said: "I surrender, Bab. Fathers are pretty much a totle loss when it comes to girls, I guess. But you'd better say good night to me or I'll be found to-morrow morning floating in that fountain of yours."

"Good night, father," I said in a broken voice.

"Ah!" said my father in a more cheerful manner.

"She starts, she moves. She seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.

Open the door, you little bunch of original sin! I want to forgive each other."

I put on a kimono and did so, and soon I was in my father's arms and feeling that when I had him I needed no other. But he said that I must not be unjust to Carter Brooks, because he was only jealous, and most men would be if finding too others engaged to their *fiancée*. So I told him about M. T. H. and he understood, which is one thing my father mostly does.

"You just forget the other too," he said. "I'll handle them. That is one way where fathers shine. Give me those rings again. I feel sort of lost without them anyhow."

He then said that the reporter was a second cousin of Carter Brooks and knew me from the start, and that he—my father—had felt sure I cared only for Carter though it looked queer and polygamus. So the reporter had thought of a way to find out and clear everything up.

"And I hope," said my father, "that he spends the night fishing in that fountain for his watch. I don't suppose you're going to change your mind about Carter?" he then asked.

"I could never trust him again," I said.

"It's queer," said my father, "but you do get me all mixed up. Because we started in to-night with an idea that you needed to explain and—er—apologise, and I'm blessed if you haven't got Carter and me on our knees instead. I'm darned glad I'm your father and not going to marry you."

But I said in a firm manner that I would now never marry, but would when old enough enter a hospital and become a trained nurse, as I had no use for men whatever.

We then parted for the night, my father observing that he would go down to the pantry and make a roast-beef sandwich, as emotion had worn him out, and offering me one also. But I refused.

He then went away, but in a short time called up from the foot of the stairs: "I have found some choclate cake. How about it?"

"No, father," I replied. "Food would choke me."

"Well," he said, "come down and sit by me, anyhow. Because I have located a Bermuda onion and I am weeping my eyes out. I need company."

How can one resist such an appeal? I for one could not, and again putting on my kimono and slippers I descended, guided by the odor of onions. But at the door of the den I paused, and my heart leaped with emotion. For there, tall and virile in his unaform, but pallid with excitement, was Carter Brooks!

"Another trap!" I said as coldly as is possible when one loves as I did.

"Certainly it is a trap," he said. "It took an hour and a half and a Bermuda onion to get you to. But you're here and I'm here and what the h—l do we care? Bab, you blessed darling! And to think that the whole A. E. F. has been hanging engagement rings on you."

"Long staple" cotton means *long wear.*

Nothing but long staple cotton goes into the making of Iron Clad No. 398. This not only makes possible a foot reinforcement of the greatest durability, but it also permits a beautiful and permanent lustre finish. That's why this sock is the favorite of thousands. Handsome appearance with extra long wear is what most men want. Isn't that what you want, too?

The heels and toes of

Iron Clad No. 398

have 4 plies of a special twist texture that is remarkably durable, and there are 2 plies in the sole and high heel splicing. This sock is really a *wonder* for long wear. Do try it.

Iron Clad Hosiery for the whole family is sold by thousands of dealers everywhere. If you don't know of one nearby, order from us. Price 50c. Colors Black, dark gray, white, palm beach, navy, Cordovan brown. Sizes: 9 to 11½. In ordering, be sure to state size and colors wanted.

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Iron Clad

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Every man should have at least three caps
—A heavy one for chilly riding
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Each would contribute to his comfort and satisfaction—especially if they were "Regals."

"Regal" Caps are the smartest and best-built caps in America. The perfection of fine detail, splendid tailoring, and good value. On sale at more than 15,000 good stores throughout the U. S. $1.50 to $4.00. Your dealer probably has them, or can easily get them for you. *Look for the "Regal" name.*

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COMPLETE protection, perfect comfort. Aluminum cups conform to shape of eye cavity. Light weight (1½ oz.), cool, well ventilated, plenty of eye-room, wide range of vision. Combines the Willson Safety Flange feature with your choice of glass. Parts can be replaced without tools of any kind, soft rubber facing keeps metal from the face.

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Away From the Commonplace

Union Metal Columns will give an air of distinction to a house or building that would otherwise look commonplace and the cost of such a decorative feature is many times repaid by the additional sale or rental value.

Union Metal Columns are economical because they last as long as the building itself. The shafts are made from a special grade of steel pressed into correct architectural designs and they will never weather, split or decay as wood columns are bound to do sooner or later.

Write for Booklet No. 16 with photos of many beautiful installations.

Union Metal Lamp Standards

The leading cities of the United States are lighted with Union Metal Lamp Standards. Booklet No. 156 gives complete information

The Union Metal Mfg. Co., Canton, O.
Capable Representatives Wanted for Open Territory

"The Ones That Last a Lifetime"

"I couldn't help it, Carter," I said, against his unaform. Because I had decided on seeing him not to go to a hospital after all.

"So your father explained."

He then kissed me and said:

"As soon as that ass of a couzin of mine fishes his watch out of the fountain he is going to write something for the newspapers that will keep these other ring hounds off for keeps. Because you are only going to make one soldier happy. But if you make him any happier than he is he will have to carry lead waits in his pockets, or he will fly up and hit the cieling. Now let's go back and celebrate with roast beef and onions. You'll have to eat onions, because I intend to kiss you between each bite."

How queer is the difference between the sexes! Because when one of the femanine gender is in love and happy the very thought of food chokes her, while if male they immediately wish for something to eat.

We then repaired to the pantry, and on the following day when mother returned she had too surprises. One was the announcement in the papers, which she could not understand, as she had not sent it in. And the other was that the roast beef, which had been meant for croquets, was entirely gone. The cook's meat saw was also broken and mother asked my father if he had repaired the car with it, but he said "No."

Thus the incident ended, except that Tommy Gray took a bad cold and had to buy a new unaform.

But only too days ago the jeweler's bill came and mother said to father: "I see you've been buying a new watch. What was the matter with the old one?"

"A new watch?" said my father. "I haven't bought a new watch. It's all I can do to pay my income tax and support my familey these days."

"How queer!" said mother. "Listen to this: 'To engraving watch, "Finders Keepers," one dollar and a half.'"

"Give me that bill and I'll stop in and see the jeweler," said my father in an innocent manner. But as she was not looking he winked at me.

DRIFTWOOD

(Continued from Page 13)

"Looks very bad," Colonel McDonald said. "Plot these up and see where she's going to."

The data clicked through the calculating machines, slide rules revealed the dismal dope, a new flood crest laid its length upon the pink paper—and everybody forgot about pay day.

"This is a bad one—worst I ever saw," the colonel said. "Get the flood warnings out to all river towns by wire at once." He called for one of his older assistants. "Plot a contour of the flooded area in northern Mississippi and Arkansas for a forty-foot stage at St. Louis."

Presently the map was laid on his desk.

"That puts the three railroads out of business—a bad one. Eight towns under water—and all the farm land from the river to the bluffs."

He wrote another batch of telegrams.

"Benton County will be flooded by Tuesday night," he wired to the master of the Gilmore. "Cruise inland after flood victims until further orders."

The master of the Gilmore handed the telegram to Captain Jack. The pilot read it.

"That means we start now! They'll be roostin' in the trees along Sunflower Bayou this time to-morrow."

At a normal stage the river was a mile wide at the head of Dog Island. On this day the island was submerged and the yellow currents boiled above a terrain thirty miles wide where Sunflower Bayou meandered its way between the river and the bluffs.

Benton County, except for the inland ridges, was a large body of water entirely surrounded by a flood.

From the top of a farmhouse, which had lifted from its foundations and drifted until it encountered some bending oaks, the crew of the Gilmore rescued a farmer and his family. When the man became rational he began to talk.

"At Struthers' place they's a lot of folks f'm up th' Bayou—mebbe fifty. They 'lowed it war safe—bein' on high groun', but this here water'll ketch 'em sure."

The Gilmore headed for Struthers' place. At twilight over the wide waters Captain Jack heard a faint voice through the tree tops.

There had been fifty people on the roofs of the farm buildings at Struthers' place, but one of these buildings had collapsed and now a dozen drowned bodies hung in the cypress branches that swayed in the currents downstream.

At dawn Captain Jack had driven the Gilmore twenty miles inland.

At evening of the second day the boat tied up to some tree tops while various crews of volunteers voyaged forth in skiffs. Presently these crews returned, towing behind them heavy limbs of trees. The coal bunkers on the boat were empty.

"I can't give ye a full head wid wood," a fireman called to the engineer. "Tell Cap'n Jack to work her under a slow bell or less - wood won't make steam fast enough."

The engineer transmitted this message through the tube to the pilot house.

"You've got to make steam," Captain Jack answered back. "We're going out before these people starve."

The Gilmore drove for the city which lay across the flood a hundred miles downstream. There for three hours while the coal bunkers were being filled and provisions loaded aboard Captain Jack slept heavily for the first time in four days.

"Wake me up when we start," he ordered; but they let him sleep until the boat started inland again into the Sunflower Bayou country where many victims of the flood remained.

At noon the crest of the flood passed the area which had been Dog Island. Mud stains began to appear on the tree trunks above the surface of the water. And then with the Gilmore thirty miles inland the French Grant levee broke and a great volume of the flood swung to the newer channel against the bluffs to the east.

Captain Jack saw the mud stains on the trees. He turned to the master of the boat who was with him in the pilot house.

"She's turned—she's fallen a foot."

"Let's get out of here before we're caught," the captain directed.

Captain Jack looked at him.

"We'll get out after we clean up the people below here. There's a dozen families adrift somewhere within ten miles of us."

The dozen families were the price of the Gilmore.

Before the Gilmore started out for the open river the drag of the new channel formed by the breaking of the French Grant levee drained the Sunflower Bayou terrain.

With the waters receding about him Captain Jack felt the hull of his boat touch bottom as he was picking up the last of the refugees.

He sought a channel through the trees toward the bayou. On the second night the great boat cradled gently in the soft mud, while the normal flow of Sunflower Bayou detoured round the rudders and followed along the hull which had dammed its ancient course.

Twenty miles inland Captain Jack rang his last signal to the engine room. Then he reported to the master of the Gilmore.

"I was at the wheel," he said. "I was in charge when she—when she was lost. I am responsible."

His voice was suddenly that of an old man.

"But to balance it you saved a hundred lives," the captain replied. He tried to comfort the pilot.

"I lost my boat! I lost my boat—that's enough!"

Captain Jack went to his stateroom and for three days he spoke no word to any man.

On the third day the Gilmore's captain knocked at the door of the pilot's stateroom.

"It's dry enough to walk on now. You and me and the crew had better report to the St. Louis office. Whenever you're ready we'll go inland to the railroad and catch a train north."

"I'm ready any time, captain," the pilot called out.

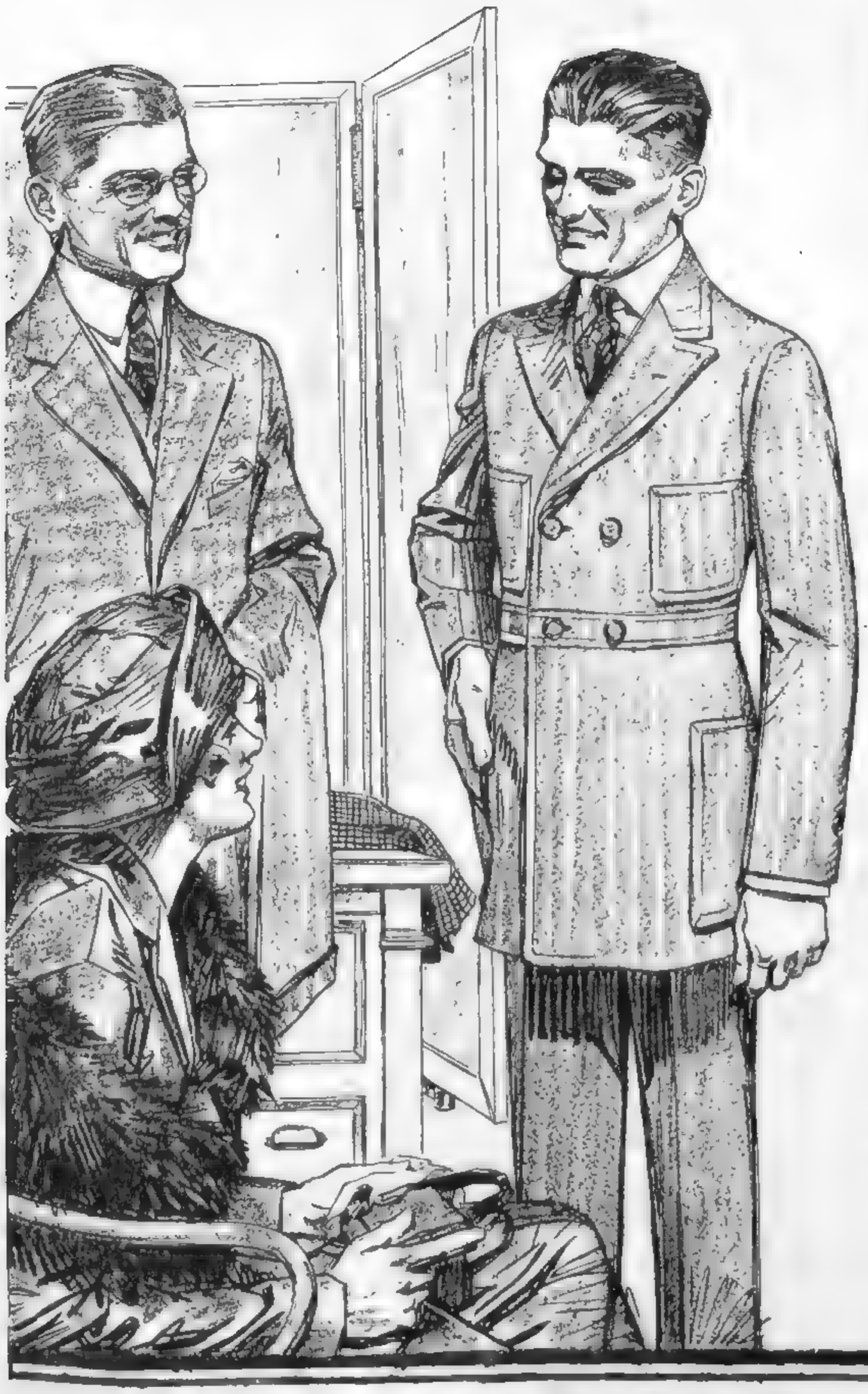
Except for one watchman, the crew left the boat. Through a long vista of cypress and willows Captain Jack looked long upon the Gilmore.

"Good-by, old-timer," he said finally.

Jimmy Rivet beside him reached for Captain Jack's suitcase.

(Continued on Page 68)

STOP at the sign of the Value-First Boy; He's the sign of a VALUE FIRST STORE



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To a man clothes are an incident in life.

To a woman they are a most vitally important part of life itself.

She knows fabrics, tailoring and style as few men ever know them.

Men!—take Her with you when you buy your next suit or overcoat. You will find Her an expert purchasing agent.

To make satisfaction doubly sure, go to the dealer in your community who handles Michaels-Stern Value-First Clothes.

For more than fifty years these clothes have been famous for their *value:*

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$25 to $60—at VALUE-FIRST DEALERS

"We Didn't Get Out Before the Crest of the Flood Passed. She's Laying in the Bayou Now, High and Dry"

Continued from Page 66

"I'll carry this kiester—I ain't got nuthin' of me own."

The party caught the train at Kenwood Springs. They arrived at St. Louis the next day. Over and over Captain Jack voiced the thought in his mind:

"I'm done—I lost my boat! I'm finished. She's lost!"

"Look at what you done—look at them people you got! D'ye think f'r a second anybody but you could 'a' got them last three gangs of farmers? What t' hell is a boat or two to th' Guv'ment?"

Jimmy Rivet sought some means of breaking the dark mood which had claimed his Captain Jack.

At eleven o'clock Colonel McDonald's soft-footed chief clerk appeared at the door of the colonel's office. He beckoned to Captain Jack and the master of the Gilmore.

"The Colonel will see you now," he whispered.

Following the chief clerk, the two entered unto the presence. Colonel McDonald pursued the text of a work on crime written by one Nick Carter until he encountered a gratifying murder. He closed the magazine and looked up at the two men who stood before his wide desk.

"Tell me about the loss of the Gilmore," he said to the master of the boat.

"Nothing much to it, sir," that officer began. "We steamed inland on the flood water after the people in the Sunflower-Bayou country and we didn't get out before the crest of the flood passed. She's laying in the bayou now, high and dry except for a trickle of water 'longside of her from the slough."

"Can she be salvaged?"

"She's in there twenty miles from water—and there'll never be another flood like this one. I won't say never—but this is the highest water that ever hit that neck of the woods. All the marks and records show it went ten feet higher than it ever did before. Chances are ——"

"A million to one against it," the colonel interrupted. "Very serious business indeed—reports and investigations and a lot of property surveys. Why didn't you get out when you saw that the water was falling?"

"Colonel, we were just figgerin' on getting out—but it caught us."

"We didn't get out," Captain Jack broke in, "because we hadn't finished our work in there. There were some families adrift below us and we went after them. The fact that the Gilmore is stranded in Sunflower Bayou is my fault, colonel, and if there's any blame coming for the loss of her it's coming to me." Captain Jack looked square at the man seated before him. "I'm to blame."

The colonel looked away and out of a window where the drifting black smoke of a pork-packing plant hung heavy over a children's playground.

"That's all," he finally said. "I'm to blame you then, Captain Jack?"

"Yes sir—it's my fault."

The colonel smiled at them.

"I compliment both of you on a very excellent piece of work." He stood up and held out his hand. "A very excellent piece of work," he repeated. "I am proud of both of you and all the rest of the Gilmore's crew and I will write the chief of engineers to that effect. There'll be a new boat launched two months from now, the King her name is—finest boat on the river—draws six feet light, a palace on a steel hull."

The colonel lost the thread of the conversation in his contemplation of what a whizz-bang the King would be.

The chief clerk opened the office door and took charge of Captain Jack and his companion.

"Let me have your signature on a property list before you go," the clerk said.

Captain Jack accompanied him to the big desk. From one of the battery of pigeonholes the clerk drew a sheaf of folded documents. He removed the band from about them and shuffled the deck. He dealt a sinister-looking two-spot of a document to the pilot.

"Not a property list either—Form 61. Affidavit, I see. Memory isn't what she used to be."

"Affidavit for what?" Captain Jack asked.

The chief clerk opened the document and glanced at it.

"Lemme see. Oh, yes—a lantern! You lost a lantern from Driver 144 when she was transferred to the Fortune Island job. Hold up your right hand. You swear that the property in question was lost by you without fault or carelessness on your part, so help you God?"

Captain Jack frowned for a moment and lowered his hand.

"I do not. I can't swear that—it wasn't that way. I heaved her over the high side when ——"

"You what?"

"I slung her to hell into the river."

"You mean—willfully?"

The chief clerk's normal countenance lightened to wide-eyed amazement at the pilot's incredible admission.

"Nobody made me do it."

A little smile hung in the corners of Captain Jack's mouth.

The pair were silent for thirty seconds while the chief clerk rifled the coffers of his mental treasury.

"No third way. Either the lantern was lost through no fault or carelessness of yours, or else it was willful destruction of government property."

"Let her ride at that," Captain Jack said. "I'm satisfied—only a forty-cent lantern anyway. I'm hungry. See you ——"

"Hold on! Hold on! You don't seem to understand how serious this is. Wait a minute! I've got to put this up to Colonel McDonald."

Captain Jack and his shore appetite fidgeted round for five minutes. The chief clerk came out of the colonel's office.

"Colonel McDonald wants to see you," he announced to the pilot.

Captain Jack walked into the colonel's office for the second time that morning. The chief clerk followed softly behind him.

The colonel sat straight in his chair. He coughed importantly and grabbed his left thumb with his right hand as in parade rest.

"Do I understand correctly that you admit having willfully destroyed government property?"

"I threw the lantern into the deep drink, colonel, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean—exactly." The colonel's voice thinned into a rising note. "Do you know that it's a penitentiary offense—that you're liable for anything up to a ten-year sentence?"

Captain Jack looked straight at him.

"No sir, I do not."

"Well, you are! A fine damned parade!" The colonel's taxed arteries stressed to a deep mauve. "You're finished, sir! You're done!" The colonel's voice was suddenly rich with rage. He turned to his chief clerk. "Effective to-day, this man is discharged. Enter it on his civil-service record. That's all! That's all!"

The chief clerk left the colonel's office, followed by Captain Jack.

"I'm sorry," the clerk began.

Captain Jack smiled slowly.

"Never can tell what you'll hit in smooth water," he said. "I'm sorry too—sorry for any side-wheeler that draws too much water to make the riffles."

Presently a treasury check was brought to the chief clerk's desk. He handed it to Captain Jack.

"To date," he said. He held out his hand to the pilot. "Good luck."

"I've had lots of it lately."

Captain Jack smiled and walked out of the office.

Below on the stone steps of the great building Jimmy Rivet was waiting for Captain Jack.

"Think I was never going to show up?" the pilot asked. "Hungry? Let's get something to eat."

During the course of their lunch Captain Jack recounted the interview to his companion.

"Th' dirty brass-collared groundhog! An' could I get one swing at that chief clerk with a pinch bar ——" Jimmy Rivet grew more enthusiastic as he ate his food. "At one o'clock I calls and drags down me time an' maybe pastes him an' his damn colonel—th' pair of 'em, damn 'em!"

"Ring a slow bell on this battle business," Captain Jack advised. "Play your cards as they drop. Everything averages up, sonny, if you wait long enough."

Captain Jack met two of his professional associates in the bar of the Planters Hotel.

"Have a drink," one of them said. "How's the old plow pilot? Doing anything for yourself since you beached the Gilmore?"

They had a drink.

"Jack, I hear that Kerrigan is taking out the new Lee Line boat next month. Chances are he'll be needing a pardner. They'll be running three shifts on her."

"I'm not looking for a job with that outfit. Thanks for the tip just the same."

In the rooms of the Pilots' Association the story was current for a month: "Jack lost his boat and the colonel fired him." Invariably there resulted counter arguments in Captain Jack's favor and invariably the discussion wound up with the same finish.

"He lost his boat just the same. He got fired for it. Wasn't a square deal—but what can you do with these engineer officers? Old Jack is the loser."

After a week of idleness Jimmy Rivet got restless.

"Think I'll hook up to a job at the boiler shop. They're paying six-fifty and time and a half."

"It's better than laying tied to the bank," Captain Jack agreed. "I'm going away."

Jimmy Rivet looked at him.

"Where y' goin'?"

The memory of a hundred insinuating smiles suddenly came to the pilot.

"Anywhere to get in the clear of these people who wait until my back is turned before they say what they think. Down the river, I guess."

"Workin'?"

"If I can find anything. I've still got my papers, but that doesn't mean that anybody will give me another boat. No, I think I'll drift down the river and hang up on a towhead somewhere and stay outdoors where I won't see anyone for a while."

Jimmy Rivet got up from his chair.

"When do we start?"

Captain Jack was silent for five minutes.

"Suppose we hit out for Driftwood Bend for a little holiday. Would you like to camp out for a month or two?" he finally proposed. "Then maybe we'll get a little scow and put a deck house on her and drift it to New Orleans. How'd you like that?"

"Huntin' an' fishin'—there's nothin' I'd like better in the world. How soon can we start? I got thirty dollars left—we won't need much groceries."

Captain Jack smiled slowly.

"You have thirty dollars, have you? Well, I've got that much myself—if the bank isn't busted. Let's go downtown and get an outfit."

At the Fourth National Bank Captain Jack wrote a check and gave it to the paying teller.

"In hundreds," the pilot requested.

An unbroken package of greenbacks slid from under the brass grille. Captain Jack broke the paper ribbon which bound them and dealt ten of the notes from the top of the stack. He handed them to Jimmy Rivet.

"Put these with your thirty dollars and let's get an outfit."

The boy's eyes widened.

"Holy catfish!" he exclaimed. "Ten heavy frog-skin centuries! A thousan' iron ones! An' you lookin' f'r a job pilotin' a measly steamboat!"

"I'm looking for an outfit to last us a while on Driftwood Bend," Captain Jack corrected. "Let's get it."

Presently in the Pilots' Association Captain Jack's absence began to be remarked. "Haven't seen him for a long time. Visiting his people probably, down in Kentucky."

"Didn't know he had any people."

"He's got a father down there."

"His father died more than ten years ago."

Three hundred feet from the river's margin, locked fast in the débris of Driftwood Bend, there lay a house whose twisted fabric had substantially withstood the stresses of its downstream journey. In the attic of this house, that being all of the structure above water, Captain Jack and Jimmy Rivet established their camp.

The attic floor was broken and old, but planks retrieved from the abundant surrounding supply presently covered the holes in the floor.

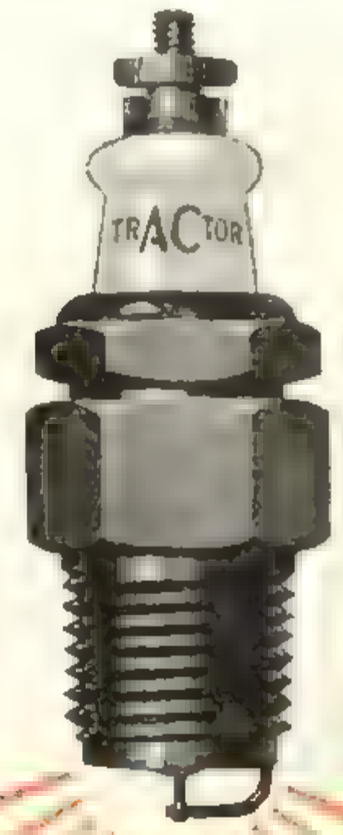
"So that if you walk in your sleep," Jimmy Rivet said, "you won't have to swim back to bed."

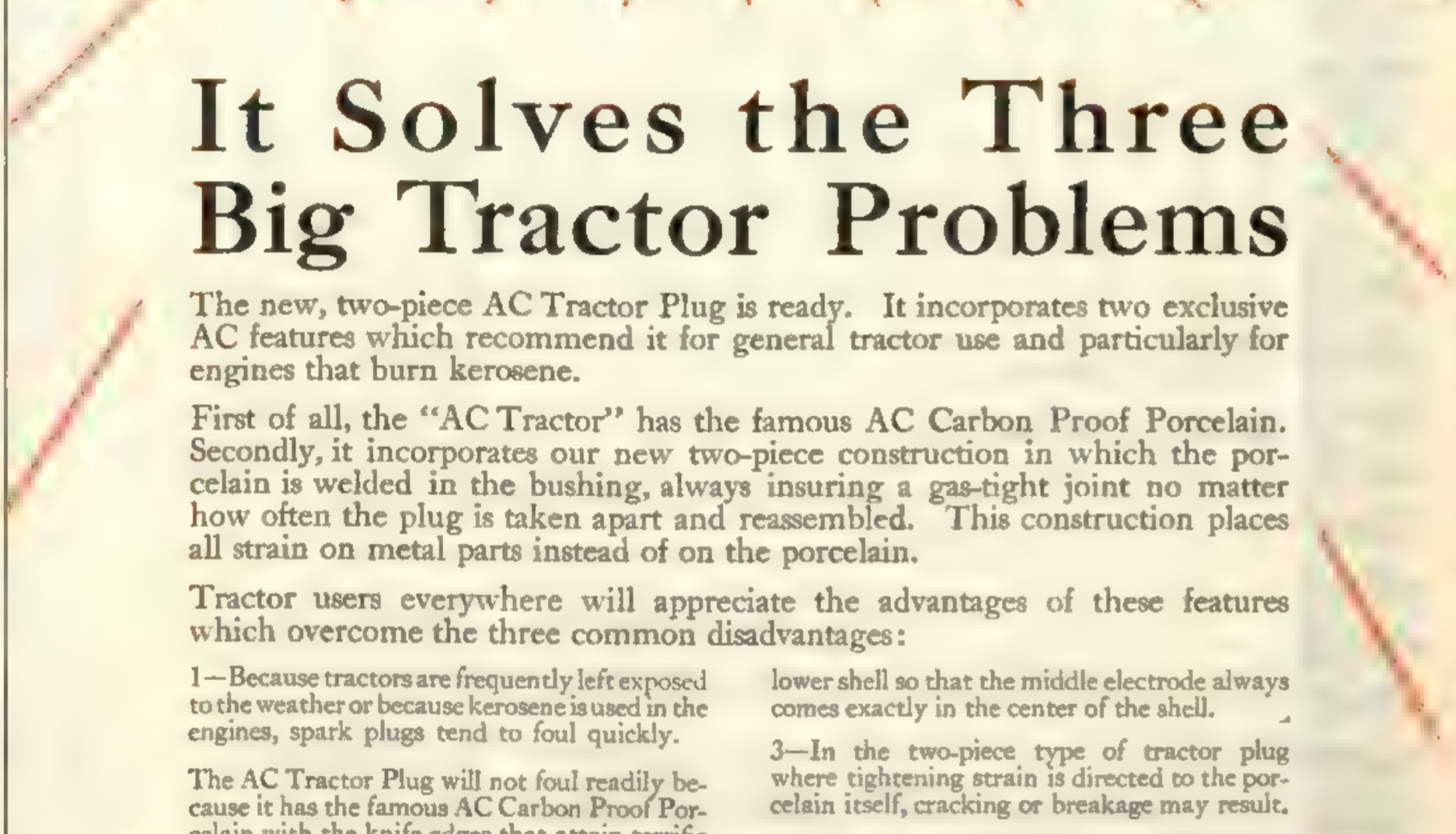
From a ledge of shale a mile upstream the pair brought great flat slabs of stone and pretty soon a cooking fire burned on an outdoor hearth.

(Continued on Page 70

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Tractor Type

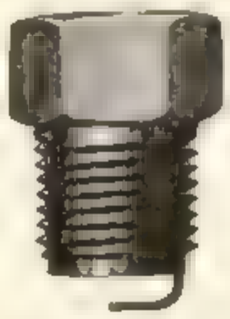




"AC Tractor" Porcelain-Bushing Assembly

The porcelain is welded right in the bushing, insuring a gas-tight joint at all times. Note the sharp edges of the porcelain. These knife-edges attain great heat which burns off carbon as fast as it forms. This is the famous AC Carbon Proof construction.

A copper-asbestos gasket, which is seated in the shell at the base of the bushing, is an added precaution against gas leakage.



"AC Tractor" Shell

This shell and the porcelain are ground concentric. Thus there the middle electrode always comes directly in the center when the plug is assembled. The porcelain-bushing assembly is screwed into this shell. No matter how tightly the fit is made, the strain always comes on the metal, never on the porcelain.

It Solves the Three Big Tractor Problems

The new, two-piece AC Tractor Plug is ready. It incorporates two exclusive AC features which recommend it for general tractor use and particularly for engines that burn kerosene.

First of all, the "AC Tractor" has the famous AC Carbon Proof Porcelain. Secondly, it incorporates our new two-piece construction in which the porcelain is welded in the bushing, always insuring a gas-tight joint no matter how often the plug is taken apart and reassembled. This construction places all strain on metal parts instead of on the porcelain.

Tractor users everywhere will appreciate the advantages of these features which overcome the three common disadvantages:

1—Because tractors are frequently left exposed to the weather or because kerosene is used in the engines, spark plugs tend to foul quickly.

The AC Tractor Plug will not foul readily because it has the famous AC Carbon Proof Porcelain with the knife edges that attain terrific heat which burns off carbon as it is formed.

2—After the average plug is taken apart for cleaning, there is danger lest a gas-tight joint may not be secured in reassembling. A leaky joint means a quickly ruined porcelain.

The AC Tractor Plug with its welded porcelain-bushing assembly is always gas-tight. Furthermore the bushing is ground concentric with the lower shell so that the middle electrode always comes exactly in the center of the shell.

3—In the two-piece type of tractor plug where tightening strain is directed to the porcelain itself, cracking or breakage may result.

The "AC Tractor" design puts all tightening stress on metal parts where it belongs. No strain whatever is transmitted to the porcelain.

This AC Tractor Plug is no experiment. It has been thoroughly tested and proved in every type of gasoline and kerosene burning engine.

Your dealer can supply you with these plugs now. Equip your tractor with them and see how they put an end to your spark plug troubles.

Champion Ignition Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

When the Beggar Held Trumps!

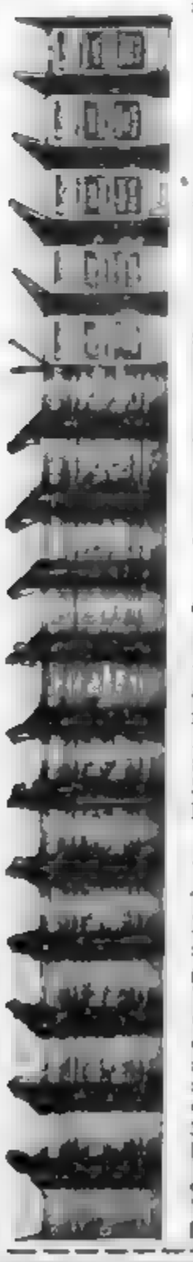
HE was a millionaire—powerful—aloof—used to the best that life could give—yet he was lonely and worried. He had a wife abroad—wild rumors there were about her—

This beggar who sat opposite to him now—who ten minutes before begged a meal—why did he sit gazing—stupefied—transformed—what did he see—what did he know—what connection had he with that beautiful picture overhead—that painting of the millionaire's wife?

O. HENRY

With swift, sure strokes he drives his story home. Never a word is wasted. From the first word the interest starts and you are carried on in the sure magic of his vivid sentences to a climax so unexpected that it draws you up sharply.

He finds romance everywhere—around the corner—in the department store—in the shop—in the gutter—on the street corner. He laughs when he preaches and preaches when he laughs. He sees what no one else sees—but he sees what we have all subconsciously seen and makes us wonder why we never thought of it before. Join the 232,000 who have made him their own!



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(Continued from Page 68)

"If we had a real stove we could cook inside," Jimmy Rivet observed upon a day when the weather was all rain.

The black pool into which the attic stairs led from the floor on which they lived exercised a constant fascination for the boy.

"Wonder what's downstairs?"

"If we had a diving suit we might find out," Captain Jack answered.

"I'm going to try it without any."

The boy stripped and spent an hour exploring the submarine ground floor of his home.

"They's something there," he announced. "An' something floatin' against the attic floor."

Captain Jack smiled.

"Look out you don't get lost!"

Next day Jimmy searched round the drift field until he found a timber through which there were half a dozen long spikes. He chopped these out and hammered a bend into them. Then with wire he bound four of them together in the form of a grappling hook.

"I'll get a pole," Captain Jack said, "and shove her way over under the water to the corner of the room and you haul in whatever she picks up."

The grappling hook was carefully extended on the end of a limber willow until it encountered the wall of the submerged room. Captain Jack jerked the willow away quickly and the hook settled to the floor of the room.

When the slack was out of the line Jimmy Rivet's face changed.

"I've got something!" he exclaimed.

He hauled in his line until it became vertical with the suspended load. Carefully he drew his catch clear of the stairway below water.

"Whatever she is, she weighs soggy for her size," the boy said.

The prize came to the surface. With its wire guards locked in the grappling hook, its unbroken globe half filled with sand, the catch was hauled above water.

It was a lantern!

"Not bad for the first time," the boy said. "I'll snag a stove this time. Git the pole and shove her 'way over in the corner."

But Captain Jack had turned away. He walked out upon the broad field of driftwood.

"You'll catch a steamboat if you keep on," he said, "I'm going for a walk. Might be a boat pass—or something."

Until night fell Captain Jack lay on a great log near the water edge of the field of drift. Three steamboats passed him during the course of the day. He followed them with his eyes until they faded into the haze that lay in the bend of the stream below.

At evening Jimmy called him to supper.

"I got us a couple of quail and some frog legs and a rabbit and a chunky little catfish. Hungry?"

Captain Jack wasn't very hungry.

"I cleaned that lantern up I caught. She's as good as new. That's her that's hangin' by the door."

"Better shield her on the channel side," Captain Jack said. "Some mud clerk will be writing her in the log for a new range light if we don't."

"Never thought of that," the boy said. "We don't want no boats plowin' through the house. I'll fix it after supper."

A pilot on a Lee Line packet headed downstream saw the gleam of the lantern.

"A light ten feet above water surface near the channel edge of Driftwood Bend," he said to his cub. "Enter it on the log."

Colonel McDonald sent one of his assistant engineers to the stranded Gilmore.

"Make a report on her position with a view to salvaging the engines and boilers," he directed.

The engineer fought tangled underbrush and man-eating mosquitoes for two weeks and returned with the essential data. He wrote his report and delivered it to the colonel.

"If the railroad will build three miles of branch line we could build a corduroy road to where the boat lays. The cost of the railroad would be about a hundred thousand dollars. Clearing and grading a wagon road through the swamp," he said, "and surfacing it with poles so it would carry loaded wagons would cost about fifty thousand. The total salvage value of everything which could be removed from the boat is less than thirty thousand dollars, so if we go ahead with this deal it means a net loss of half the cost of a new boat. I recommend that we abandon her."

The colonel acted on this recommendation.

"Send a messenger down there to bring the watchman back," he directed, "and let her go to the devil. The new boat will be launched in a few weeks. She'll do ten times as much work as the Gilmore did."

And thus the Gilmore was abandoned in the solitude of Sunflower Bayou.

With the passage of the long days Captain Jack came to spend much of his time along the channel margin of Driftwood Bend. To Jimmy Rivet it seemed as if his captain's mood changed daily. There came a time when the sound of the whistle of a distant steamboat meant that in Captain Jack's eyes would come a heavy melancholy.

"Mopin' about losin' his boat," thought the boy. "Best thing we can do is to get out of here where he won't hear these steamboats."

"Wonder how it would be campin' in the woods?" he said to Captain Jack. "Way in where we won't be woke up all the time with these steamboat whistles. Couldn't be any loneher than this, no matter how far in we was."

Captain Jack studied for a minute before he decided.

"Maybe that would be a good scheme," he finally said. "Sling the things together and we'll head into the jungle."

"Why not drift over to Sunflower Bayou where we left the boat and see what she looks like?" Jimmy suggested.

The pilot's eyes brightened.

"That's the best plan of all. We could camp on her. Be a pretty handy place to live, now that the rainy season has commenced. There's deer in there and lots of fish in the bayou. I guess we wouldn't starve to death."

"How do we go—overland or head downstream in the skiff?"

"I don't want anything to do with the river," Captain Jack replied. "We'll head overland."

On the following morning the pair started their journey to the Gilmore. Traveling slowly, they accomplished the trip in four days. Together they marched over the intervening miles and together they came upon the deserted boat, stranded in the mud of Sunflower Bayou.

"Hasn't changed a bit!" Captain Jack observed. They climbed aboard over the guards and walked aft to the engine room. "Seems like a haunted house, some way," the pilot remarked to his companion. "I'm sure glad you're here, Jimmy."

The pair mounted the stairs into the main cabin.

"I'll take my old quarters," Captain Jack said, "and you rig yourself up over there in the chief engineer's stateroom. Handy thing she settled on an even keel."

He looked at the clock on the cabin wall.

"Start that clock when you get a chance, so she won't rust her bearings."

In an hour they were settled in their new quarters. They discovered that the contents of the storeroom adjoining the galley were undisturbed.

"Provisions enough here," remarked Jimmy Rivet, "to last us a year."

"We'll touch none of it," Captain Jack replied. "It's government stuff."

"Where'll we cook?" the boy asked.

"It's all right to use the range in the galley, but so far as the supplies go we'll leave 'em as we find 'em."

On the long table in the cabin, scattered as they had been left the day the crew deserted the Gilmore, lay a pack of cards. With these, while Jimmy Rivet was foraging in the woods or fishing in the bayou, Captain Jack played endless games of solitaire.

There came a day when the great cabin of the boat was cold.

"This place will freeze us to death if we don't heat it up," Captain Jack remarked. "Might be a good plan to carry a little steam in the nigger boiler below."

The pair went to the main deck and in a little while an auxiliary boiler was carrying a low head of steam. Immediately the character of the boat seemed to undergo a change which both of her passengers remarked.

"If we only had water under her the two of us could fire up her main boilers and cruise round."

"She's had her last cruise," Captain Jack replied. "We can clear her wheel though and give her steam enough to turn her engines over."

This they did after working strenuously for a week to get the great paddle wheel clear of the mud which had settled round it. One morning with the steam gauge showing eighty pounds Jimmy Rivet whirled the wheel of the throttle valve and ever so slowly the paddle wheel revolved.

At evening Captain Jack lighted the lantern which Jimmy had fished from the water inside the submerged house in Driftwood Bend. He made the lantern fast to a line which ran through the sheave at the top of the jackstaff.

"When you carry steam you have to show a light for'd," he said half seriously. "Regulations—we don't want to break any rules."

A wizard on a slow green, Colonel McDonald welcomed the rainy season for its good effect on his golf score. Uncle Tip, down on the levee, laid awake nights and cursed Nature in all her humidity.

"I'll git me a job in a land where there ain't no rain," he threatened on the thirty-fourth consecutive rainy day.

In his office the colonel read an invitation from the builders of the new steamboat in which they requested his presence at the launching. He decided to accept the invitation.

"Tell these people I'll be there," he said to his chief clerk, who had answered his summons. He had important visions of a beautiful girl hammering the new boat on the nose with a bottle of sparkling cider.

"I christen thee King. Slide, damn you! Slide!"

And maybe a banquet afterward with speeches by leading inmates of the city.

"Mister Chairman, ladees an' gentlem'n ——"

One of the colonel's assistant engineers stood before the desk.

"Colonel, I want to call your attention to these gauge readings and this rainfall run-off curve."

The engineer laid a sheaf of papers on the colonel's desk. The colonel studied the rainfall curve for a moment. Suddenly he got to his feet.

"Great gad! Are you sure your figures are right! Ask Williams to come in! Get one of those stenographers!"

The chief clerk came in.

"Flood water again!" the colonel announced. "The Missouri over her banks this time to make it worse. Get the wires out to the lower country—everything has gone to hell up above!"

He nodded at the stenographer.

"Wire the Ohio River stations to send us hourly readings and wire the builders to launch the King without waiting for the paint on her to dry. A damned repeater—or worse!"

And a dismal desperate repeater the flood proved to be.

Jimmy Rivet baited a small hook with a sliver of rabbit meat. He wedged the cork to the line three feet from the hook and made his cast into the muddy water of Sunflower Bayou.

"I'll let her drift down against that cypress snag where the bullheads feed and f'r dinner we'll have rabbit and fried catfish."

But she didn't drift down worth a cent.

The boy watched the cork languidly for a minute and then he made another cast.

"Ain't no current at all to-day," he observed.

Presently the cork floated upstream from the outstretched pole. The boy remarked this for a little while and suddenly the significance of the phenomenon translated to a meaning which instantly roused him.

"She's flood water! The river's backin' into th' bayou again!"

He raced through the tangle of vines along the margin of the bayou until he came upon the Gilmore.

"Whoooe-e-e!" he called. "Cap'n Jack! Oh, Cap'n Jack!"

The pilot appeared on the boiler deck of the Gilmore.

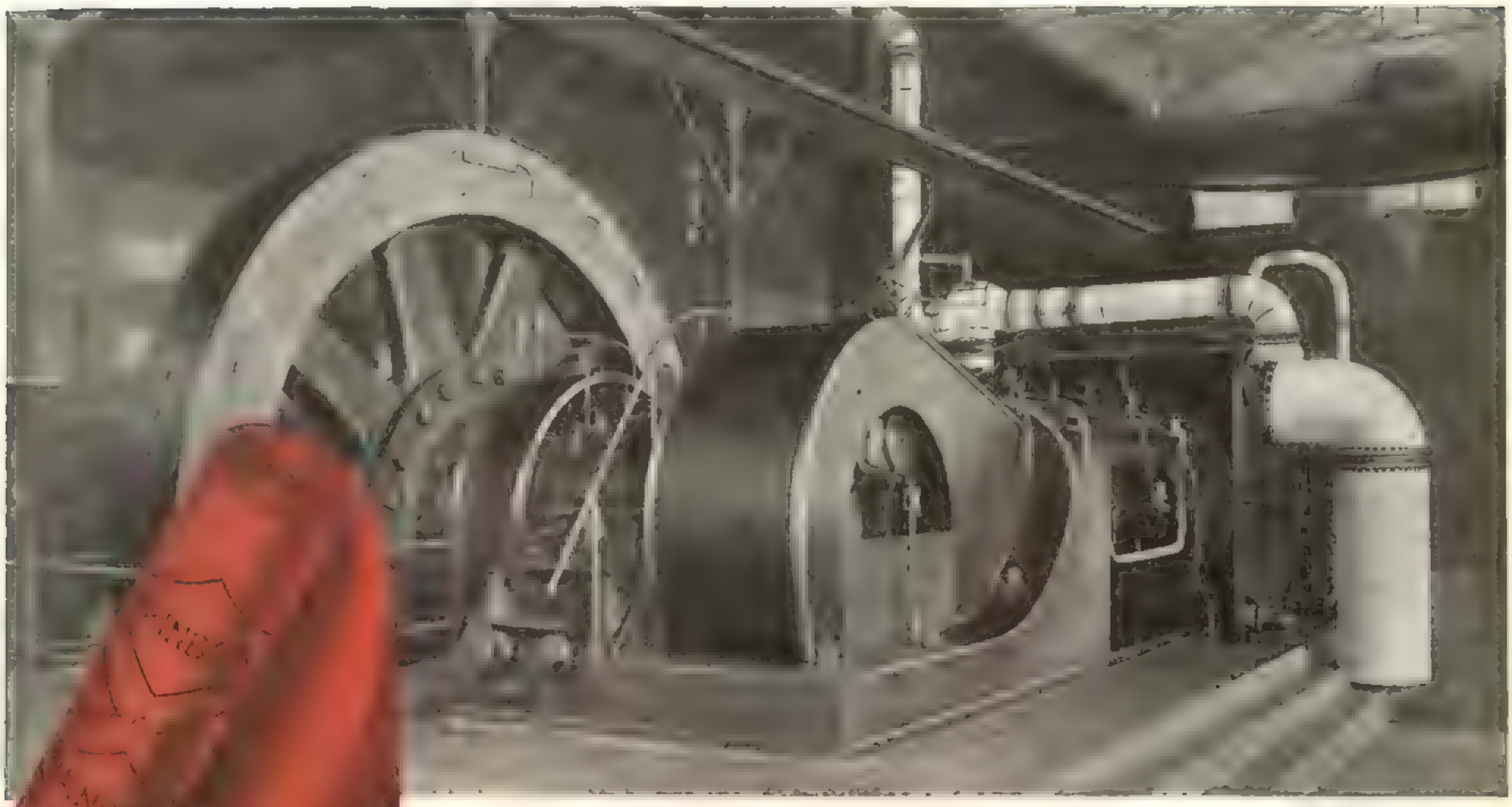
"Backwater!" the panting boy called. "She's floodin' again! She's runnin' upstream half a mile down f'm here!"

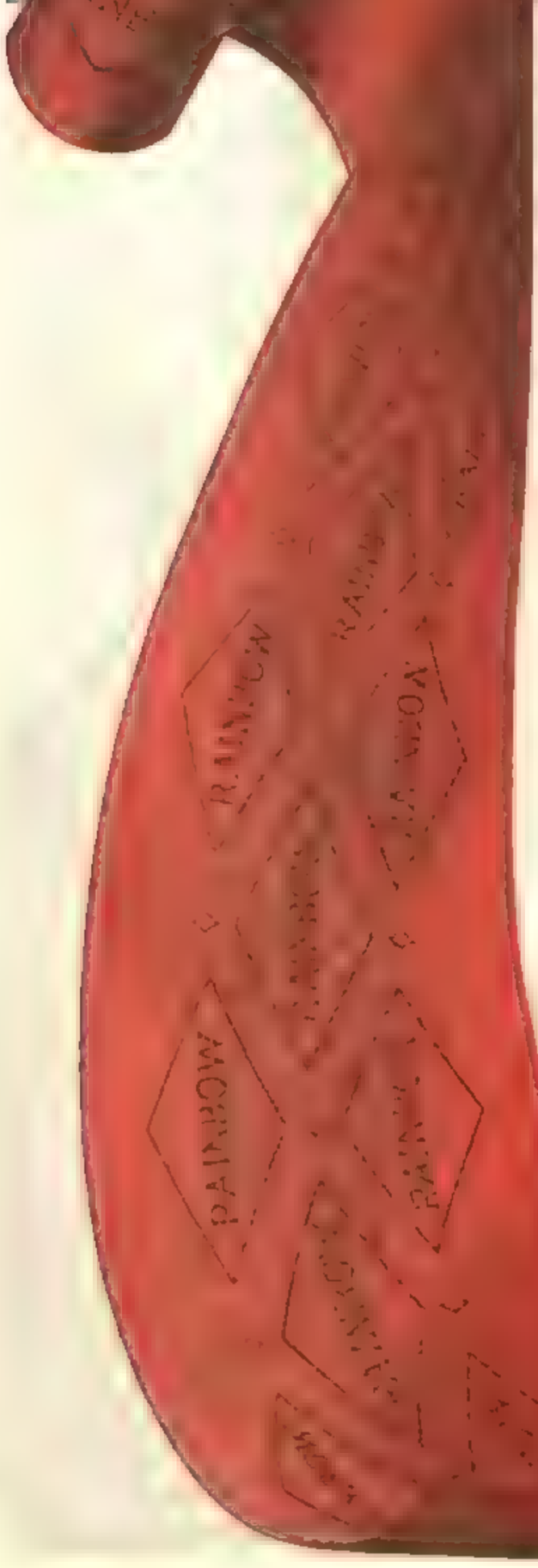
Even at that moment the languid currents that grazed the Gilmore's hull had been lost in the opposing flow from the flooded areas below.

Instant action and a desperate coolness marked the pilot's course.

"Get a fire under the nigger boiler and get that boiler feed pump working," he directed. "This boat's hull is stuck fast in

(Concluded on Page 73)





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(Concluded from Page 70)

the mud and she'll never float if we can't wash her clear with the wheel."

He ran forward to the main boilers. An inch of water showed in the gauge glasses.

"Enough," he said.

"On a mass of shattered boxes in the fire box of the starboard battery he threw a bucket of coal oil and a moment later a great flame was roaring through the flues. He covered the fire lightly with a sprinkle of coal. Then with an ax he split the dry pine walls of an empty coal bunker into manageable sticks of firewood.

He called back to Jimmy Rivet.

"Come for'd and help me break out this suction hose."

Together they uncoiled a fifty-foot length of suction hose. One end they connected to the feed pump, the other with its brass strainer was dropped into the muddy waters of the bayou.

"When you get forty pounds on the gauge give me half a boiler full—and not more. We'll need steam here mighty quick. We can't turn the engines over with less than fifty pounds in the main line."

The Gilmore's deck was awash with the flood waters before the vacuum of her viscid cradle was destroyed by the backwash of the paddle wheel. The great buoyant fabric of her hull lifted clear finally and floated once more in its appropriate element.

"Shut her off! Stop her!" Captain Jack yelled. "She'll climb the bank in a second."

On the bank of Sunflower Bayou appeared a negro farmer and his family.

"Cap'n, I never seed a handier steamboat in all my days," he called. "Kinn us all come 'boa'd?"

"You and that biggest boy come for'd here," Captain Jack ordered after the first of the refugees were aboard. "You open that iron door whenever that fire inside shows any black spots and hit 'em with a shovelful of coal. See the hand on that clock?" Captain Jack pointed to the steam gauge. "You keep that hand pointing straight up or I'll skin you with that shovel!"

"Cap'n, yaas suh! Ol' steamboat sho' needs steam, else how come kin it run?"

In the Gilmore's pilot house Captain Jack stepped on the whistle lever. The great roaring signal carried far across the flooding country.

When the water went over the banks of Sunflower Bayou there were a hundred fugitives on board the boat. From these Captain Jack named his assistants. Jimmy Rivet in the engine room was presently aided by half a dozen oilers.

"You stick at that throttle," Captain Jack ordered.

"So long as you're at the wheel," the boy answered.

In the boiler room three shifts of firemen and coal passers kept the live steam leaping to the engines.

And with this makeshift crew the Gilmore once again picked up all the inhabitants of the Sunflower-Bayou country. On the second night she steamed through the flood for the open river.

"Stick to it, pardner!" Captain Jack called through the tube to his engineer. "Very tired?"

"I ain't tired an' I ain't hungry n'r sleepy," the boy called back. "But I aim to be—after we land this mob. Where we at now?" he asked.

"Another five miles and we're in the open river—near Dog Island," the pilot answered.

Racing upstream toward the Sunflower Bayou with Colonel McDonald in personal command, the King, newly launched, voyaged out on her first rescue trip. There had been no formal launching, no subsequent banquet, no speech making. Nothing but a tense effort to beat Death in his race on the flood crest.

At midnight a skiff putting out from shore delivered a handful of telegrams to Colonel McDonald. He read them in the dimness of the pilot house of the King.

"Inland from Dog Island. I'm afraid the Sunflower Bayou people are gone. Hardly a chance."

"No chance at all, colonel, unless they load up in skiffs—and none of those inland farmers have skiffs. No chance at all—water's been twenty feet deep over that land for three days."

A red light showed faintly in the darkness across the flood two miles upstream.

"Here comes somebody!" the pilot said. He reached for his glasses. "Can't make him—one of the Lee Line probably."

Then from the boat upstream there came two faint blasts of her whistle—her passing signal. The pilot at the wheel of the King stood transfixed for an instant.

"I'm a liar or crazy, colonel. But that's the whistle of—of the Gilmore! Maybe she's ——"

"Answer him! Whistle him down! Stop him!" The colonel abandoned his official reserve. He jumped for the searchlight switch and in an instant a great white flare leaped through the night. It flooded fair on the pilot house of the boat upstream and swept the length of her decks.

In the one flash the colonel read her name as his pilot had recognized her from her lines.

"The Gilmore!"

"And solid with people!"

"Make fast 'longside!" the colonel called through a megaphone.

"Who are you?" Captain Jack called back.

"Steamer King—Colonel McDonald!"

"Stand by to take a line!" Captain Jack ordered. "Hello, colonel!"

On the black waters the boats edged slowly together. At the instant of their contact Colonel McDonald jumped aboard the Gilmore.

The mate of the King called to his pilot, "All fast, sir!"

Captain Jack rang three bells to the engine room of the Gilmore.

"You're off watch, Jimmy, pardner!" he called through the tube. "Come up here! We're done!"

Colonel McDonald entered the pilot house of the Gilmore. He put his arm about Captain Jack's shoulders.

"Magnificent!" he said. "I have—I have needed you, Captain Jack."

The pilot saw the lantern lowering from the jackstaff of the Gilmore.

"It's been very lonesome, colonel away from the river and all of the the old gang."

Jimmy Rivet, carrying the lantern he had fished from the house at Driftwood, entered the pilot house. He saw the two figures.

"Here's our lantern, Captain Jack," the boy said. "I'll put it with your stuff in your stateroom."

"My chief engineer, Jimmy Rivet, colonel," Captain Jack said. "If he needs sleep as much as I do ——"

"Come on board the King—both of you—officially," the colonel directed.

"Officially? You—do you mean I'm a pilot again?" Captain Jack's voice lowered in its earnestness.

"There's six pilots on her now," the colonel said, "and as long as you've got a chief engineer you'd better keep him. Come aboard as master of the boat—we can date your papers to-day—sort of a souvenir."

Carrying the lantern of Driftwood Bend, Jimmy Rivet, chief engineer, followed the colonel and the new master of the King.

"After you, sir," the colonel said to Captain Jack at the for'd stairway of the King. "She's your boat."

The old Mississip' sensed a new turn of affairs.

"Colonel's showing a little sense after all," she mused. "I'll have to cut out this flood business and quit worrying the old golferino."

NEW FEET UNDER THE TABLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Anyhow that was my reaction and I determined to express what I was driving at in about three sentences that any workman able to read English could get if he gave the little creed the once-over. It was one of the stiffest jobs I ever attempted, but finally I boiled my convictions down into these terms:

"That labor bought at less than the current wage is an expensive purchase, because it means lack of enthusiasm on the worker's part. That a man or woman works best who has a financial interest above wages in the success of the business. That teamwork wins in baseball, battles and business.

"Then the next problem was how to give these convictions the real kick in practical results. I have always had the notion that every worker, no matter in how humble a position, has the ability to think if it can only be roused and developed. The purpose of the coöperative plan that I was trying to formulate was to draw out that latent thinking ability on the part of every employee of the company and to demonstrate in a practical and substantial way that it pays the worker to think for his employer. This purpose led as straight as the crow flies to the main pillars of our plan: A fair share in the profits by the employees and an established and open means of communication and contact between the employees and the management that would inspire confidence and coöperation, stimulate constructive thinking and educate the employees into an understanding that the management was putting all the cards on the table face up and holding nothing out on them."

The conviction was strong with Mr. Cary that the first step was to get freely chosen representatives of the workers to put their feet under the table along with his own and those of the superintendent and then to get these men to understand that the job before the conference was to work out a plan that would give them and those they represented an actual say in the operation of the business so far as everything affecting labor was concerned and an actual and substantial participation in the profits of the company.

Any plan worked out through this informal contact was to be their plan more than his; they were to be educated into the understanding that the responsibility for any formal machinery in the way of a fixed plan was up to them. The machinery of conference and coöperation at the Browning plant is just as simple to-day as it was when the first meeting was held almost two years ago. In fact it is as informal as the barn dance—and much less strenuous. It is called the men's meeting and is held twice a month in the president's office.

Two secretly elected representatives from each department of the plant are present. No foremen allowed!

When they sit down at the big table a box of cigars is passed round and business begins. Mr. Cary confesses that at the start the men were a little shy and disinclined to talk.

"But," admits Mr. Cary, "most of the men have learned how to open up their mufflers so that we can hear them making the grade on high. They have learned how to stand on their feet and tell the meeting all about the things that are on their chests. I consider this in itself something of an achievement."

There is a general understanding that the men's meeting is for the purpose of considering constructive suggestions, but that term is given a broad interpretation so far as the scope of the discussion is concerned. In the single page of the shop booklet known as The Browning Platform occurs this sentence: "No suggestion is ever discarded until it has been definitely proved impractical—the good suggestions go into use promptly."

Diligent inquiry throughout the plant and talks with the workers go to prove that this statement holds good a hundred per cent.

The only formality in connection with any of these men's meetings is the taking of careful notes and the subsequent posting of a full copy of the minutes of the meeting on every bulletin board throughout the plant. This is done so that every employee may know precisely what has transpired at the men's meetings and may discuss with their representatives the disposal of any suggestions offered through them. These bulletins are carefully scrutinized and employee representatives are often called upon to do considerable explaining.

No matter how informal may be the structure of the men's meeting and the employee representation which it stands for, there is nothing loose-jointed or indefinite about the profit-share plan, which is the real ginger of the coöperative effort. The clutch was thrown into this plan on June 18, 1918.

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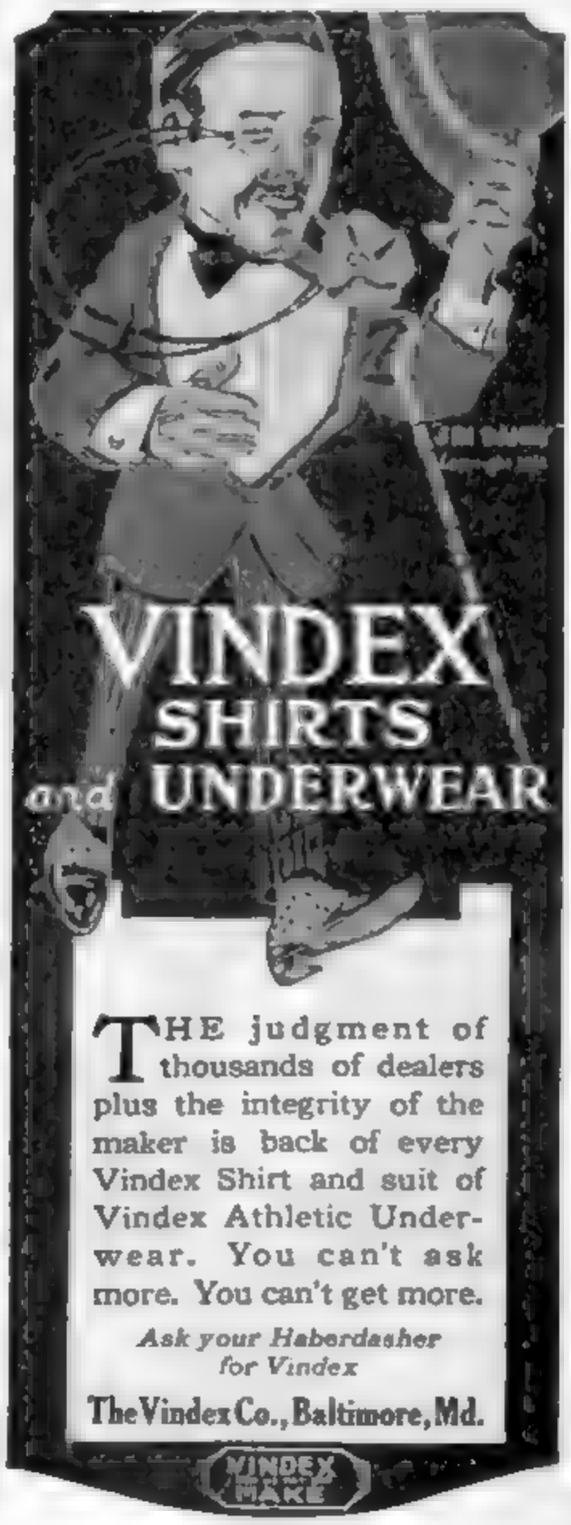
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Here is the document in which it was defined to the force of workers:

"For purposes of figuring your share in the profits the year is divided into quarters, starting with July. There will be set aside from the net profits, exclusive of war tax, each quarter 1¾% of the invested capital, then 10% of the remaining profits will be distributed as a cash profit share among the employees pro rata over the total amount of pay roll for that quarter.

"This cash profit sharing will be based upon an annually increasing percentage of actual salary or wages earned during continuous service—to wit: An employee of one year's standing or less but more than three months receives a profit share on an amount equal to his or her salary plus 10%. Each year's continuous service adds 10% to the wages earned up to and including the fifth year. After five years' continuous service the profit share is based upon the amount of wages earned plus 50%. All employees who have been on the pay roll since January 1, 1914, continuously will be considered in the five-year class."

Practical Examples

"Cash payment by separate check will be made on the first pay day in each November, February, May and August. Only those on the pay roll at date of payment and who have been in our service the entire quarter will be entitled to cash profit share.

"Employees voluntarily leaving the company or discharged will forfeit all right to share in any profits.

"Death of an employee shall not be a cause of forfeiture, and the pro rata share of the deceased employee's profit share will be paid to the family or dependents.

"The directors reserve the right to change this plan any time they may consider advisable for the best interest of the organization.

"Under this plan every man, woman and boy on the Browning team profits from the good work—mental or muscular—of every fellow worker and official."

As examples of how this works out in actual practice here are two dividend slips which tell the story in concrete terms:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, August 5, 1919

To WILLIAM ECK, laborer, No. 421

Inclosed please find check in payment of your proportion of the profit share

THIS AMOUNT IS ARRIVED AT AS FOLLOWS:

Total wages paid you in April May and June	$290 37
Your class under profit-sharing plan 100%	290 37
Amount of your profit share at 14.5%	42 10

Please deposit your check promptly
Profit share No. 5. THE BROWNING COMPANY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, August 5, 1919

To STANISLAUS JAHN, machinist, No. 403

Inclosed please find check in payment of your proportion of the profit share

THIS AMOUNT IS ARRIVED AT AS FOLLOWS

Total wages paid you in April May and June	$578 58
Your class under profit-sharing plan 150%	867 87
Amount of your profit share at 14.5%	125.84

Please deposit your check promptly.
Profit share No. 5. THE BROWNING COMPANY.

"I wanted," said President Cary, "to offer our employees a specific and tangible share in all the profits that they helped to create. I was determined that the men should know that they were not working under a stimulus that was subject to my personal stomach conditions at the time when the dividend happened to be figured and that every man on the pay roll would know that if by taking thought he was able to save anything in the way of materials, supplies or time he was saving for himself as well as for the company and that his per cent was a sure thing

"I have made the offer in open men's meetings to open up the books of the company to the employees' representatives, but this offer was declined as unnecessary Also I have invited the employees to name a committee of five competent representatives to examine and report upon the statements of certified accountants regularly employed to make an analysis of our books and business condition. This suggestion has not been accepted, but I am inclined to urge it to the point of insistence as a matter of educating the men in the responsibilities, difficulties and details of management. They believe that we are telling them the truth about our profits, but I want them to know the facts from the records.

"There are a few points about the evolution of our plans and the results that it has given that I should like to make plain. At the outset I confess that I was a little discouraged because the men didn't open up on the important things but seemed inclined to talk about hooks on which to hang their hats and other trifles of that sort. They appeared to be not only embarrassed but bored. Then I woke up to the fact that I had to sell them the idea that the customer was the big boss over us all and that the time had also come to sell the directors the idea that it was up to us to make a split with the employees as to our common-stock dividends. Both of these things were done. The results were immediate. In six months the plant showed a 32½ per cent increase in pounds of product shipped and only a 5 per cent increase in the man hours required to produce it."

The Spirit of Thrift

"Our experience convinces me that any scheme of employees' representation is of no account without a plan that gives the workers a definite and substantial share of the profits. Certainly it took the profit-sharing plan to put real pep into coöperation in this plant. I have already indicated that our plan of employee representation is an evolution. For example, at first the white-collar contingent—the members of the office force—had no representation in the men's meetings. They came in after the profit-sharing plan was adopted. In the first meeting at which the billing department had a representative he declared:

"'We've been careless in not turning off lights and fans when they were not needed. I can see that that sort of thing eats into our profits and I'll give my word that there is going to be a stop put to it in our department.'

"There you have it—our profits! At the first session that he attended this man instantly caught the idea that the profits of the company were a jack pot in which every employee had his ante, so to speak. The profit-pot idea is what puts the punch into coöperation all along the line. Our whole force of employees seem to be saturated with the idea that it is up to them to keep up the condition of the plant, to save materials, supplies and papers and

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ROTHSCHILD

Star Hats Longley Hats

The identification mark of good hats . . . finely-made . . . manly in fashion . . . Nowhere will you find more quality, better style. At your hatter's see the many new styles and colors of Rothschild Star and Longley Hats; all first quality. You can't but like them.

For over a half century worn by discriminating gentlemen. They're most desirable to buy—and wear.

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.
"All the new ones all the time"
St. Louis Chicago

I earn the money for all my extras

and many of my necessities. Without previous experience I found the open door to a bigger income. *Says a World's Star Representative.*

You can do the same

You may need more money for actual necessities—to meet the higher rents or the payments on your home, for clothes, or to educate your children.

You can, if you will, increase your income to meet your actual needs and to provide the extras, too.

Do as 17,800 Other Women Have Already Done, Sell

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

to your friends and neighbors. It is easy to do. The first sale almost invariably means additional orders and you soon build a permanent, profitable business.

No Previous Experience Needed

Many of our best representatives started without any previous experience. They found selling easy and profitable

Write Today for Illustrated Catalog and complete information. Decide as to your spare time to using World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear. It means financial independence for you

Write Us Today

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO
DEPT 328. BAY CITY MICH

Over 24 Years in Business

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improve processes and products wherever they can.

"If any man runs his record for errors above the normal and thereby spoils materials or tools his associates are not slow to tell him that this sort of thing cuts into their profits as well as those of the company. The employee representative from that department immediately begins to take an interest in him—and a mighty kindly one too. If possible the reason for the error is located. Sometimes a worker's efficiency is chopped to pieces by trouble at home or by financial worries. In cases of this kind word is promptly carried to the head office and an effort is made to remove the cause of the trouble. If the errors come from a lack of proper instruction in the work that the man is doing this is remedied. If in spite of all the help that can be given the man's score of errors continues to be abnormally high he is shifted to another job in which he has less chance to do damage and pull down the profits.

"In a shop operating under the old practice of unmodified foreman dictation a worker of this kind would be promptly fired. But under the Browning plan a man must do something more than make a few mistakes in order to win a discharge. Firing is coming to be something of a lost art in this concern."

Clean-Up Week

Let me give an example of the interest that the men take in keeping up the condition of the plant: Not long ago on their own initiative the men instituted what they called Clean-up Week. In that week all the men make a job of cleaning up about their machines, the yards and places of work generally. This not only makes the whole plant look better, but it also brings to light a lot of things of a very useful sort that would not otherwise be discovered. Not a few economies, improvements and timely repairs are due to this practice.

"About the first question that any employer of labor asks me in connection with our plan is: 'Has it stabilized your labor?' My answer is that since it has been in operation we have never had a wage demand from our men and that the percentage of our labor turnover has been immensely reduced."

The nearest approach to a wage demand in the Browning plant since the first men's meeting was held was a mild intimation on the part of one of the employees' representatives from an important department that the men wished him to raise the question in the meeting of shorter hours and an advance in pay. All the other workers at the council table admitted that these matters had been generally discussed throughout the shops and that there seemed to be a definite understanding as to what the men would like to have done. It was agreed that the workers felt that they were entitled to an increase of about 20 per cent in pay and that they would like to have the working day reduced from nine hours to eight. Then the president of the Company said substantially this:

"Let's talk about hours first. We are now in after-the-war conditions and up against the real thing so far as the pressure of competition is concerned. It is necessary not only to keep production up to the point where it is now, but to prevent handicapping it with any greater cost than it is now carrying. Any failure to hew to this line is going to cut into our profits—yours as well as those of the shareholders. Now if any way can be found by which an hour can be lopped off from the working day without diminishing the volume or increasing the cost of production I'll be just as much pleased as any man in the shops."

Instantly one of the employee representatives responded that the men had thought of this and had talked it all over and reached the conclusion that they wanted to undertake to prove that they could do as much work in an eight-hour day as in one of nine hours.

"All right," answered President Cary. "I like the spirit of that proposal, but there are some things that you may not have taken into consideration. For example, you all know that there are a lot of machines in various departments that are now going at their maximum and cannot be speeded up. This means that some other department must take up that slack in addition to doing their own share of absorbing the loss of the hour in the day's production. If you want to go ahead after a careful consideration of this point then I am for it and the eight-hour day will be enforced."

The men in those departments that would have to carry a double burden of increased production agreed to the plan and it was promptly put into operation. There was no drop in production whatever. The most striking difference was in the quickness of the pick-up after the whistle blew. Almost instantly after this signal the power plant was carrying its full load, which showed that every machine in the works had been put in readiness to start before the blowing of the whistle. Previously the full load would not have been on for fifteen to thirty minutes.

But to return to the meeting at which the workers had suggested a shorter day and increase in wage. President Cary met the problem of a suggested increase just as frankly and squarely as he had met that of a shorter day. He explained in detail to the men the specific conditions of competition immediately before them and also revealed the necessity for rather extensive investment in new machinery calculated to speed up production and reduce its cost. He made his explanation very specific and supported his statements with documentary proofs.

No Time for a Raise

While the employee representatives were undeniably disappointed at not being able to report a raise of pay to their shop associates, they were entirely agreed that it was the wrong time at which to ask for an advance. So they went back to their fellows and explained: "We can't afford to crowd for this raise just now. It would not be fair to the company. We want dividends not only now but right along in the future, and to get them the plant and the equipment must be kept up in good shape. We all know that during the war a lot of the machines had been run ragged and these must be replaced. The new machines will mean larger production and larger pay for the men that run them. Then, too, Mr. Cary has agreed to make individual wage advances where they are the most needed and deserved. This will take care of those that feel the strongest pressure for an advance."

The reaction from this incident must have increased Mr. Cary's faith in his plan and the principle of employee cooperation mightily, for the men accepted his explanation at face value and without protest and stuck to their jobs as diligently as ever.

Another occurrence in the Browning plant has afforded much consolation to the management. As no foremen take part in men's meetings—the president of the company and the superintendent of the works being the only management representatives present—a meeting of foremen is held fortnightly. On one of these occasions immediately following the signing of the armistice it was decided that the night force must be laid off. When Mr. Cary suggested that the men who were to be let out should be given two weeks' notice of such action the foremen protested vigorously that such a step was unheard of and contrary to all established precedents in well-regulated industrial families. It simply wasn't done. The men wouldn't be any good from the moment they received their notices until they drew their last pay.

Mr. Cary responded that he didn't care about precedents, that it was the square thing to do to give the men a fortnight's notice that the company couldn't keep them and that he didn't believe that the knowledge that they were to go would pull the production of these men below normal to any serious extent. Therefore he was fully determined to give the notice and see what the consequences would be. Of course this matter was also discussed at the men's meetings and fully explained to the employee representatives.

Some Net Results

They were asked to tell the men of the night force that the management would make every effort to find good jobs elsewhere for those who could not be fitted into the day force. The net of Mr. Cary's novel experiment in giving advance notice to men who were to be let out instead of following the time-honored practice of handing them the red slip at the last minute was as follows:

The men held their production up to normal; the increase in absenteeism among them was insignificant; they did not offer a word of protest or complaint. Positions in other plants were found for twenty-nine of these men and all of them left with the utmost good feeling and with the knowledge that their profit-share dividends would follow them.

To-day nearly all of these men are back in the Browning plant again.

The spirit of Americanism seems to thrive like a burdock under the Browning plan. Cleveland's justly famous socialist parade brought out convincing proof of this. The next morning Superintendent Thomas of the Browning Company noticed a group of workers with fire in their eyes waiting just inside the main gate. When he asked why they didn't go on to their work he received substantially this answer:

"We are just a reception committee for the five Bolshevik guys that marched in that parade yesterday. And it is going to be some little reception too! This is an American plant clear to the backbone and we are not going to have them disgrace the Browning force like that without hearing from us."

At the suggestion of the superintendent, however, they went to their work with the understanding that the matter of discipline for these offenders should be left entirely in

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KANTLEEK

A Rexall PRODUCT

It *Can't* Leak Because it's Made in One Piece

—that's why we guarantee satisfaction or your money back

FROM top to bottom the Kantleek Hot Water Bag is all one piece. There are no seams—no patches—no binding—no splices. The entire bag, stopper socket included, is molded into one continuous piece of soft, pliable rubber. It is an absolutely dependable hot water bag—one that *can't* leak. You can use it safely anywhere.

We *say* it can't leak—we prove it. For every Kantleek Hot Water Bag is guaranteed against leakage for *two years*. Any Rexall Store in this country, regardless of where the purchase was made, will give you a new bottle free if your Kantleek leaks within two years.

If you want this *sure protection* from leaking hot water bags, go to the nearest Rexall Store and ask for a Kantleek. Get this hot water bag that's backed up by the guarantee of over 8000 Rexall Stores—get it today.

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain are the only stores where Kantleek Rubber Goods may be bought. They have been given exclusive sale because they are linked together into one great National Service-giving organization. Rexall Stores are the leading drug stores in their localities.

You can depend on all Kantleek Rubber Goods. The line includes Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices from 40c. to $4.75.

The Hydraulic Interpreters

THE first step at Hydraulic has been described in these articles the step of creating between owners and workers a mutual and sympathetic understanding—an understanding based upon mutual respect for each other's worth and rights.

The permanent establishment of this mutual confidence can, however, only be accomplished through every-day performance, and the principal point of contact through which the men can see the evidence of sincerity on the part of the owners is the superintendent or foreman—the "boss on the job."

Our second step, therefore, has been the training of superintendents and foremen to a true appreciation of their place in the picture. These men, always so important from an operative angle, must become something more. They must become the *custodians of this confidence* which the management is endeavoring to establish between owner and worker.

FRANK LUCAS

"Fa ther Frank"—He was on the fir t Hydrau pay . and has been there ever since.

Questions arise every day in the minds of the workers. To whom can they turn, if not to their foremen or superintendents? Upon their reception depends their whole attitude toward the company. So far as right treatment and recognition of self-respect are concerned, the foremen and superintendents *are* the company in the minds of the men—quite as much as the management and the owners. They are the ones with whom the men actually come in contact, day in and day out. They can plus the best efforts of the company in carrying out the square deal, or they can nullify those efforts. By treating men *as men* they can hold their everlasting loyalty; by treating men like machines they can breed distrust and hate which no amount of welfare work can ever overcome. Their power is great, for good and for evil. Will they, themselves, play square? They will. Every day some Hydraulic superintendent or foreman, as we see him at his work, renews our faith that *men are square.*

And so we find the superintendent, the foreman, gradually becoming the *interpreter of Hydraulic spirit—the translator* of Hydraulic policies—the honored associate of Hydraulic management and the tried and trusted friend of Hydraulic workers. We see him learning to treat men *as men*—to treat them with respect. We see him coming to occupy a close and personal position in their minds, learning the men's difficulties and problems by entering their daily lives—their co-laborer, affected by the things which affect them, bound up with their interests.

How does it work out in practice?

Some one sees the need of a project that makes for the benefit of all. It may be seen by a single worker, by a group of workers, or by the management. It may be a mutual benefit association, or a coöperative store, or a profit sharing plan—or something wholly different. It may be the finest idea in the world, and yet it will fail unless everybody in the organization is in full sympathy with it. And this lack of sympathy may be entirely due to lack of understanding.

Foremen and superintendents are learning at Hydraulic to appreciate their greater responsibility. Day by day they come a step nearer the ideal which the management sees, and which they, themselves, begin to see more clearly. All through the plants, a foreman here, a superintendent there, has learned to give to each new movement (from what ever source it may have sprung) its true interpretation, showing it to be truly *fraternal* and not *paternal*

What is the result? In the first place, much misunderstanding is avoided as to the motive. In the second place, everybody at Hydraulic knows what is proposed almost as soon as it is under way, and long before a positive decision has been reached. Everybody's mind goes to work and suggestions come from all directions. We make every endeavor to see that no man lacks information or opportunity for expression. Every man knows his suggestions will be received with respect, and carefully considered.

Finally, the net result of this policy is that each innovation at Hydraulic is a development which is heard spoken of more and more frequently as "our" development. In this sense the coöperative store is "our store"—the mutual benefit association is "our association"—not the "company's" store, not the "company's" association.

Hydraulic knows full well that any progress which it may have made to date is only a beginning, but it feels that in that word "our" there is expressed the most encouraging sign of progress—progress in which superintendents and foremen play so essential a part. The word means that there is a growing *spirit* among the men, difficult to describe, but recognizable without description by all who know men—a spirit which shall make of Hydraulic a "family"—which shall make Hydraulic "more than a place to work"—a spirit of common interest, common loyalty, common proprietorship, which the word "our," some day on the lips of *all* the men, shall seal with the seal of reality.

This is the tenth of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent free on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

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the hands of the men of the plant. The result was that they were all fired. Two of them were later able to convince the jury that their Americanism was really sound at the core and they were reinstated, but on the basis of new men. This involved a severe punishment in a sacrifice of their percentage in the profit shares.

What do the workers in this plant think of the plan? I talked freely with many of them. One remarked: "Did you see what the last dividend was? I guess that's answer enough. I'll say that the woman in our family is the one who checks up on the dividend check. Every quarter she's right up on her toes watching for it."

Another offered this comment: "The men's meetings give us an idea of what is happening in the company. The management gives us the facts. I can't see that anything is held out on us. We get a square deal and a good place to work in and that's all I want. All the men, so far as I can learn, like the plan and the treatment they get under it. If anything isn't right they have the means of telling the head of the company all about it—and no come-back either. It's fixed and fixed right and every man gets his share in what he saves or adds to the profits in any way. That makes things interesting—too interesting to leave. The men here stick."

Undoubtedly the industrial-council plan which has been in force in nineteen of the International Harvester Company's plants since March 12, this year, gives the employees as strong a hand in actual management as they have in any concern in America.

Here is an attempt on a huge scale to get new feet under the council table and put a real kick into every one of them. What the works council says in the Harvester organization goes and goes strong too. Take the tractor works in Chicago as an example. The works council at this plant has lately been writing industrial history in large letters. This plant is close to the McCormick works, the only plant in the Harvester organization which voted not to adopt the industrial-council plan when the big ballot was taken last March.

The Center of Interest

At nine o'clock the morning of Tuesday, July fifteenth, without apparent reason and without any demands by the men or the management a relatively small number of employees scattered throughout the force of the McCormick plant threw down their tools and put a strong pressure of influence on their associates to strike. An immediate shutdown of this plant was the result.

Instantly the works councils of the other Harvester plants in that district convened in what proved to be almost a continuous session. The management representatives urged the temporary closing of the plants as a matter of protection to the workers in view of the fact that there had been considerable slugging and violence in the earlier hours of the strike. The employees' representatives rather reluctantly accepted the suggestion of a shutdown as a protective measure. They had no grievance and they distinctly resented being forced from work by a small-minority element that had gone out without naming a grievance.

Interest focused upon the tractor plant because of its nearness to the McCormick works. The works council at the tractor plant suddenly found itself in actual charge of the situation. As one employee representative put it: "The works council seems to be about the whole works in this mixup." On its shoulders rested the responsibility of protecting the plant, the employees and the future of the works-council plan. The question of when the tractor works should be reopened was strictly up to the council. There was not the slightest symptom on the part of any of its employee representatives to side-step or dodge this or any other responsibility. Here was the acid test of their industrial-council plan—and they hopped to it to a man!

Before raising the curtain on the third act of this dramatic tryout it should be explained that under the plan in force in nineteen of the International Harvester Company's American plants the works council consists of several members appointed by the management and an equal number of employee representatives freely elected by employees who are below the grade of assistant foreman and who have no authority in the matter of hiring or firing men. Before it can be enforced any decision of the council must have the support of the majority of the members representing the employees.

This provision was made for the purpose of preventing management domination of the council by means of one or two votes from the side of the employees' representatives. When this plan of representation was formulated it was determined to guarantee real employees' representation and to make it impossible for a minority of those elected to represent the men to throw a decision in favor of the management in order to curry favor or for any other ulterior reason. In the opinion of the officials of the Harvester Company it was useless to try an industrial-representation plan which did not insure real representation of the workers and guard and encourage it at every point.

The works council at the tractor plant was about the busiest little tea party in Chicago from July fifteenth to August fifth. In the phrase of one of the shop representatives: "The great peace council over in France hasn't much on us when it comes to keeping at the job." He was right too.

Though the duly appointed management representatives zealously attended all sessions of the council, the heavy end of the work rested on the shoulders of the employee representatives for the reason that one of their big tasks was to keep in intimate touch with the whole body of shop workers.

The Understudies

Each employee representative has a lieutenant who sits in his place in the council when he is unable to attend. These lieutenants formed the liaison system which kept in close contact with the big force of workers eagerly waiting to go back on their jobs. The lieutenants took the temperature of the men from day to day and reported it to be steadily rising. Soon there came a time when with one voice they declared:

"The men here in the tractor works are not going to let a few wild guys over in the McCormick works keep them out of their places much longer. They ask us to pass the word up to the council that the intimidation business has gone far enough and if the decision as to when the plant will start up again is in the hands of the works council, then they serve notice that the motion to start the wheels has been carried." The employees' representatives had decided on a date for starting up the tractor works when along came the Chicago street-car strike and compelled a postponement. The longer the opening was deferred the more eager and determined were the men that a small group of unfair radicals should no longer keep them in idleness. Technically the situation was in the hands of the works council, but actually it was controlled by the employee representatives, as the management representatives took the position: "Boys, this seems to be your party; it is your safety that is concerned. When you say the word the works will open. You're boss and we are going to do what you tell us to do."

This responsibility was cheerfully accepted by the employee representatives, who immediately sent for Captain Hogan, the head of the Eighteenth Precinct police. When he came into the council room and found himself facing a little group of workmen from out in the shops his eyes popped with astonishment. Then Jack Doyle, chairman of employee representatives in the works council, said substantially this:

"Captain, there's a new deal on here. The management has left it to us to say when the plant shall open up. Now what we want to know is, are you going to give us all the protection we need and give it to us in the way that we want it?"

"You bet we are!" responded the captain. "And say, boys, let me tell you a secret. I never dreamed that I'd see the day when the Harvester Company would turn one of its plants over to its shopmen at a time when more than ten thousand workers were out and everybody stepping high, wide and handsome for fear of exploding the dynamite. This surely is some change!"

About a block and a half from the gates of the tractor works in the direction from which the main current of employees approached the plant the chairman of the works council stationed himself and met each member of the dinner bucket brigade with a word of cheer and assurance. Incidentally he had a pair of keen and alert eyes peeled for the first symptom of trouble that might show up in the offing, for trouble always starts at the fringe instead of the center of a crowd in a situation of this sort.

A representative of the management, who happened to be scouting through the district in his car, caught a glimpse of this man who was speaking to nearly all workmen who passed him and instantly decided that here was a strikers' picket trying to start something. On nearer approach, however, this man from the general office made the comforting discovery that his busy picket was Jack Doyle, chairman of the employee representatives of the tractor works council. Other employee representatives and their lieutenants were scattered along the main avenues of approach to the gates into which the stream of workers was flowing quietly.

When I asked permission of the general management of the Harvester Company to talk with the workmen I received the unhesitating answer: "Certainly! Talk with any of them you choose and do so without having any company representative present."

In this way I met John Doyle, explained that I had come to learn something about the practical workings of the industrial representation's plans and then plumped at him the question: "How do you like it as far as you've got?"

"It works," was the answer, "and it works right. Take it from me, it's the best ever. I'll say that it has made good hands down already, and we have only just begun to get the hang of it. Any worker will understand that it takes time for a man to get the hang of a new machine. You have to feel your way in this sort of thing, but let me tell you that we are all for it hard. And why? Because the management is playing it square according to square rules."

A Change of Heart

"I don't mind admitting that at the outset I was a little leery about this scheme, probably because it was put up to the workers by the management. You know working the workers and farming the farmers are old games. Naturally workers have become a little suspicious of prize packages offered them from the management's side of the counter. Of course I'm speaking of the attitude of the average worker anywhere. When the men voted to adopt the industrial-council plan I don't think that many of them had enough faith in the way it would work out to have given them any great jolt if it had fallen down altogether. I guess any of us could have stood the shock if we had found that it was just another dose of soothing sirup, a nicely staged little play to take our minds off troublesome matters and give us a little entertainment as we went along.

"Of course there were some who expected more from it than others and were more stirred up about it at the start. You know how it is—you can't get a bunch of workmen together without finding at least one who is thinking about a better understanding between employers and employees and who has a notion that something better is bound to be worked out along that line. That was the way it was with us when we came to vote on the adoption of the industrial-council plan. It was just a chance to try out something that seemed on the surface to be leading in the right direction. So far as that goes I have a suspicion that perhaps the management looked at it as an experiment. Workingmen rather generally feel that they have had the worst of it handed to them for a good many years. This idea is industriously cultivated by the professional agitators and the result is a suspicion that can't be overcome by a theory, no matter how plausible and handsome it may look. It takes personal experience with facts at first hand to uproot that kind of suspicion.

"To-day the attitude of the men is turned squarely round. Where there were only a few at the start who had any real faith in it there are now only a few who haven't a whole lot of solid confidence in it. Where at the time of its adoption scarcely a man among the workers was at all het up with expectations, there is now a big crowd of us that firmly believe it is going to do large things for the workers of the whole country and that it is the only way in sight that offers any real hope of leading both capital and labor to where they can pull together peaceably and do the square thing by each other and keep production up to the pace

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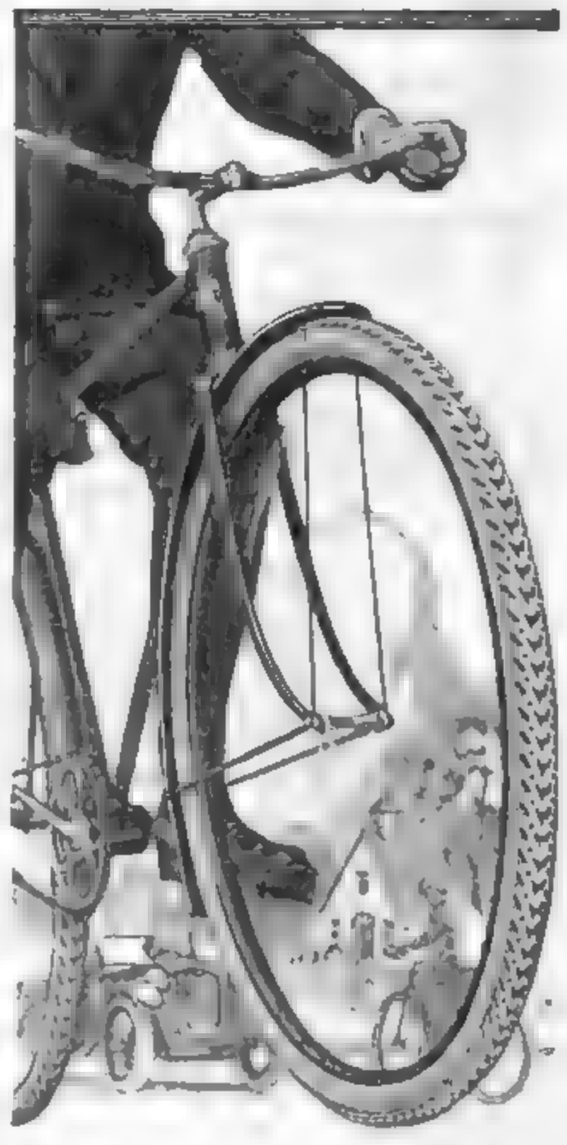
VITALIC
Bicycle Tires



Last Longer
Look Better

The miles they give, not the price you pay, is the test of Vitalic worth. The price is only a little higher, but the miles are many more.

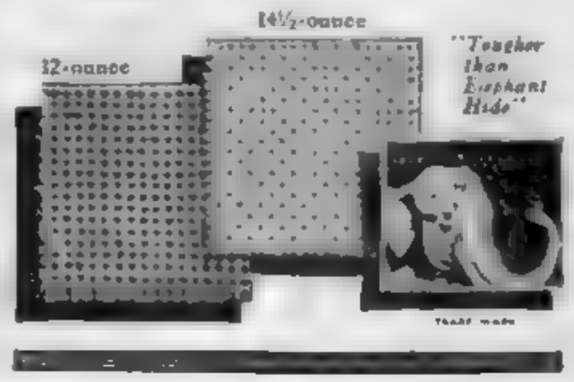
Big mileage and puncture-free peace of mind are better than false economy at the start. When you're riding on Vitalic Tires you know you'll get where you want to go—and back.

You'll be proud to ride on these handsome tires with their distinctive V-shaped non-skid tread. And glad to own tires that make riding a care-free pleasure instead of a puncture-fearing worry. Vitalic Tires always give you the most miles at the lowest cost, with the least trouble on the road.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
ERIE, PA.

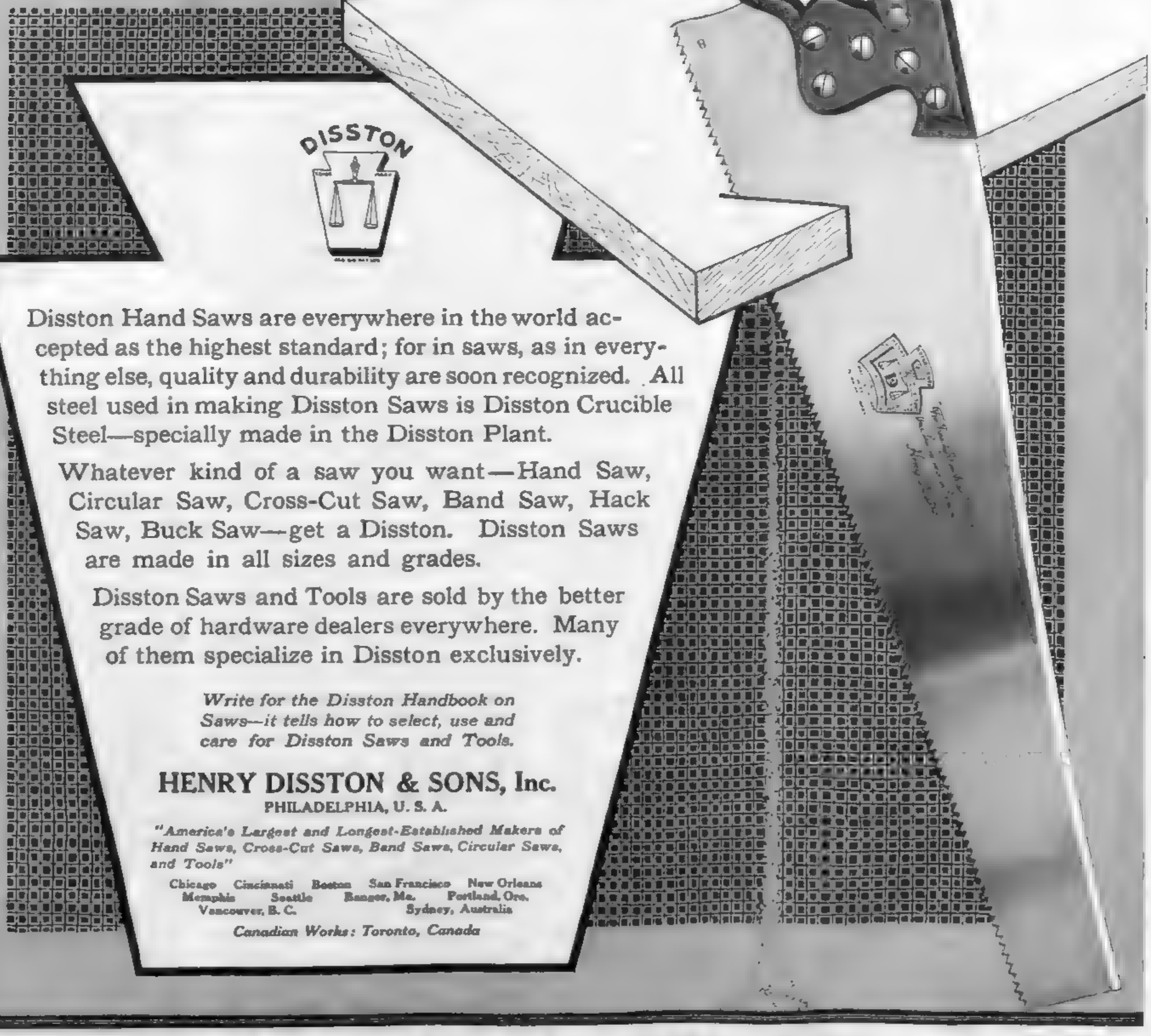
Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.



DISSTON

THE SAW MOST CARPENTERS USE



Disston Hand Saws are everywhere in the world accepted as the highest standard; for in saws, as in everything else, quality and durability are soon recognized. All steel used in making Disston Saws is Disston Crucible Steel—specially made in the Disston Plant.

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(Continued from Page 79)

that means good pay every week in the year. Of course there are some men in the plant who still hang on to their suspicions, I suppose, but they are not the ones who have ever put anything up to an employee representative that they wanted to have fixed or adjusted.

"The surest way to convince any man that he can get a square deal under this plan of representation is for him to call the attention of a works-council representative to something that ought to be done to make working conditions better or to some bum piece rate that should be fixed. When he does that he puts the skids under his suspicions, for he finds out that he will get action at the drop of the hat—and justice too. Every employee representative in the works understands that his first job is to be just as useful as he can in that capacity and that his time goes right on when he is attending to any matter that comes up to him as a representative of the workers in the council.

"I drop my work a dozen times a day to listen to the complaints of workmen, and then if necessary go to the foreman or superintendent and talk the thing out with him. If he can't see his way clear to fix the matter to the satisfaction of the man who has brought it up, he says: 'I'll pass. Take it up to the council.' And up to the council it goes.

"The foreman has no feeling because the matter is carried over his head and decided in the council. In this connection, the big thing to remember is the fact that the foremen are mighty careful under this plan to decide matters on their merits and not to play favorites, show partiality or attempt to be arbitrary in order to show their power or to repress complaints because they imagine that such a course might be pleasing to the management. They know that the merits of the whole matter are bound to come out in the wash at the council and they might much better give a fair-and-square decision themselves on the spot than have the thing threshed out in the council and a reverse decision rendered. No foreman enjoys having complaints and adjustments carried over his head into the works council—particularly if they are decided there for the workman."

Instant Relief

"Of course many things that a foreman doesn't like to take the responsibility of deciding are passed on up to the council. Then, too, there are plenty of matters brought to the attention of an employees' representative that a foreman is not really called upon to decide. They naturally belong to the works council. But the nut of the whole thing is that if any worker has anything on his chest he knows that he can get instant relief by going to the employees' representative from his department; that he is talking to a fellow worker and that if the foreman doesn't give him satisfaction his contention will be decided by a jury of his fellow workers below the grade of assistant foreman, sitting with an equal number of men picked by the management. The records of this works council go to show that when a man gets a majority of the employee representatives for his proposition he almost invariably wins out.

"It would take hard scratching to stir up any American in this plant—whether native or naturalized—who isn't for the council plan and who hasn't a whole lot of faith in it too. And there are also a whole lot of those who are not yet citizens who feel the same way about it. Among those who are not Americans the thing works out in about this way: Here is a Pole, for instance, who is running a certain machine. He is the bellwether and the natural spokesman for a group of Poles on the same kind of work who can't speak English. These Poles talk it over and come to the conclusion that the rate set on their work isn't quite fair compared with the rate which some other group of workmen is getting.

"The spokesman talks with the employees' representative of his department and they go together to the foreman. After a little discussion the foreman decides not to change the rate. This passes the matter up to the superintendent or the works council. One of them decides in favor of the men, and gives them a better rate.

"After such an experience do you suppose that it would be easy to shake those Poles loose from their representative? They are for him and for the council plan. And the more of the good straight American dope his men get in the Americanization classes that the council runs the stronger they are for this plan, because they understand it better.

"I can tell you," remarked Doyle, "just how I feel about the Harvester industrial-relations plan by saying that if every man in the plant could serve as an employee representative the works would not have an employee against the plan or suspicious of it."

Edward A. Stinson, another employee representative [illegible] works council, b[illegible] nd significant angle of the situation in this statement:

"The average individual outside of a large plant has no appreciation of the embarrassment that a new worker feels in a place of employment that is entirely strange to him. He hesitates about asking questions of anybody—and especially of a foreman. As a result he often makes mistakes and subjects himself to criticism. Again he will put up with a whole lot of what he feels to be injustice before he will venture to make any complaint to a foreman. I know all about this, because I have worked in many different plants in various parts of the country. Not once have I entered a new place of employment that I did not feel this embarrassment and draw into my shell until I had become well acquainted."

Converted to the Plan

"Had there been an employee representative in any shop that I went into I know that I should have felt free to ask him questions about my work, about the customs of the shop, the conditions of labor in which every workman is interested, and about the attitude of the management and particularly of the foreman. I know this because there isn't a day in which I am not asked these questions myself by workers who want to talk with some other worker who is known to be the proper one to talk to. This provides a safety valve that is mighty valuable both for the workers and the management. Under this plan the newest man on the job can get as quick and satisfactory an adjustment of any problem that comes up to him as can the oldest employee in the shop, and he can get just as fair an adjustment too. Of course the natural result of this fact, when he proves it by personal experience, is to make him wish to remain where he can get the benefit of that kind of a deal instead of moving on to some other place.

"I couldn't tell you all the good that I expect this plan to work out for employees. I am nearing middle age and have worked all my life since I was a kid. In the course of those years of employment I have put in a good deal of time studying labor and economic problems. When this plan was proposed I was certainly not wild about it. Possibly it conflicted with some of my pet theories. Anyhow, I didn't regard it as a world saver and a universal panacea for the troubles of employers and employees. But like most of the others I was willing to see the thing tried out.

"It has performed far beyond my expectations. For one thing, it has convinced me that the plan itself is built on lines calculated to insure the employee a square deal. Next, it has brought me the conviction that the management is just as anxious to have it work out justice to the employee in each individual case as that employee is to get justice. Naturally the next step from this conviction is to the belief that employers generally are more sincere in their wish to find a footing on which they and their men can work in harmony and each get his fair share of the results than they are commonly believed to be. I have not yet found a single instance in all the grist that has been ground in the works council that has suggested on either side of the table the slightest inclination to put over anything that was not square or that was not fair play.

"Of course this kind of coöperation between capital and labor, management and employees, cannot really come into its own until it is in more common operation. In other words, the more universal it becomes the fewer will be the difficulties with which it will have to contend. On the other hand, those companies that are doing the pioneering, the experimental work along this line, are doing a distinct service to American industry as a whole. Though this plan had its inception in England, it seems to me that it is peculiarly fitted to American conditions and the American temperament. Having punched cows on the Western

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plains for several years, I am rather partial to having the American brand on everything that I do or consume. My experience as a member of the tractor-works council convinces me that this plan of employee representation is decidedly favorable to the development of the American spirit.

"About the keenest enjoyment that I have is in helping along the Americanization work that is being done among the employees of this company. I'm pushing for it strong and so are all the members of the council. I guess we all feel that a good part of the job of being a first-class council member is to encourage and help alien employees to become genuine Americans. This is the best country on earth—the fairest for the worker and the one that offers him the biggest opportunities. With no end of natural wealth in the form of raw materials of almost every kind and with an increasing tendency on the part of employers to do the square thing and give the workers a direct hand in the affairs of operation that directly concern them in the way of wages and working conditions, America should mean good will to the workers and big production for all."

About sixty per cent of all employees of the Harvester Company are foreign-born. Of the one hundred and forty-eight employee representatives first elected to sit in the works councils of the various plants one hundred and six were native Americans and forty-two naturalized. In this connection it should be explained that only Americans are eligible to election as members of a works council. The average age of the representatives in these first works councils was thirty-eight years ten months. One hundred and twenty-seven of them were married and twenty-one single.

Free Schooling

The vigorous Americanization work among the employees of the Harvester Company is all in the hands of the industrial councils of that organization. When this work was started it was found that many plans along this educational line were being followed by the large employers of labor in Chicago. Realizing the immense importance of a vigorous and constructive Americanization drive, the Chicago Association of Commerce stepped in and applied its energies to the centralization and standardization of this effort. It divided the work roughly into two lines: Classes in English and classes in civics and good government. Also it made provisions for immediate demands or more specialized instruction of the employees along lines definitely calculated to aid them in their work. The chief achievement of the Association of Commerce in this connection was to make arrangements with the Chicago Board of Education to furnish capable instructors from the regular teaching force to go to plants and conduct classes for the benefit of foreign-born workers. This instruction is furnished free and it is of the highest order too.

At any time when the Chicago plants of the Harvester Company are operating at normal fully fifteen hundred foreign-born pupils may be found studying English or civics under competent instruction. These classes are attended on the students' time. Any session of the works council that does not find a considerable part of its time occupied with the problems of the Americanization of employees is an exception. For example, at the meeting of the tractor-works council on July third a lengthy discussion of the work of the Americanization school took place, and after a report of the satisfactory progress of a certain class in civics was read an employee representative suggested that if any of the class should quit they should not be reemployed until they had taken out their naturalization papers. This made a hit with the whole committee and was unanimously accepted.

Another indication of the strength of the American spirit as expressed in the effort to develop alien employees into good stanch American citizens is found in the fact that at this same meeting provisions were made to have the chief naturalization examiner present naturalization papers to graduates of classes in good government at the graduating reception.

These occasions are real functions. They are handled entirely by the works councils and are big events in the social life of the participants. Everything possible is done to make the graduates of these classes feel that it is a big and a splendid thing to be received into citizenship in the United States. Some of the talks made by these graduates have a real thrill in them.

Recently one of these new citizens spoke with an earnestness and logic that compelled admiration. He appealed to his fellows from across the water who had not yet become American citizens in substantially these terms: "To be a good American citizen you do not have to sacrifice your love for the land of your birth. Instead it is up to you to win the respect for the race to which you belong, the people from which you have sprung. The way in which you can compel the greatest respect, the highest regard for the country and the blood of your ancestors is to become an intelligent, loyal and progressive American citizen."

That's the kind of stuff that these classes in American citizenship and good government develop. And, remember, all this work is done directly under the works councils at the various Harvester plants.

At the Wisconsin Steel Works, the Harvester plant at South Chicago, the employees decided to give a banquet to the graduating class of the American school, to all those who had attended twenty classes in good government and to the returned soldiers who had previously been employed in the plant. It was strictly an American-citizenship affair—and a big one too. It involved a banquet at $1.50 a plate. As there were to be about eighty guests of honor it seemed as if the expense would be rather burdensome to the employees who were behind the affair. Therefore it was intimated to the employees' representatives of the works council at that plant that the company would be glad to help out financially. The answer to this intimation was: "Much obliged, but nothing doing! This is our little American party and we are going to pay the score."

In this connection it ought to be said that the records of the Wisconsin Steel Works show that the percentage of American employees in naval and military service was 22.1, while the Polish contingent showed up with 27.9 per cent.

Americanization work among the foreign-born employees is one of the biggest problems before American industry to-day. It is a job that must be done vigorously and at once and the best part of it is that it can be done successfully and with rich results. From close observation I am convinced that the Harvester Company is rarely fortunate in having this work in the hands of its employee representatives. They can handle that job better than anybody else; of that I am certain.

Little Excuse for Failure

Harvester management makes no denial of the force of the common conviction among large employers that any plan of employee representation put up to the workers as a finished product must start under a severe handicap as compared with a plan built from the ground up by the employees and the management working together, or the plan that is a natural and gradual evolution of friendly and informal contact between employees and management.

And right here is a good place in which to drive home the point that those companies which are what might be called medium-sized—employing, say, five hundred or a thousand men—have less excuse for a failure to work out an effective means of coöperation with their employees than have the huge companies whose employees number many thousands and whose plants are widely scattered. The very small and the very large employers have the harder problems to overcome in this line of constructive effort. A company of medium size can evolve its plan of industrial representation and do so in such intimate cooperation with its workers as to give them the feeling that it is their plan instead of the management's. Every one of us is more interested in his own child than in that of another.

Undoubtedly one of the big results that the crucial test of this company's plan of industrial representation has yielded in the recent weeks of its acid test is the demonstration that a huge company employing many thousands of hands and with works widely scattered over the American continent can obtain the acceptance of an employee-representation plan capable of standing up under great stress within a few months after its adoption. This is by no means the only large company in this country, and if it has been able to help others of its class by finding a way out of certain employment difficulties it has certainly done something to relieve the stress under which American industry is now struggling in its efforts to meet an unprecedented world demand for greater production.

Just to indicate the interest that the workers took in the possibilities of this Harvester plan when it was put up to them, let me say that ninety-seven per cent of the employees voted for or against its adoption. That this interest has not diminished since the plan became operative is shown by the fact that ninety-eight per cent of all the employees voted on nominations for members of the works council and ninety-nine per cent voted on their election. The men are right up on their toes at every election and it is generally considered a great honor to be elected to the works council.

Mention of certain of the high spots of the Harvester's plan is essential to an understanding of its scope and of the degree and character of self-determination that it places in the hands of the employees. The basis of representation is generally about one employee representative for two hundred employees. No person having the power of employment or discharge can sit as an employee representative in any council. Only employees who are citizens of the United States, twenty-one years old or more, and who have been continuously in the works' service for one year immediately prior to nomination, are eligible for nomination. Nomination and election of employee representatives must be by secret ballot. Any employee representative unsatisfactory to his constituency may be recalled.

The Authority of the Council

The vital and interesting question of the actual authority of the council is covered by the provision that the works council shall be concerned solely with shaping the policies of the company relating to working conditions, protection of health, safety, wages, hours of labor, recreation, education and other similar matters of mutual interest to employees and the management. Execution of these policies remains with the management, but the manner of that execution may at any time be subject to the consideration of the works council.

Employees are guaranteed the right to appear before the council in support of any case or question which they have put up to it. When the works council reaches an agreement on any matter its recommendation is referred to the superintendent for execution. If he considers it of such importance as to require the attention of the general officers he immediately refers it to the president of the company, who is obligated to dispose of it within ten days either by proposing a settlement or calling a general council made up of employee representatives and selected from the works councils of the various plants interested in the problem under discussion—no plant involved to have less than two representatives in the general council.

The management has the same number of appointees in the general council as the employees have representatives. If the general council is unable to agree on the disposition of any matter the next step is arbitration, but this must be by mutual agreement of a majority of both the employee representatives and the management representatives.

Since the adoption of the Harvester plan only one question has been referred to the president and that was decided by him within three days in conference with the works council from which the appeal came. So far a general council has never been called. The term of office for employee representatives in works councils is one year, and women serve as well as men.

There may be better plans for getting good teamwork between management and employees in operation in other large companies in America, but certainly the Harvester plan has shown highly satisfactory results under the present handicaps and severe stress.

I find a freer expression of enthusiasm for the plan on the part of the employees than I have been able to get from the officials of the company—and this is to be taken as a good sign. The management says: "We're satisfied." The workers declare: "It's going to do great things for us. It's better than we ever dared to hope and its practical workings are supplanting suspicion with confidence."

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DOINGS IN DRYLAND

(Continued from Page 7)

the visitors seek to justify their own provincialism, to excuse it and to defend it by attributing more of their own hickness to New Yorkers than they admit for themselves. It is merely an alibi.

The fact of it is that New Yorkers as a whole are the most intensely urban people we know about, saving—it may be—the Parisians. More urban than the Londoners except the cockneys-born. They live, breathe, eat and sleep New York. They used to drink it too—but there's less of that now. That explains their attitude toward prohibition. They couldn't realize it, because they did not look at it or consider it as Americans, but did look at it and consider it as New Yorkers—the superior and nonamenable dwellers in the superior city of the nation. They did not want it. They protested against it. Therefore it couldn't happen. It was an almost universal state of mind. And it interested outsiders like myself vastly.

For days there had been placards in the windows of the liquor dealers, the big purveying houses, that the time was almost up for the laying in of supplies—begging, pleading with New Yorkers to come in and get what they needed while the getting continued good and legal. The New Yorkers in large measure scoffed at these signs in their sophistication as mere devices to promote trade. Why should they lay in liquor prior to July first when there would be plenty of liquor for sale after that date? They were New Yorkers, wise birds, and they knew a thing or two. Prohibition would never happen to New York—never!

But along about eleven o'clock of the morning of June thirtieth it began to dawn on New Yorkers in the mass that there was something in this after all. It was certain that it wouldn't last long, would be revoked before many days, but for the moment it really looked as if the bars might close down on the morrow and the liquor stores shut. It was incredible, but it began to look portentous. By noon the certainty that "they" couldn't do this to New York was largely dissipated by the fear that in some incomprehensible manner "they" might do it. At one o'clock there was a general awakening to the verity of it—and at two o'clock there was a panic.

We onlookers had anticipated a wet ceremony over the demise of John Barleycorn in New York, the home and favorite dwelling place of this bibulous worthy. We expected to see all sorts of Bacchic revels in the cafés and the bars. Did we see them? We did not! The reason was that New Yorkers instead of buying drinks retail wetly to mourn the demise of John Barleycorn were stacking themselves in frenzied mobs into the liquor stores to buy wholesale materials for the alleviation of the drought in the dry days forthcoming, the fact having just dawned on them that a law is a law and applies to New York when it is a Federal law in exactly the same measure it applies to Red Bluff, California; or Middlebury, Vermont, and every place between.

The Panic of June Thirtieth

At eleven o'clock on the night of June thirtieth last, for example, there were not a dozen persons in the popular Waldorf bar, but at that same hour the mob that was clamoring to get into a liquor store near Forty-second Street and Broadway, where bottled goods might be obtained, needed the police reserves to keep it from breaking in through the windows. It was the same in all other parts of the city. There were some ceremonies in the lobster palaces, in the cabaret concerns, in the cafés and in the bars, but the principal ceremonies were in the stores where whisky and gin and other hard stuff in bottles could be procured until midnight. I rode down Fifth Avenue on the top of a bus from Fifty-ninth Street to Thirty-fourth on the afternoon of June thirtieth about six o'clock. The great northward trek of automobiles was at its point of utmost congestion, as is usual on every afternoon, but with a difference. In the tonneaus of eight out of ten of these automobiles, within the bodies of the limousines, stacked to the roofs of the taxicabs, were cases and packages of bottles of liquor. The New Yorkers had capitulated. "They" could do it to them. But New York's assumption of inviolability cost New Yorkers a pretty penny, because if they had not been so superior they would have bought their stores of liquor anywhere from three to ten dollars a bottle cheaper before the rush of realization came. Of course there were certain forehanded New Yorkers who laid theirs in early, but the ordinary New Yorker didn't. He wouldn't believe it. At that, there probably is enough liquor stored in and about the metropolis to fill the Hudson River from West Point to the Battery.

Next day, July first, a bar I know about that ordinarily took in from eight hundred dollars to a thousand dollars a day for drinks took in forty-eight dollars. Another bar with an average daily business of from a thousand to thirteen hundred dollars took in a hundred and one dollars. Others did about the same. In Chicago on July fifth they told me that the biggest taking in any of the downtown bars in that city from July first on was one hundred and ten dollars. I hear that cabarets have been curtailed or dispensed with and other economies enforced to make up for the revenues lost by the abolition of liquor selling. As I have said, the real story of New York under prohibition will not be ripe for a year. By that time the metropolis will be settled in the groove. New Yorkers are still grumbling, still subterfuging, still fooling themselves, still thinking that it can't be done—to some degree; still hoping against hope, still figuring on a respite for a few months after the Army is demobilized—which may or may not happen. They are dying hard.

Prohibition in San Francisco

Out in San Francisco they took it with a laugh. If the Government wanted to do this thing to them, all right. They would see what they could do to the Government in return. They forehandedly stocked up as far as funds would permit. Nobody in San Francisco had delusions about what would happen on the first of July, simply because San Francisco always has had her liquor and because in its more convivial and lightsome aspects drinking had been such a part of San Francisco life. They didn't say it couldn't be done, but realized it could be and probably would be. So they prepared for it sagaciously and sufficiently, philosophically and plentifully.

They put on a sort of an informal carnival on the night of June thirtieth, gave John Barleycorn a rousing good-by and a wet one, and next day the man who needed a drink and couldn't get one in San Francisco had no friends or any forethought. The bars closed down. The saloons shut their doors mostly, but there was aplenty to drink and is yet. San Francisco will not be dry for a long time to come. One saloon keeper on Market Street, determining to stay open on a soft-drink basis, put out a sign: "The patronage of ladies invited. Every accommodation furnished." And he began serving nut sundaes and ice-cream sodas and birch beer and what not in the way of permitted beverages.

The hotel story is interesting. One of the largest hotels in San Francisco during a certain number of days in July, 1918, sold drinks to the amount of $22,000, and in the same number of days in July, 1919, took in $2700 for such beverages as it retailed. That is about the percentage in the other large places. The hotel managers discovered two things: The first was that the receipts for dancing did not decrease but rather increased, and the second was that the receipts for food increased. A curious instance was noted by one of the great daily newspapers. Ordinarily a slump in circulation comes in the summer. In the case of this newspaper its sales increased five thousand copies a day in July, this year, over July, 1918. Of course as San Francisco had been dry only three weeks when I was there the effect on business was not yet noted in a general enough manner to demonstrate anything. However, it is probable that what will happen in San Francisco is what has happened in other cities that were dry before July first.

There has been a great deal of talk in this country about light wines in connection with prohibition and the necessity of permitting the people to have them. The truth of it is, of course, that Americans are not a wine-drinking people. People habitually took claret and other table wines with their meals in California because wines are made in California, but as a class only an infinitesimal proportion of Americans ever drank any table wines at home or elsewhere. The rich Easterner copied the European custom, but in the vast majority of the real American homes not a drop of wine was served from one year's end to the other. So far as table purposes went, wine did not exist for the bulk of the American people, nor was it used as a beverage.

There were, of course, in every city—and notably in New York—restaurants of a foreign savor where wines went with the meals—*vin compris*, as the French say—and were consumed, not because of their desirability or delectability to Americans or because Americans were accustomed to them, but because they were included in the price and were the custom of the places where the food was partaken. It was different in San Francisco and elsewhere in California. Those people were habituated to wine. Nearly every diner-out in restaurants in San Francisco, for example, a city where there are many excellent restaurants and where dining out is a custom, was accustomed to a wine with the meal. Now they go without or they bring their own wines. You see people coming into Tait's, Jack's, Frank's, the Poodle Dog, the hotel restaurants to some extent and into dozens of the other restaurants with their wine bottles in their hands—wine brought from home. Diners in clubs furnish their own wines. They were prepared, you see.

This is in the early days of prohibition. The result will be eventually that the people will not take the trouble to bring their own wines to the restaurants and will either dine without wine or dine at home. The early days of prohibition in any community bring about a number of practices similar to this that die out as the period of drought grows longer. We Americans are an adaptable race, and though many will not admit it as yet we'll get used to prohibition just as we have got used to many other reforms—not like it, it may be, but accept it and adapt ourselves to it.

There are two phases of post-prohibition drinking that invariably occur in any community or territory in the early days of the legal drought. Both are psychological largely and both may be distinctively American, though I observed similar demonstrations in Russia in 1915, six or eight months after the Czar put that country on a dry basis by discontinuing the sale and manufacture of vodka and other liquors. At any rate, when an American community or territory has gone dry hitherto, and since July first, when everything went dry, Americans who drink have done and do the same two things—Americans who have access to liquor or have liquor of their own. They drink more than they ordinarily did in wet days and they devote a considerable ingenuity and attention to evading or—if need be—breaking the law.

The Philosophy of Drinking

The fetish of the benefits, delights, desirabilities and necessities of drinking to a drinking man increases in power as the ease for obtaining drink diminishes or the effort is made to restrict drinking. Now, most of the alleged benefits, delights and so on of drinking are mental anyhow. A spree is far more pleasant in anticipation than it is in realization, and getting drunk with most men entails physical and mental reflexes that are not to be classed as pleasurable. However, the human mind—undeniably the human American mind and probably the universal human mind—has attached certain delights to drinking or certain ills to it, each as the individual mind happens to consider the practice. Hence the clamor against prohibition among one portion of Americans, and hence also the prohibitionists.

The real philosophy of drinking is, of course, that it is an individual proposition for each person to consider in his own terms and for each community to stop or allow through the medium of local option. But that isn't the prohibitionist view, and the prohibitionists are at the present in place and power to enforce their reform view as opposed to the philosophical one. Therefore they have enforced it, and that fact reacts acutely on the mind and mental processes of the drinking American in a manner neither novel nor remarkable. We have been taught to consider ourselves a free people, and freedom has been translated by

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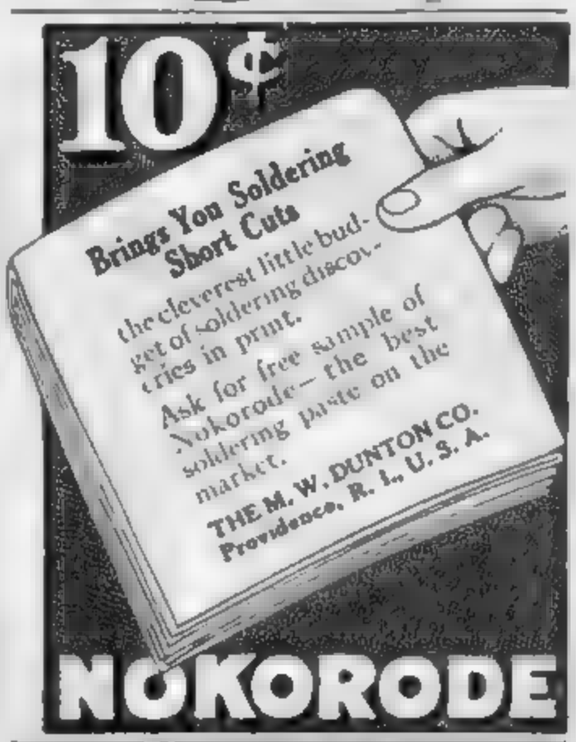
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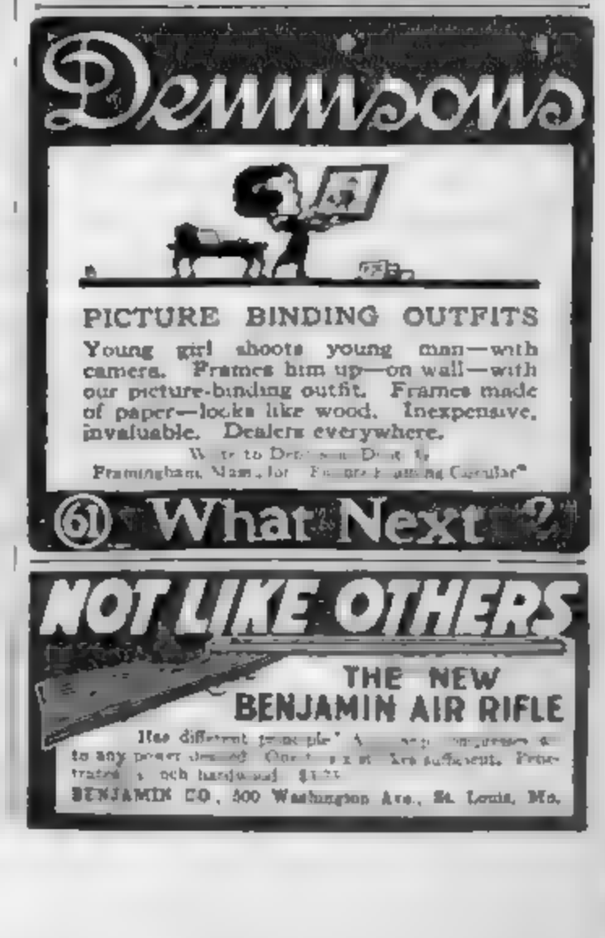
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us into terms of the widest individualism. That, of course, is the theory of democracy, but not the practice of it, as our rather disconcerting series of sumptuary laws and regulations and reforms proves. The enactment of a law of this sort proves that the proponents of the law had the power to procure its enactment. It doesn't settle anything in the mental attitude of those affected adversely by it, and it does generally form a mental tendency among those it affects adversely to protest and resist it—to beat it, in other words.

Beating prohibition isn't very difficult to do if one has money. There are many ways in which the you-shall-not of the prohibitionists can be whipped round the stump. The point is that the individual drinking man takes the easiest way to do his beating of prohibition, makes his individual protest not by opposing the law and trying to repeal it but by showing his independence of it and his contempt for it by drinking more liquor than he ordinarily did drink before the law went into effect. Since July first a dozen men in different parts of the country have said to me: "I'm afraid prohibition will make a drunkard out of me." For example, I have in mind one man who didn't take a drink a month before July first, but he wanted that drink a month when he wanted it. So he rushed away before July first and laid in a stock of liquor, though he never had a bottle of whisky in his house before in his life. Now, instead of taking one drink a month he takes two or three a day—showing his independence, making this his protest against the law, proving that he can beat it and that no set of fanatics can impose such regulations on him and get away with it.

Moreover, as drinks cannot be obtained in public places they must be obtained in private places. I speak now of the Americans who had money enough to lay in some liquor before the law came in or have friends who made collections. The universal tendency of drinking in private places is to drink more than ordinarily would be drunk in public places. Any person who has any knowledge of the practice will admit that. For instance, John Smith has a bottle of bourbon, say, or Scotch, and he invites Bill Jones and Tom Johnson, old friends of his, up to his room or house or office to have a drink. John Smith opens his bottle—and what happens? They drink it all—kill the bottle. If John Smith had taken his two friends to a bar there might have been only one drink and—unless a night of it was to be made—not more than three at the outside. But in the room, with the bottle there, they go to it and drink it all. It doesn't fail one time out of fifty.

Thirst Plus Propinquity

Likewise, when someone in a dry territory manages to get some liquor the same thing happens in a larger way. This is especially true in territory that has been dry for a long time, not in places that have only recently come under the law, where stocks are not yet depleted. I have often observed it in the old days in the Indian Territory, where it always was difficult to get liquor in, and since then in places where the law had been in effect for two or three years. The word goes out that Jim Brown has some liquor. Immediately all of Jim Brown's friends and as many as can horn in on the pretense of friendship gather at Jim's place of concealment and they do not go away until the liquor is all consumed. There seems to be a fear in these cases that if they do not drink it as soon as they can some other and less worthy persons may get a snort of it. Also, they have that deep inward satisfaction of beating the law, of showing their independence, of putting one over on the prohibitionists—a very human and understandable attitude.

It works out in the same way in the clubs—that is, in the clubs where the authorities permit the locker system on the theory that a man's club bears the same relation to the man as his home does, and that it is allowable for him to have his own liquor in his own home. When liquor was sold in the usual club in the usual way the procedure was to ring a bell or otherwise summon a waiter, give an order and take the drink that resulted therefrom. There have been occasions in clubs, it is probable, where even under this system many drinks have been taken by members in rapid succession. Such cases have been known, but at that there was the summoning of the waiter, the repetition of the order, the bringing of the drinks in the ceremony each time. Even if a waiter brought six different bottles of six different brands of liquor to six men sitting at a table none of those six men ever thought of taking more than one drink of his ordered brand without summoning the waiter, repeating his order and getting clean glasses. That wasn't done by any decent man in any decent club.

If the members were standing before the club bar the bottle came up on the bar, was used and then taken back by the bartender. And it was the same at public bars. Now what happens? Under the theory of the law liquor cannot be served by waiters in a club. Consequently the man who owns the bottle serves himself. He gets his bottle and it sits before him. It isn't taken away after each drink to be returned frequently or infrequently. It is right there all the time. And the result is that the man having the facilities at hand takes several drinks, when under the old system he might take but one. Propinquity is a tremendous foe to prohibition and the results the prohibitionists hope to attain in these cases. To be sure, the theory of prohibition is to destroy that propinquity, and in the long run it will succeed in a measure; but in places where the law is newly in effect prohibition in the manner set forth increases rather than diminishes drinking.

Juice of the Forbidden Fruit

The attribute of mind that brings this about is inherent. If somebody had forbidden the original cave man to kill deer he would have spent all his time killing deer. The proverb about forbidden fruit being sweetest has been trite since the days of Eve and the apple. That is the primary postulate concerning the human mental processes and impulses. That any law or any set of laws will eradicate it or even diminish it is absurd to think. Wherefore always while there is a prohibition law there will be evasions and breakings of that law, not so much because of the desire for drink as because of the desire to protest against the law. If prohibition shall remain in force in this country for a generation it is probably true that the ensuing generation will not be concerned about drink as this generation is—or a large section of it. There were many young Kansans—to illustrate—who never saw a saloon or a bar or a place where liquor was displayed for sale until they went away to the war. I read several letters to Kansas home papers from Kansas boys who had reached St. Louis or Boston on their way to their military duties, and they all commented on the strange and remarkable spectacles of open saloons and places where liquor was sold. That these boys were far better off in every way than boys familiar with saloons and bars is beyond question. Whether they remained so is another question about which I have no information. Probably many of them did.

The conviction that alcohol in its various potable forms adds to personal enjoyment is as strongly fixed in the human mind—in the Caucasian human mind at least—as any other. Thus the protest against the abolition of it takes not only the immediate forms that I have described but continues its manifestations in the unceasing search for substitute and for supply. If a man is determined to drink he will drink something. There isn't a newspaper these days that does not tell of what happened when some workingmen drank wood alcohol, or of a hair tonic or bay rum or Jamaica ginger or patent-medicine jag that some unfortunate with more appetite than judgment went on. Indeed, the source of supply is inexhaustible, because anything that will ferment will make liquor of sorts. There are innumerable prescriptions for making booze. I might write down forty perfectly good ways whereby a liquor that will make a paralyzed man climb a tree can be produced at slight expense and in any kitchen. There are hundreds more. Why, even the Bureau of Chemistry of the well-known Department of Agriculture of the equally well-known United States of America furnished a nifty little bunch of recipes for the making of liquor at home, which was put into the Congressional Record by Representative Kahn of California and made a public document thereby; recipes for hardening cider, for putting a kick into blackberry wine and cordial, for adding the punch to cherry bounce and the pep to peach bounce, together with some general remarks about how to do it and a list of eleven books wherein fuller details might be obtained. Every dry locality has its favorite manners

(Concluded on Page 89)

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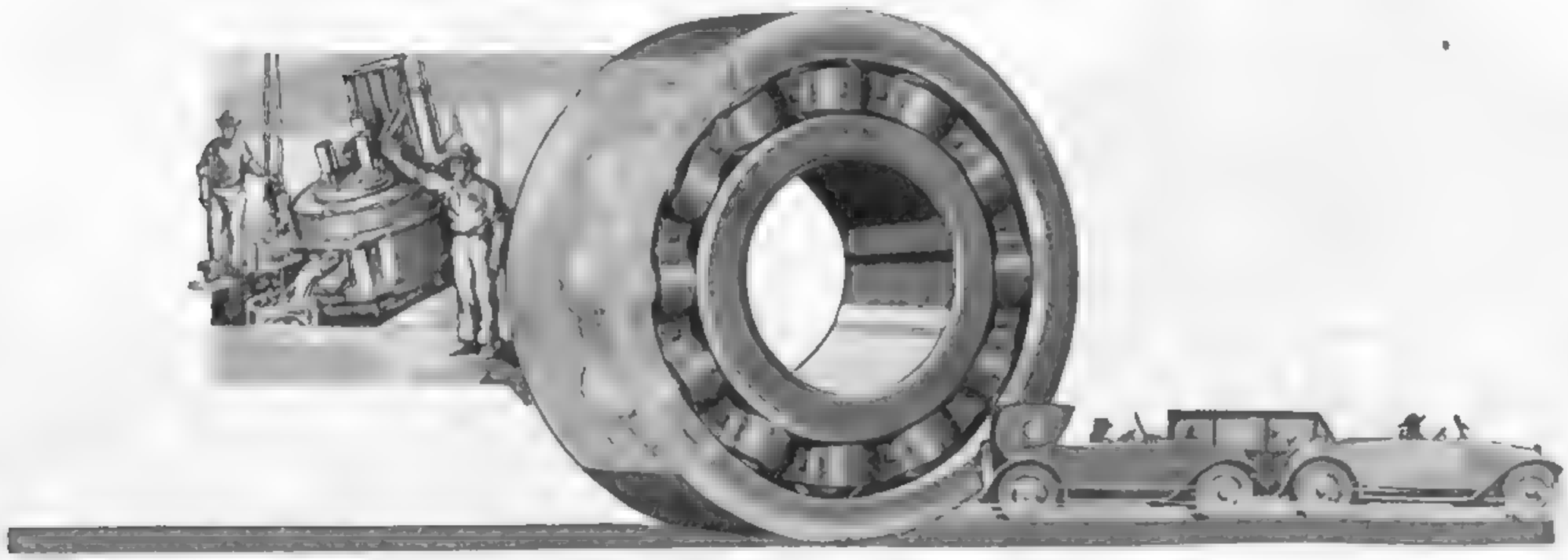

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(Concluded from Page 86)

of preparing illicit drinks. All races except those whose religions proscribe liquor are potentially distillers.

I was once at a copper mine a considerable distance in the interior of Russia. An American engineer in charge of the mine pointed out to me a certain berry that grows plentifully in those parts. He said that the natives make a potent liquor out of that berry. I picked a berry or two from a bush and discovered that they emit a nauseating odor, vile in the extreme.

"Does the liquor they make out of these berries smell like the berries themselves?" I asked. "Or does it taste like it smells?"

"Worse," said the engineer.

"Then how do they drink it?"

"Why," he said, "they put kerosene in it to flavor it."

Anybody who can get a few inexpensive materials can make liquor. Friends in various parts of the country have boasted to me of their success in making home-brewed beer. It is good beer with a heavy percentage of alcohol in it, but the trouble with it is that when the brew is on the stove in the kitchen all the neighbors for four blocks round can smell it—and the revenue men also. I know a man who makes himself a cask of an amber-colored liquor every so often so potent that three drinks of it would set a cigar-store Indian to doing a jazz dance. It is no trick at all to make booze. A man with only the rudimentary knowledge of distillation can rig up a private still if he feels the need of one.

Right here is where you get another angle at the psychology of the situation. The drinking man, deprived of his easy sources of supply, says: "All right. I'll make my own liquor. I'll show them they can't deprive me of it." And he forthwith buys a book of recipes, or gets a formula somewhere, or thinks out one of his own, or rigs up a still, or goes at it one way or another. He makes some. Now all properly made home brews, distillations and so on are potable and have heavy kicks, but not one in a hundred of them is palatable. They do not taste like the old stuff. Wherefore, the usual course is after a few trials to quit home manufacture, which is a lot of trouble and which produces stuff that has a miserable taste and a nasty comeback, and let prohibition take its course.

A Wheeze From Detroit

Then, too, there is recourse to stocks held by illicit dealers, the supplies of bootleggers. Until July first, of course, it was easy to know where the bootleggers and other illicit dealers got their supplies. Until Ohio went dry the Michigan people who wanted liquor were supplied from Ohio. Until California went dry Oregon and Washington people were supplied from California. Most of the liquor that got into Oklahoma came in from Missouri, and thus in other states. It was against the law in most instances to bring the liquor in, but the great profit in the sale of it, once the liquor was in, developed plenty of men to take the risks. A vaudeville jest current before July first was: "There are so many bootleggers in Detroit that they have to wear badges to keep from trying to sell booze to one another."

It is probable that for a long time there will be liquor surreptitiously offered for sale all over the United States, but two things will operate against the general consumption of such liquor, as two things invariably have operated in hitherto dry territory. The first is the vile quality of the liquor and the high price of it, and the second is the conditions under which it usually must be obtained. Before July first, for example, a bottle of very inferior whisky, bought from a bootlegger or other illicit dealer in dry territory, cost from ten to fifteen dollars a bottle, and a bottle of fairly good whisky cost at least twenty dollars. With the entire country dry and no contiguous wet territory for dry territory to draw upon for supplies, those prices are likely to go up and the quality of the liquor to deteriorate, as it must mostly be moonshine or homemade; and moonshine whisky, notwithstanding all the flub written about it, is generally about as palatable as gasoline and has as much danger concealed within it. Homemade liquor is worse.

Furthermore, it is a hardened drinker who would in the old days in dry territory go to the trouble and endure the loss of self-respect generally entailed in the getting of a drink. No decent man wants to go up an alley to deal with a ruffian who has liquor for sale, or sneak into an out-of-the-way and generally disreputable place for a drink unless he must have it, and usually the "must" diminishes when the conditions that surround its gratification are discovered. Most people will get along without the drink.

That in all probability is about the way national prohibition will work out. It will prevent a great deal of drinking, but it will not stop drinking entirely. There will be stocks of liquor in various places in this country for many years to come, held by prudent and restrained drinkers. Many of the stocks so hurriedly gathered before July first are rapidly being depleted. Some of them are gone already for the reasons I have set forth—the increased drinking that comes immediately after prohibition. Then with the supply largely depleted and none to be had to replenish, the drinkers will face these alternatives: They must become home or private distillers, deal with bootleggers, or decide the thirst isn't worth the trouble and quit. The bulk of them sooner or later will quit.

What a Wet Congress Could Do

It is a general and correct opinion that saloons and public bars are forever eliminated from the life of America, and there are few people who think that the sale of hard liquor ever will be permitted—whisky, gin, brandy and other potent spirits. The elimination of the saloon meets with general approval, even from the bulk of the people who patronized the saloon. Also it is the general and correct opinion that the saloon evil was largely responsible for the spread of prohibition and its final national enforcement. There is, however, a wide general opinion that ultimately the manufacture and sale of beer and wines will be permitted, of malt and vinous potables of low alcoholic content for use as beverages and not as mediums for drunkenness.

There isn't much hope that this will be or can be brought about very soon, should it seem desirable—which it may not—to the majority of the people. There may be a short wet period after the Army is demobilized, but it can last only until January 16, 1920, for on that date national prohibition by constitutional amendment will go into stern effect. It took more than sixty years of unremitting work to procure the adoption of the constitutional amendment and the only way it can be abrogated is by the exact procedure that procured its adoption—by procuring a majority of two-thirds in the United States Senate and House of Representatives for a resolution denouncing the prohibition amendment and by the further adoption of that resolution by three-fourths of the legislatures of the states.

Conceivably there may arise a sentiment in the United States that would make an abrogation of this amendment possible, but the chances are against it.

What is within the bounds of probability is this: It may be the case that owing to agitation, political expediency and public demand a Congress shall be elected that will have a majority in favor of a remission of the law to the extent of permitting beer and wines. Then provided there is an amenable President in the White House at the time, that wet Congress could rewrite the prohibition-enforcement laws in such items as relate to the legal definition of what an intoxicating liquor is and allow beverages of high enough alcoholic content to be made and sold under that new definition of what constitutes an intoxicating liquor to give the drinking of them some zest. That is a faint hope for the drinkers, but it is about the only one there is or will be for a long time to come.

The probabilities are that the American people are in for a protracted dry spell and may as well make the best of it and turn their attention to other things. Still, prohibition as finally achieved was the result of political as well as moral agitation, and what was done by politics can be undone by politics also. No person cognizant with the fact will contend that the big prohibition votes in the present and past Congresses were due to moral conviction on the part of a great number of the favoring statesmen. Politics was the cause, but it took sixty years to get politics where it became that determining cause, and if it takes that long to get politics to become the undetermining cause most of the people who are now shouting about the infringement on their personal liberties will be beyond caring what happens.

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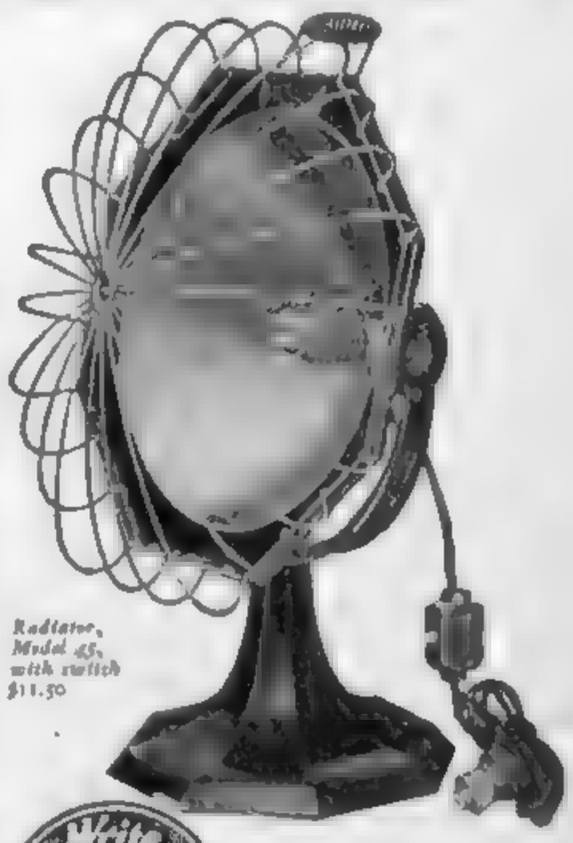

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OLD GENERAL JAZZ

(Continued from Page 9)

boss; and Bill looked at him. You could see he was sore.

"Why not?" Bill asked him.

"Because I ain't got it to pay, for one thing."

"If you don't you will see a strike," said Bill, warning him. "I'll tell you that confidential."

"Not against me," said the other man. "I'll tell you that too."

"Why not, won't we?"

"I've told you one reason already. I can't pay for it."

Bill Mixer had to smile, hearing him. "That's what they all say," he told him.

"Who?"

"They're all alike," he said, laughing at him. "Just as soon as they get in the capitalist clarse."

"Capitalist clarse, my eyes!" said the boss. "What have I got out of it the last three years? With all my expenses out—and materials rising? Union wages? Not by any means."

"You make me laugh," said Bill, "listening to you."

"I can prove it to you," said the boss, getting excited. "And I will too—in a damned good practical way. You won't make any mistake about it."

Bill looked at him. He talked as if he believed it.

"Prove it! How can you?" he asked him.

"I'll prove it, all right. And so you won't doubt it if this thing you are talking about in the union comes off," he answered, "I'm actually losing money to-day, as it is."

"Losing money?" said Bill, starting arguing him out of it. "You ain't losing money!"

"All right," said the boss, getting hot. "I'm a liar!"

"Or if you have been losing," said Bill, keeping on arguing, "you won't from now on. They are going to start up now good and plenty. There's a hera of good times coming after this war."

"Somebody else will have my share of it then," said the boss in an ugly tone, "if this new thing of yours comes off."

Bill Mixer watched him. He didn't like his tone of voice.

"Well," he said, talking up a bit himself, "I warned you anyhow. Make no mistake. If there ain't a raise there'll be a strike, that's all."

"Not against me!"

"Not against you!" said Bill, for his saying it over again and the tone of his voice kind of troubled him a little. "How do you make that out?"

"You'll see," the other fellow answered. "And I'm telling you the truth."

"The trouble with you is you are back in the back hages," said Bill. "You don't seem to know we've got into a new hera now, where labor has got some rights."

And the other fellow didn't say anything.

"They've got to come to it," said Bill—"these capitalists and these profiteers. Look what labor's doing to them now in the railroads—all those capitalists and profiteers there."

"Profiteers!" said the boss, laughing a kind of sore laugh. "That's a good one!"

"What do you mean to hintimate by that?" said Bill.

"Profiteers," he said, and laughed that kind of a bitter, prejudiced laugh again. "Listen, have you ever heard of a profiteer yet that expected to take the whole thing—all it is worth—the whole value of it?"

"I don't know as I have," said Bill. "What of it?"

"That's what this railroad bunch is after. Nothing less will do them. And if they don't get it they'll set the whole nation frying in hell. That's their orders from now on!"

"That's what you claim," said Bill.

"That's what I know!" said the boss.

"What do you claim they are asking for?" Bill asked him, curious.

"Nothing much," said the other man. "They're modest. All they ask us to do is to buy the railroads and hand them to them."

"You're wrong there," said Bill. "You're prejudiced."

"If that ain't it," said the fellow, "what do they ask for?"

"You're prejudiced, that's all. You don't understand it," said Bill. "You want to keep open-minded these days. You're prejudiced."

"They ain't, are they?" said the boss, getting funny. "They're too meek—that's their trouble. They don't ask enough."

"You don't see things the way they are to-day," said Bill, starting to show him. But the other fellow wouldn't let him.

"They start off refusing to go to work," he said, "unless they want to. They won't show up mornings half the time, and when they do we can't get a half a day's work out of them. You double the pay and you get a half day's work out of them. You double the pay and get half the work. And now it's the five-day week. That's your new era you're talking about," he told him.

"But that wasn't enough. Now we've got a new one—starting with the railroads. You aren't going to tell them when they will work. They will tell themselves. They'll take a referendum every morning whether they'll work or go to the ball game."

"You're crazy," said Bill. "You don't know what you're talking about!"

"And now," said the boss, going on and getting madder and madder, "they are asking you to give them your business outright. And it ain't the railroads only; it's the same all over," he said, "since this war—with them all. But it don't make much difference anyhow, now," he said, talking bitterer and bitterer; "they've ruined it anyhow."

"You're back in the middle hages," said Bill, "that's what ails you. You hain't got the new hidea."

And he started showing him again and they got jawing over it—both of them getting hotter all the time.

"The new hidea is plain enough," said Bill, explaining; "we've been run long enough by you capitalists. Now we're going to have something to say about our own job."

"Not with my job!" said the boss. "Not any further than you have now."

"It's my job, just as much as it's yours!" Bill told him.

"Maybe it is, but it won't be anybody's—after September first."

Bill looked at him. It sounded to him like threatening, and that made him mad.

"Then we'll strike, that's all," said Bill. "You mark my words; I warn you we'll strike September first."

"No, you won't strike neither," said the boss, for a third time. "Not for this job."

And Bill looked at him, trying to make out what he was at anyhow.

"Why not?" he asked him.

"Because there won't be any job, that's why."

And Bill started laughing at him. "What will you do?" he said.

"I'll quit, that's all," said the boss, "myself—if you want to know. I'll give up this and come back into the union where the money is. I kept my union card for just such a purpose."

And Bill laughed at him—but he did not let down.

"That's just exactly what I'll do," he said. "I'm going out and get what work I can as a union man September first—if this thing comes off. The big fellows with more money can keep along, probably, after this. But I can't. I'm through and I am damned glad of it."

"I bet you will be when you see what it means!" said Bill, starting to tell him how little you get out of it when you are in the union.

They were working together on a job; they jawed about it all day; and the more they jawed the stubborner he got; and at the end Bill Mixer was about convinced. It looked to him as if the man meant what he was saying. If they went on strike September first he would just quit.

"Don't you believe me?" he said to Bill at quitting time. "You watch me, that's all. Actions speak louder than words."

So Bill started along home. Here was a new one. How was he going to strike if there was nothing to strike against?

"There'll be plenty of others if he does quit!" said Bill to himself. "He can't scare me."

But just the same he was feeling mean and down in the mouth when he got home. He sat there after supper, kind of ugly and nervous-like, and he thought probably that having some lively music on that piano might cheer him up.

"Go in and play me one of them rolls," he said to his girl Violet.

"Oh, I can't," she told him. "I'm too tired."

"Go on," he said, feeling good and sore after his day, "when I tell you to."

"I don't feel like it, pa, to-night, honestly. You'll have to excuse me," she answered him back.

"You won't, eh?"

"No, I won't," she said louder. She was just as independent as he was when it came to that, and a good bit quicker.

"You won't, eh?" he said, getting up the way he did when she was younger. "Why won't you?"

"I don't want to, for one thing," she told him. "And for another I'm tired of hearing that old jazz stuff over and over again. It's lost its pull with me after my millionth time," she said; and got up and left the room.

"There's gratitude for you," said Mixer to his wife—sitting there thinking how much he'd put out on that instrument to please her. And his wife did not answer anything.

"What is the matter with her now? Anything new?" he asked her.

"She is all tired out," she said, speaking finally. "I should think you could see."

"I can see she looks like the devil," said Bill Mixer, "if you mean that!"

"She's got enough to make her," said his wife. "Like the rest of us these days!"

"You women," said Bill, "you make me laugh. You're a sensible lot. Like this case here! She goes off earning more duds and feathers to put on her back—and makes herself sick and loses her looks doing it!"

"I don't see anything so much about that," said Mrs. Mixer, "to laugh about—for a girl who's hoping to be married!"

"What's up now?" said Bill, looking at her.

"Nothing, as I know," said his wife—the way the women talk when they have got something they don't mean to tell you. And then she changed the subject and chased it out of his mind.

"The man was round to-day," she said, "about something to do with the rent."

"What's he want?" Mixer asked her right off.

"I don't know," she told him; "I was out. And grandma was here alone. He couldn't make her hear."

"What did he say?" Bill asked the old woman, roaring. "The man for the rent?"

"Spent!" said the old woman. "All of it, every penny."

"She thinks you are asking her about her interest from her railroad bond," said Mrs. Mixer. "That's what's worrying her now—the way she spent it. You can't get anything out of her anyhow on the other thing. She didn't hear him."

So he gave up trying with her.

"You don't suppose he might be here raising our rent?" his wife asked him.

"Let him," said Bill Mixer. He wasn't in any frame of mind that night for any nonsense. "Let him try it once on me! I'll show them what's what. The damn profiteers!"

"What'll you do?" his wife said.

"I'll get out first," said Bill.

And he went into the front room and banged out one or two tunes on his piano.

That next night the agent was round again, and Bill was right there waiting for him and took him into the front room.

"I'm sorry, Bill," he said. He was a big, fat, good-natured man, named Eddie Green. "But it had to come at last."

"What?" asked Bill, looking straight at him.

"We've got to raise you ten dollars the first of the month on the rent."

"You say so!" said Bill, keeping his eye on him.

"Yep," said the agent, not getting what he meant by that. "But you're in luck at that. Most of them are on their second or third raise. You came last, I guess, probably because you were such an old tenant."

That kind of talk did not have any effect on Bill Mixer.

"So you're going to raise me?" he said, taking his pipe out and blowing out the smoke slowly and looking him over.

"Yep."

"Well, you ain't," said Bill. "That's flat."

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

"Because I won't stand for it, that's why!" said Bill. "I'll get out first."

"I wouldn't advise you to do that, Bill," said the other man. "As a friend."

"Listen," said Bill, laying down the law, starting to reason it out: "'Ow is it they come along now and raise my rent? What's the justice? Tell me that?"

"Why wouldn't they?" said the agent. "It's the same house, ain't it, I've been in for the last fifteen years?"

"It sure is," said the other man.

"And it was all paid for by its owner when I took it. Am I right?"

"I guess so; yes," said the agent.

"And the same man still owns it?"

"Yes."

"Well?" said Bill.

"Well?" said the other man.

"Profiteering—I call it!" said Bill.

And the other fellow had nothing to say; just sat there looking at him.

"And another thing," said Bill, going on; "look at it another way. I've been here now fifteen years, 'aven't I?"

And the other man just nodded, looking at him.

"And during that time I paid out to them one and a half times anyway—and probably twice as much as the house ever cost them altogether. Enough to have bought it, when he did, twice over."

"What about his interest," said the agent, "on his money?"

"Hinterest be damned," said Bill Mixer. "He had my money, didn't he? And that's been drawing hinterest too for fifteen years, some of it."

And the agent sat there looking at him when he got through, kind of wondering, the way those big fat men do sometimes.

"Listen, Bill," he said. "Do you mean that or are you kidding me?"

"I mean it," said Bill. "Why shouldn't I?" For he had sat there all the night before and gone all over it in his mind—all the figures.

"This ain't old times. You can't come round and fool us any more. We are onto a few of those old tricks of these capitalists and profiteers. This is a new hera; we ain't back in the middle hages no more."

The agent tried to talk to him about interest and taxes, but he shut him up.

"I've heard all that stuff before," said Bill. "You can talk and be damned, and raise and be damned—I won't pay it. I'll get out first!"

"Where'll you go?"

"I don't know that. But I'll go just the same."

"I guess I wouldn't do that, Bill," said the agent. "Not till you find what you can do. I'll tell you now there ain't any tenements to be had anywhere."

"I'll go just the same," said Bill Mixer. When he got his back up he didn't take it down right off for anybody. "I've been here fifteen years now, paying regular. I've paid enough to buy it twice over, and I won't pay out all I've got to no profiteering landlord. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Listen, Bill," said the agent, straightening himself up in his vest, the way those fat easy-going men do when they sit up; "let me ask you something. You don't think they get all this rent for themselves—not with taxes and expenses, and repairs going up the way they are now? You don't think that? And you in the decorator's trade!"

"Who is getting it then? I ain't," said Bill.

"Listen," said the agent. "Ain't your union scale up fifty per cent now from what it was a few years ago?"

"Forty-five," Bill told him, "if you want to be exact and accurate."

"And what's this I heard about another raise the first of next month?"

"They ain't voted that yet," Bill told him.

"But they will, won't they?"

"I don't know as they will," said Bill. "They might. And they probably will," he went on, standing up for his rights. "And 'igh time too!"

"And then you kick," he said, "about your rent going up."

"I do. Yes. Hin the circumstances. After paying him what I've paid him for fifteen years."

And the man started on a new line of argument, seeing he could not budge him there; thinking to make him laugh.

"They're all the same, ain't they, Bill?" he asked, grinning.

"The same what?"

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JORDAN

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JORDAN

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"Everybody," he told him. "I go round everywhere in this business and see everybody, all kinds. But I never yet saw this man you're all looking for."

"What man?" said Bill.

"The fellow that started this thing up. The fellow that raised the cost of living first," he said, grinning.

Bill Mixer could see what he was after. He was trying to get him laughing and good-humored and jolly him out of it. He just sat and looked at him.

"I go round everywhere, collecting," the agent went along again. "But I never yet found anybody who had anything to do with starting it."

"It's the profiteers," said Bill, shaking his head. "The capitalists. There ain't any use talking about that. That's proved. Like this rent here. There's a hexample—right before your face and eyes."

"What about the union?" said the other fellow, watching him.

"They had to do it. They had to do it—to live!"

And the fat agent just laughed. "Oh, come off, Bill," he said. "Don't pull any of that labor-leader sob stuff on me. You know and I know what's going on."

"What is?" Bill asked, getting ready to call him down.

"Nothing new at all," said the fat agent. "Good old human nature, that's all—the same since the world began, in the union or out. We all know it, if we didn't think we could cover it up with sob stuff and special arguments. We're all the same, ain't we—you and me and everybody else on one point? When you see a dollar rolling your way, you put your hands over it, don't you? Sometimes you might even start rolling one in your direction if you knew how. Would you or wouldn't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" said Bill.

"Only this," he answered him: "I am only showing you that nobody ever started this thing if you let them tell it themselves—either capital or labor."

And he went on telling about how they both had their hands out—and everybody else who could, all the time.

"What I'm kicking about myself," he said to Bill, "like most people in my fix—on a salary—is because I ain't either a capitalist or a farmer or a union man. I am just in between them all, getting squashed. So naturally I'm sore."

"You're unfriendly, that's what you are," said Bill, "to organized labor. That's one sure thing—the way you're knocking it."

"I ain't knocking it—or anything else," said the agent, defending himself right off. "You are the fellows that are doing the knocking; I ain't. I guess I haven't got strength enough left—like the rest of the crowd in between. I ain't kicking," he said, "only for one thing—and I have got a right to do that."

"What's that?" said Bill, looking at him, waiting.

"That's only because I can see now they are going to have my life—one way or the other. If they don't starve me to death they'll murder me another way."

"Murder you?" said Bill. "'Ow?"

"Laughing myself to death," he said. "Honest, Bill," he said, appealing to him, trying to make him good-natured again, "you would yourself if you were out where I am, looking at both sides. You don't realize, Bill, what you are missing, not being outside in the audience. The biggest free entertainment in the world, ever since they pulled off this war. All the same; nobody to blame for grabbing off anything for themselves. Nothing like that. No. Only all hands standing up hollering the Star Spangled Banner with their hat in their left hand and their right hand in their next neighbor's pocket—a kind of an endless-chain effect, and all wondering where the money goes and who's raising prices!"

"We didn't start it. I tell you that!" said Bill, getting a little tired of hearing that kind of stuff.

"No, that's what they all say. Both sides capitalists and labor too. And now the farmers have got their press agents out denying it. What any of them add on themselves don't count anything on raising prices any further. We all know that. In the building trades especially. Take a look at it, Bill—the thing we know best—what we are talking about now. Right here in the building trades. Why are rents higher? Because there ain't any tenements. Why ain't there any tenements? Because they can't afford to build them, isn't it? Why not? Ain't it wages—at least half—yes, and two-thirds, starting way back in the brickyard? Your own wages going up fifty and seventy-five per cent. And yet you sit here and holler, sadder than a hound dog with the stomach ache, when we go up twenty per cent on your rent."

"That's right," said Bill, getting madder and madder. "Go on, knock us! We'll know where our friends are when this thing is over. That's one thing!" he said.

"I ain't knocking you, Bill," said the agent, getting funny again. "I'm handing it to you. Can't you see that? I'm just admiring you a little. Honest to God, Bill, how do you do it—how do you get away with it time after time without cracking a smile? I want to know, Bill, because if I did I'd have a new thousand-dollar piano in my parlor the way you have," he said, and whacked him on the shoulder.

But if he thought alluding to that was going to help work Bill he had another guess. The way they all came back to that one thing was making him sorer and sorer. But this Green fellow didn't see it. He went right on.

"There's another thing that's funny about it," he said, not noticing how the expression on Bill's face was set firmer than ever. "It's a scream—the way they all kid themselves—after they get a new rake-off—that they are going to get away with it, without anybody else seeing it, and keep it all for themselves. They all believe that for about two months or so before the others rush in and grab it away from them. And about that time they're all blowing themselves. Then the rest close in and grab it all away again; and they start hollering profiteer, with a lot of stuff on hand they don't need and haven't half paid for perhaps, and that doesn't show anything for their money, like this thing you've got here—this piano. I bet you I've seen a million of them round the places I collect in—bought about the height of the high wages, when everybody had just come into their fortune and was running wild and free, spending their money as if they had the Bank of England by the tail, swinging it round their head."

He made the mistake of his life there—if he thought he was going to make Bill Mixer good-natured, talking about that piano. He'd heard about enough talk on that thing; nobody could start talking, as far as he could see, but they had to haul that in.

"You're funny," said Bill, cutting him off. "I knew that. But you can't talk me out of it. I know what I'm doing. You raise and I go."

"Don't be crazy, Bill," said the other man. "Go! Where'll you go to?"

"That's all right," said Bill, giving him his final word. "Which is it? Do I go or do I not?"

"You go, I guess, Bill," said the agent; "if you say so. I've got four families I know who'd jump at the chance to get this rent to-morrow."

"Let them have it," said Bill. "I'm through."

When he got his back up it didn't go down right off again. And besides, he could see, if he was going to be out of work if that strike came off it would be an advantage to get a lower rent somewhere anyway.

"You needn't come round again on my account," said Bill, closing the door after him when he tried to tell him what he'd do.

"What did you say to him?" asked Mrs. Mixer, who had been listening outside the door.

"I told him he could take the house," Bill answered her. "And burn it, for all of me!"

"What!" said his wife. "You'll let him turn us out of our home—after fifteen years here?"

"After a hundred and fifteen, for all of me," said Bill, lighting his pipe up again—to show her how determined he was.

"Where'll we go?"

"I saw a card in the window just yesterday," he told her "down near where we're working now—down on Freemont Street; a good-looking tenement too and five dollars cheaper than this is now."

"What! Down there!" said Mrs. Mixer. And then she started crying, leaning over on that plush thing Violet had bought to put over the piano, and she was always so particular about his spotting.

Bill took a look at her and his piano and went out back on the back stoop and started smoking. He didn't want to look at the thing. It had been a disappointment to him from the first. He couldn't turn round but somebody knocked him about it. And then it got on his nerves listening to her too.

"I hope you're satisfied," said Mrs. Mixer when Bill Mixer came home that next night.

"Satisfied?" said Bill, looking at her. She looked like a wild woman.

"You and your piano and your strikes and your new heras and your driving us out of our home!"

"What are you talking about?" said Bill, looking at her and wondering what next.

"Violet. She came home to-night and she fainted dead away. She's in there now in a fever."

"Is she so terrible sick?" said Bill. The way she said it gave him a start.

"You're lucky if you haven't killed her," she told him. "And now you go over across the street and telephone again for the doctor. I couldn't get him."

You would hardly know her. Her face was white and her eyes were red, and her mouth puckered in no bigger than a buttonhole. Bill didn't move for a bit, he was that startled.

"Go!" she said. "Don't stop to argue. You take your hat and go. The least you can do is to get the doctor—after what you've done already." And she gave Bill Mixer his hat and sent him flying.

This was a new one, her bossing him round like that in his own house. It took him off his feet. But he went and telephoned, and they said the doctor would be over just as soon as he came in. And then he went back and told his wife.

"Come out here. Keep still," she said when he started to talk. "I've got her into a drowse." And she took him out into the kitchen.

"What's all this about?" said Bill, making up his mind he'd know. "What is the matter with her?"

"You!" his wife said, looking wilder than ever.

"Me!" said Bill Mixer, scarce believing his senses, thinking the woman had gone crazy.

She looked like a wild woman, with her face red and white and her hair—always down smooth and even like Queen Victoria's—all tumbled over the central parting.

"Yes, you," she said.

"How do you make that out?" said Bill. "Are you off your head? What's going on here anyhow?"

"Driving her out of her home—down to live on a Dago street!"

"There's only one or two Dago families on that street," said Bill, keeping her up to the facts.

"One or two's enough."

"And besides," said Bill, looking at her, thinking how much she'd changed from what she used to be, "what's that got to do with her being sick?"

"Everything," she said. "You'd know it—if you ever stopped to think on anything at all! A girl as proud as she is, moving down there in that dirty section."

"If that's all that ails her," said Bill Mixer, relieved, "I'll go and call the doctor not to come. She ain't so delicate as all that. She won't pine away for no such cause as that."

"Won't she?" said his wife, coming after him like a fury. "That shows how much you know about it. Or anything that goes on under your nose and eyes. You know what you done to her, don't you? No? You've ruined her chance of getting married finally. Or she thinks you did, anyhow—and I guess she's right—by this last foolishness of yours."

"Ruined her chance to get married?" said Bill with his mouth open. "What are you talking about now?"

"Do you think for a minute a fellow like Tommy Foley—always so particular about the girls he's going with and what they're like—is going to keep going with a girl down on that street?"

"You're foolish in your head," said Bill Mixer. "What difference ——"

"Have you any sense?" his wife came back at him. "Don't you ever see anything going on right under your nose? Ain't you ever noticed how little he's coming here nights now compared to what he used to?"

"What's this?" said Bill.

"And all the time talking to her about how expensive it's going to be to be married."

"You mean to say ——" Bill started.

"I mean to say she's got the idea lately he's cutting her out. She wouldn't say anything about it; she's not that kind. But now you've made this last move she's come out with it all. She says if we move down there on that street—as we've got to now—that's the finish. That's the last. He never will come down there. And he never will marry her."

"You mean to say," said Bill, starting roaring now—till she stopped him—"that little whippersnapper is quitting her?"

"That's what she thinks anyhow," she said, after making him keep his voice down.

"Now I'll tell you," said Bill, mad clear through. "You mark my words—and you make no mistake about it—if that's true anyways—if he makes that excuse—if he's playing fast and loose with my girl, there'll be one less ——"

"Yes, you'll do something new. You'll mess it up some way," said his wife, "as you do usually."

"Me!" said Bill. You could have knocked him over with a feather. He felt as if the end of the world had come. "Me!"

But then she didn't say any more. She burst out crying and kept on till the doctor came and she went to the front door wiping her eyes. And Bill Mixer went and sat out of the way in the front room while they went into his girl's room.

"How is she, doctor?" Bill asked him when he came out.

"She's a pretty sick girl," he said. "But we'll pull her through, I guess. I hope so."

"What is it?" Bill asked him.

"A kind of a nervous collapse, as far as I can see—from what her mother says. She's just worried herself sick for some reason. But don't get too anxious. We'll pull her out, I hope."

Bill Mixer sat there alone after he had left, in that front room thinking things over. "'Ere's a nice kettle of fish," he said to himself. A strike coming on if they voted it on that strike vote, as they likely would. A strike, and no money laid by to speak of—not enough to pay their bills that were out; and now the girl coming down sick, more bills for doctor and medicine. And probably, by this time, the house rented over their heads. And not satisfied with this they were trying to blame it all on him.

"You never can tell what ideas a woman will get in her head, that's one sure thing," said Bill Mixer to himself. And he sat there feeling low-spirited and sad, looking across the room at that piano he'd bought trying to be good to the girl six months before. The thing had been a disappointment to him from the first; all he wished now was that he had the money back he'd put into it in the first place. Five hundred and fifty dollars, all paid in—and you probably couldn't get half that for it to-day. Things certainly couldn't look much blacker.

Bill Mixer got up and looked it over a minute where they'd jammed it in front, and that long gouge that Raymond had made on the side—all the way down across that A1 veneer. He examined it, and ran his finger down the place, and went back and sat down—and thought about his girl again, lying there sick, and how her mother was trying to blame him for it all. And naturally then he got thinking about where the trouble really lay—about that young whippersnapper who was responsible for what had happened to his girl—as anybody could see if what his wife was telling him was true. And he got up and walked about the room.

"When I see him, mark you," he said out loud, "if she's got this right—I'll learn him a lesson!"

And he had no more than sat down again than the front doorbell rang and he got up, and there stood the fellow he was thinking about—all dressed up as usual.

"Come in," said Bill. He was ready for him. "Come in," said Bill, standing over him in his shirt sleeves. And he took him into the front room where they'd be away from the women.

"How are you to-night, pop?" he said, coming in and sitting down with him in the front room. "All right?" His voice sounded kind of queer to Bill—kind of hoarse.

"All right," said Bill Mixer, sitting stiff, waiting—especially after he called him "pop" again. "I'll 'pop' him," he said to himself, "before this evening's much older—if he thinks he can come round here playing fast and loose with my girl!"

So he sat there waiting for him, looking. He seemed different somehow—not so sure of himself; kind of nervous.

(Continued on Page 97)

Look for the Gold Seal

When you go to buy a Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug be sure you get *genuine* Congoleum bearing the Gold-Seal Guarantee reading

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded"

It is pasted on the face of every genuine Congoleum Art-Rug as a protection against imitations and dissatisfactions. Congoleum *Gold Seal Art-Rugs are sold with this guarantee and we back it with a million dollars behind it.* If you do not find the Gold-Seal, insist on seeing the name "Congoleum" which is stamped on the back.

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

"What a beautiful Rug!"

"Y-E-S, isn't it a beauty! It's a Congoleum Art-Rug. It's nine by twelve feet and I paid only nineteen dollars for it!"

"No! Only *nineteen dollars?*"

"Yes; and you have no idea how convenient it is and how much time and work it saves me. You see it doesn't gather grime or dirt at all. To keep it clean all I have to do is to go over it with a damp mop.

"And see how it stays down. It doesn't curl up at the edges, and the children don't kick it up as they did my old rugs. It always lies flat, just as you see it—no; it isn't fastened down."

"How do you suppose it will wear?"

"Oh, they wear *splendidly*. I've had one in my bedroom for over a year. Isn't this a beautiful pattern? Don't you love the soft colors?"

"Yes; and I like the way it fits into your room."

. . . . . .

That's the way women talk when they get acquainted with Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs. They come in various sizes and patterns, so that you can find a size and pattern for any room where a moderate-priced rug is required.

6 x 9 feet	$ 9.75	9 x 9 feet	$14.25
7½ x 9 feet	11.85	9 x 10½ feet	16.60
	9 x 12 feet $19.00		

Prices in the Far West and Southwest average 4½% higher than those quoted in Canada and foreign countries average 10% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

The rug on the floor of Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs. The 6 x 9 foot size retails at $9.75

What is *sty*

Belts, patch pockets, w
things alone don't mean
a pen and some paper m

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From the Painting by Lyon M. Gordon

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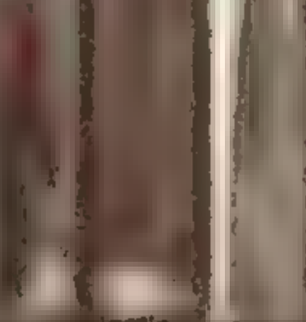

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Style and value in these highest class Motoring Gloves

Those who *know* motoring gloves have always looked to us for the exactly-right creations.

The splendid Grinnell Gloves illustrated with their distinction of appearance, richness of design and wonderful ease and comfort, combined with warmth, are gloves which we naturally produce in only limited quantity.

They meet the requirements of the best taste and the best service. They are gloves which are thoroughly in keeping with the refined air associated with the best cars made. And long-standing durability is combined with their luxury of appearance.

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Made of black African Cape with rolling ribbed cuff. Lined with lambskin from tip to top. Musk-rat fur on cuff. All in one piece of leather. No seams to wear out and cause trouble at wrist. Strap fastener to insure snug fit at wrist.

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For "Rip-proof" dress or driving gloves ask for "Grinnell Ultra-Sewn Gloves."

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MORRISON RICKER MFG COMPANY

25 Broad Street *(Established 1856)* Grinnell, Iowa, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 92)

"I'm sorry, but I haven't got a cigar to offer you to-night, pop," he said, feeling round in his pocket as he always did. His voice certainly sounded queer—kind of strained.

"Never mind the cigar!" said Bill Mixer, sitting there still and big in his shirt sleeves, waiting. And he could see himself then that the young fellow was acting strange, as if he had something on his mind.

"When I was coming up to-night," he said, after waiting a minute watching Bill, and he cleared his throat, "I heard something in your line. Maybe you know it. I met Jim McMahon, the president of the decorators down here, and he told me there'll be no strike after all."

"No strike?"

"The vote went against it. I got it straight from him himself—down by the Palace Lunch Cart."

"Well, he ought to know," said Bill. He could see he was just telling him all this to make talk, before he tackled what was on his mind. But that was interesting news, at that. That might clear up matters some!

"I thought you'd be glad to know," said Tommy Foley.

"I am," said Bill, and sat still again—and the boy with him.

"Is Vi where I can see her?" said Tommy Foley, speaking finally.

"No, she ain't," said Bill. "Not now."

And the young fellow looked up and looked down again. "I'm glad of that," he said—his voice sounding queerer and queerer all the time to Bill Mixer. Bill looked at him, studying him; and then he saw he was clearing his throat and looking round. "There ain't anybody here but us?" he said.

"No," said Bill, waiting—growing more and more suspicious now, naturally. He couldn't imagine what he was after.

"Because," said the young fellow, wetting his lips, "you see I had something I wanted to talk to you personally. I wanted to tackle you about—but I didn't dare to!"

"Aye," said Bill. "About what?"

"I've got something to say to you," young Foley went on. "I've got a kind of a confession to make."

And Bill Mixer started to stiffen up.

"About your daughter and me!" said the boy after a minute. The way that Bill Mixer sat there watching him didn't encourage him much, probably. "So I thought I'd come in to you yourself and talk to you man-fashion."

Bill Mixer didn't answer him. He couldn't have spoken then anyhow, so he just sat there waiting.

"You may have noticed," the young fellow went along, "I haven't been up here to the house so much lately. The reason is I've got wise to myself!"

"What's this?" said Bill to himself. "He wouldn't come up here and flout me to my face," and he sat still waiting.

"I got wise," said young Foley, looking at Bill, and then stumbling on again, "I saw I couldn't get married to Vi. It was out of the question."

"'Old on," said Bill to himself, keeping himself back. "'Ear him out. Don't do anything you'll be sorry for afterwards."

"And so," he said—and stopped, looking at Bill Mixer's face.

"So what?" said Bill, holding him up to it.

"So—so I went," he answered, kind of stammering now—"I went and got an extra job working nights."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Bill, roaring.

"With what?" said Tommy Foley, sitting in his chair.

"With marrying my girl?"

"I had to do it, didn't I?" said Tommy Foley. "I had to have more money than I was getting, to be married on—to get ready anyhow."

And Bill sat still again, looking, studying and working his mind.

"But even at that—we can't—we can't."

"Can't what?" Bill came out loud again when he stopped.

"Can't get married on what I am getting yet."

"So that's it!" said Bill, getting red-hot on the top of his head—thinking of his poor girl lying sick there in her room, and him sitting here in the front room making excuses just as Bill's wife said he would. "So that's it!" he said, getting ready now.

"That's it," said the boy, getting it out after some trouble, "unless ——"

"Unless what?" said Bill, after waiting all he intended to.

"I kind of hate to tell it to you," said the young fellow. "I don't suppose you'll stand for it."

"Unless what?" said Bill, roaring. "Unless what? 'Ave it out!"

"Unless you might be willing to say you'd take us and board us for the present."

And Bill lay back when he said it. It was so different from anything he'd expected. Like waking up and getting away finally from a bad dream you've been trying to get loose from all night.

"We'd pay good board," Tommy Foley went on, talking fast now he was started. "We could afford to do that. But we can't afford to rent and furnish a flat for ourselves—not these times!"

And Bill Mixer not saying anything yet the young fellow went on urging him, arguing with him to do it. "I didn't suppose," he said, kind of melancholy, "that you'd favor it. I didn't suppose it would do much good. But I didn't know but what we'd pay might come in handy when you came to pay rent. Especially now they've raised it on you."

"Raised it on me!" said Bill—remembering that rent business with a kind of a jump. "How'd you know that?"

"I heard it," said Tommy Foley after a little hesitation, "from Ed Green, the agent, yesterday."

"What'd he say?" Bill asked him.

"He said he'd had to raise your rent and you were kicking about it."

"What else did he say?"

"That's all. He just said you were kicking, like the rest of them; and threatening to get out. But he knew different—when the next rent day came you'd come round and pay all right. He was saving it for you—like he always did, for his old tenants—one month anyhow. To give you a chance to get used to the idea. For they all come to it finally!"

"They do, do they?" said Bill Mixer in a gruff voice. Then after a while he spoke up, for the whole thing came to him like a flash. He saw now what he could do; how he could work it. "So you want to get married to my girl this fall?" he asked him.

"Do I?" said young Tommy Foley, brightening up when he heard Bill's voice change. "Ask me!"

"Well," said Bill, speaking finally, after thinking it all out, "I can fix it for you. Leave it to me!" And he got up and went to the door.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tommy, getting up too.

"You leave it to me," said Bill Mixer, looking at him. "I'll handle this!"

"But I—I haven't spoken about it yet to Vi, about anything—not even my job nights. I was going to surprise her!"

"That's all right," said Bill; "we'll surprise her now." And he opened the door into the back room and crooked his finger for his wife to come.

"'Ow'd you like to stay right here and keep the 'ouse?" he said to her, kind of slow—and the boy standing there not knowing what was going on.

"S-s-stay?" said Mrs. Mixer, almost crying. "How can we now?"

"Well, I'll fix it for you," he told her, and he went on to show her how.

"'Ow'd you like to get your daughter married off," asked Bill, giving her a meaning look, "this fall?"

And when she didn't say anything, just stood and looked, half crying, he told her about it, and how much board Tommy Foley was willing to pay; and sent her in to see the girl.

"What's the matter?" asked young Tommy Foley. "Where is Vi anyhow?"

"She's sick," said Bill. "Didn't I tell you?"

"No," said the young fellow, his voice rising. "How sick? What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Bill, smiling to himself, "but what'll be all right now!"

And right after that the doctor came, looking in for the second time.

"What is the matter with her anyhow?" Tommy Foley wanted to know again.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bill, "some sort of nervous fit. You can't tell about a woman. You can live with them for years and never get onto what ails them." And then they sat there talking, waiting for the doctor to come out.

"You can't satisfy them, that's all," said Bill Mixer, alluding to the women—looking down at the carpet and sighing when he said it. "I've about given up—especially lately, since these war prices came along. You take my wife; she used to be a good, right-acting woman as you ever fastened eyes on. You ought to hear her now. You ought to hear her go on, blaming me for everything that happens. You'd think to hear her I was murdering the whole family."

"That's bad, pop," said Tommy Foley, sympathizing with him, "when they get to feeling that way!"

"Bad! You'd think it was bad," said Bill, taking out his pipe and sighing again. "I ain't complaining," he said, "but you take this thing—this piano—I bought to give all 'ands some hamusement. You'd think to hear her talk I'd robbed the church treasury and was spending it all on a hactress. 'It costs something, yes!' I says to her. 'But it's worth something too. You want to be reasonable,' I says, 'when it comes to things like that.'"

And he went on and told him all about how she objected to that piano he'd bought them, and after a while Tommy Foley looked up and started sympathizing with him again.

"That ain't right, pop," he said, looking at him. "They ought not to blame that thing on you."

"I don't think they 'ad, myself," said Bill, "if it comes to that."

"No," said Tommy Foley. "You didn't buy that piano, I can see that."

And when he said that, Bill looked over at him kind of sharp. He'd changed a bit the last few minutes since they'd settled up things. He was more like himself, and he didn't know but he was started fooling again.

"You didn't buy that thing yourself—that's a cinch," he said. "Any more than I did all those rainbow clothes I had on last spring."

"Oh, I bought it all right!" said Bill, looking at him to get his drift. "I'll hadmit that."

"No, you didn't, pop," he said. "Nothing like that. You ain't responsible for this."

"I tell you I did," said Bill, talking louder, getting a little hot on the top of his head. "Certainly I bought it. If I didn't, who did then?"

"It was old General Jazz," said Tommy Foley, looking at him. "That's a cinch."

"Old who?" said Bill, glaring at him.

"Old General Jazz, the new military hero."

And Bill Mixer shut up. He saw he was back fooling again.

"You know the guy that Eddie Green, the agent, was telling you about, they were all looking for now?" asked Tommy Foley.

"Who's that?" said Bill Mixer, watching him close.

"The one that started up this high-cost-of-living idea first."

"Yeh."

"That's the boy who's responsible," said Tommy Foley, looking serious. "Old General Jazz—the hero of the revolution."

He never cracked a smile; but Bill Mixer was onto his game now. "The 'ero," he said, "of the revolution? Which revolution?" he asked him, coming back at him.

"The revolution we're on to-day. The one you read about in the newspapers."

"Go on. Shoot," said Bill. "Let's 'ave it."

"It's a secret," he said, going on. "I ain't giving it out to everybody, the results of my investigations. But I'll let you in on it, pop, now you're going to be a member of my family."

And Bill Mixer sat grinning, thinking how changed he was from a few minutes ago, when he didn't know whether he could get married or not. He was feeling good now; you could see that. He was one of the kind that the better they feel the more they get fooling—the sadder they look.

"There's been a war, pop," he said. "You might have heard of it. And it's made them all act funny. You'd be surprised too. You'd think offhand it would sober them off everywhere, especially when they were fighting themselves. But after about a month in the trenches, picking trench rats out of your army clothes and seeing the head of the man next to you carried six miles to the rear on board a German shell, you'd be surprised to see what an appetite you get for some *petits divertissements* as we French say. You wouldn't believe how gay you feel when they transfer you to Paree—for a week's maneuvers under good old General Jazz."

Bill Mixer sat watching him, saying nothing, getting his drift.

"You know who he is by this time, I guess, pop," said Tommy Foley. "He was the governor general in charge at Paris all through the war. You might have heard of him. Some military leader too, believe me! He's the guy that puts the morale into your soldiers when they get to Paris—starting them marching up and down forced night marches all over the town, bringing up home at six A. M. all fresh as paint—all hollering and singing, walking on your feet worn down to your ankle bones."

"I get the hidea," said Bill, grinning when he stopped.

"It wasn't so different," said Tommy, going on, "last spring, after we started watching the Rhine ourselves a while, and hurled his Royal Spiked Mustaches back on Where-Am-I-Now-Again! You might have thought they mustered us all out, but what they did was—they transferred us all over into old General Jazz's command, the great Grand Army of the Revolution."

"What revolution's this you're talking about now?" Bill Mixer asked. But he was going on.

"You'll hear them talking," he said, "all over about the boys coming home—all aching to get to work at the old job. Maybe so. But that ain't my experience. I may be wrong, but I've got an idea we did quite some job over there, to tell you the truth. That might entitle us to a little vacation, but anyhow it hit the best of them; there ain't anybody I know but would just as soon take a day or two off and turn on a little of the jazz, and try and get some of the jumps out of their system—and some of the things they've seen and heard over there out of their eyes and ears."

"You're right there," said Bill.

"But when we got home here we were surprised ourselves, believe me! Here was old General Jazz, the hero of the revolution, in charge again over here, stronger than he ever was in Paris—with the whole population marching up and down behind him, yelling and blowing themselves; the war millionaires filling the hotels in New York and Atlantic City and other night health resorts; and the rest of the population blowing their war wages for automobiles and fur coats and jazz machines like this here of yours, pop," said Tommy Foley, pointing at Bill Mixer's piano.

"What's all this got to do with the 'igh cost of living?" said Bill Mixer, stiffening up when he came back to that again, like all the rest of them. "Say we did spend a dollar or two at first. That ain't all the 'igh cost of living now—by no means."

"That's where the revolution comes in, pop," said Tommy Foley. And he stopped and looked at him, sadder and sadder.

"What revolution?" Bill Mixer asked louder. "What are you talking about?"

"The one I was just telling about that they're pulling off now everywhere under old General Jazz."

"Go on," said Bill. "'Ave your joke, and 'ave it over with. What are you after now?"

"I tell you how it is, pop," he said to Bill then; "you'll hear a lot of them talking about this revolution all over. But you pay attention to me, because I've got the only real original dope on it to-day. I'll show it all to you."

"Go on, then," said Bill; "show me"

"I'll show you—right, pop," he told him, looking at him solemner and solemner. "I won't deceive you, like some of these guys will. I'll prove it all to you as I go along. Now listen: When you get out on an old-fashioned evening and get a little overheated, what's the first thing that happens to you—always—without fail?"

"I don't know," Bill answered him. "What is?"

"You get to seeing double, don't you?"

"What of it?" said Bill.

"That's the basis of our revolution," he answered him. "The very foundation."

"Look here," said Bill Mixer. "What do you mean? What's this revolution you keep hollering about?"

"I'm glad you asked that question, pop," said Tommy Foley, more and more polite, "because it shows you're following my argument closely. And it gives me a chance to show you step by step. And it's the revolution you see revolving around you all the time. And it's caused, as I was telling you, mostly—like some others you might know about—because we started out seeing double."

"Seeing double!" said Bill after him. "Seeing what?"

"What we are looking at principally now," he said; and went on and told him. "Your wad, your staff of life—your pay envelope. That's what you're watching,

(Continued on Page 101)

Un-retouched photograph of dual Goodyear Solid Tires belonging to a set of six which have run from sand and gravel pits and over much unfinished, crushed rock road since March 17, 1916—for Wells Transfer Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Copyright 1919 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Photographic Evidence of Unusual Tire Merit

"DURING the past seven years I have used several standard makes of truck tires but I have never found any to compare in durability with Goodyear Solid Tires. After a check-up of the regular daily trips made, I am positive that a set of six has traveled 132,519 miles thus far, on a truck hauling materials to road construction work. Another set has gone 75,000 miles to date."—Mr. Bert C. Wells, Owner, Wells Transfer Company, 22 Bayliss Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Among the oldest Goodyear Solid Tires running today are the veteran six on a motor truck working for the Wells Transfer Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Since the truck was purchased on March 17, 1916, these tires have done hard duty for a total of 38 months, 15 of these months involving practically continuous day-and-night hauling under two shifts of drivers.

This term of service, therefore, has been the equivalent of more than four years of daytime hauling and yet it does not represent the full wearing possibilities of these long-lived Goodyear Solid Tires.

Carrying huge loads of sand, gravel and rock from pits to road construction work, at present about 20 miles distant, they still offer, to close examination, treads which are decidedly well preserved.

As evidenced by the photograph at the left, the treads have worn down evenly while traveling very uneven surfaces, both cutting and grinding; and the amount of scarring on them certainly is moderate considering the terrific punishment they have withstood.

The owner, Mr. Bert C. Wells, calls attention to the trips, averaging 25 miles each, made four times per day for 23 months and 8 times per 24 hours for 15 months, affirming that, thus far, these Goodyear Solid Tires have covered the almost incredible distance of 132,519 miles.

He also points to another set of six Goodyear Solid Tires which, although they have delivered 75,000 miles since December 17, 1916, are still strong and smooth, the rear treads remaining 1¼ inches thick and the front treads 1¾ inches thick—with live rubber.

While the Goodyears have been piling up these maximum records, other makes of solid tires have required replacement, in complete sets, as often as once every three months.

Of course it should be noted, whenever Goodyear Solid Tires range from 25,000 miles to past 100,000 miles of service, that these high scores usually are assisted importantly by such tire care as is given or advised by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations..

The big system of hundreds of such stations, covering the country, is a very tangible and permanent part of the Goodyear program which aims at delivering through Goodyear Solid Tires the utmost mileage of which rubber is capable.

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—and No Stropping—No Honing

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The harder the shaving problem, the finer the chance for the Gillette to show what it can do.

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It's a great thing to know that you can depend on your Gillette for a velvet-smooth shave day after day—your face feeling soothed and fine, and *No Stropping—No Honing!*

No. 17
"Bulldog"
Combination Set

Complete shaving outfit, with "Bulldog" Razor, 12 double-edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges)*. Genuine Leather Case.
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The Sign of No Stropping—No Honing
Known the World Over

HERE is the famous Gillette Diamond-Trade Mark—the mark of the one great shaving invention in all history.

"No Stropping—No Honing" brands the Blade as the highest type of shaving edge ever developed—a Blade new in principle, in steel, temper, finish and use.

The term "No Stropping—No Honing" signifies the application of *science* to razor-blade making.

It will appeal to every man anxious to eliminate unnecessary labor and save valuable time.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

New York — Chicago — San Francisco — Montreal
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(Continued from Page 97)

ain't you, ever since these war wages got going?"

"'Ow?" said Bill. "Hexplain yourself."

"Sure," said Tommy Foley; "only you know it now already. You start off Saturday night with that big wad in your hand—like you never saw before—a millionaire! And you end up Friday night breaking into the poorhouse, don't you?"

"You got that right," said Bill.

"Sure I have. You see it now, pop, how it is. Just as soon as I explain it to you—about that money business. You thought you had it right there in your hand. But the fact was it never was there—only half of it. You just imagined it was. That's the real scientific explanation of it. You were just under the influence of old General Jazz. And the first grocery you stepped into they proved it to you. And then," he said, fixing his eye right on Bill Mixer, "when you came out of there, what did you do—according to the real scientific explanation?"

"How would I know?" said Bill. "You'd cuss and swear at the grocer, no doubt, for the prices he was soaking you."

"Yes. And then you hike right off and ask for more pay, don't you?"

"You do," said Bill, "if you can."

"And then they give it to you?"

"Sometimes," said Bill.

"And then they raise all the prices on you. And then you ask for more pay—and they raise you once more! You get me? You see? They're off!" he said, talking loud all of a sudden—waving his arms over his head like a man at a horse race. "They're off!" he said. "Round and round. Like the four poor farmers in the four-leafed hotel entrance. And that's what we call in scientific circles," he said, stopping, "a revolution!"

"Now look here," said Bill, starting up again. But Tommy Foley went along.

"You see how simple it is, pop, when I explain it to you," he said.

"What?" said Bill, talking up louder.

"This revolutionary movement we're in to-day under old General Jazz. Round and round—all hands hollering at the man ahead to get out of the way."

"I see they're doing us," said Bill Mixer. "That's what I see. All these profiteers and capitalists. I see that."

"Sure," said Tommy. "They're getting all they can get their hands on, as usual. And then we're boosting wages. And then they're soaking us again. All hands round and round yelling. That's it. You've got it now. The new revolutionary movement, with good old General Jazz leading."

"Don't you believe it!" said Bill Mixer. "That ain't all!"

"Sure, it ain't all," said Tommy Foley. "Not now, pop. No. It's just as you started saying, pop," he told him; "old General Jazz ain't leading alone now any more. He was; but he ain't."

"Who is, then?" asked Bill, watching him close.

"He's got his general staff with him now, that he's been collecting all the time lately. Every now and then he takes on a new aide-de-camp."

"A what?" said Bill.

"You'll see it—you'll read about another one every night now in all the evening newspapers. Every new turn in the revolution now, there's some strange boy with a long black mane comes out of the bushes by the side of the road waving the big new idea over his head. There's seven hundred thousand of them now leading us in the general staff. And lately quite a lot of lady leaders. You might have read about them—these lady statisticians, we call them."

"Call them what you want to," said Bill Mixer. "What are they?"

"I'll show you that too, pop," he said. "It's like this: You may be going round and round on your revolution," he explained to him, "all peaceful for the minute, and all of a sudden you see one of these young lady leaders in a short skirt and a short mane springing up by the roadside, shouting: 'Hold! Wait! This can't go on! Don't you know what the least possible yearly cost of rearing a laboring man's family is? Well, I'll tell you. It's twenty-seven hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents. Either thirty-three or thirty-four cents. Some authorities make it thirty-four but I know myself it's thirty-three. I worked it all out. I've been in dozens of workingmen's homes.'"

"It ain't so far out, at that, to-day," said Bill Mixer.

"Sure, it's all right. So we stop all hands and listen to her and she smiles and says: 'Come. I'll lead you!' and she goes on ahead and joins the general staff; and the band plays again, and we all vote to have our pay raised once more or go on a strike right away if we don't get it."

"There has been a plenty of that lately," said Bill. "Too much!"

"Sure. It's a sad day when there ain't ten big strikes in the morning's papers," said Tommy Foley. "And now, pop, I'm going to give you some secrets. This is inside stuff: Old General Jazz and his staff are getting us all lined up to-day for the finish. We're all on the last lap of the revolution. We are stopping work now—getting ready for it, so we'll do it right. We're moving now into the new state. We're stepping right out into the future."

"What's this next step?" said Bill, humoring him, "haccording to your hinformation?"

"On to Washington!" said Tommy, shooting up his arm.

"So that's it," said Bill after him. "On to Washington, eh?"

"Yep. That's the next. You might remember, pop, back twenty years ago, way back in the dark ages, about this General Coxey who marched on to Washington? I read about it in the paper the other day."

"I recollect hearing something about it at the time," said Bill Mixer.

"That's the thing now," he told him. "On to Washington! With old General Jazz and the general staff with the bright eyes and long black manes in the lead—hollering and explaining it to you as you go. They've got it all mapped out what they're going to do next."

"What are they?" Bill asked, sitting back and listening to his nonsense.

"The day before Labor Day comes on Sunday, this year, pop," said Tommy Foley, "don't it?"

"Yes. And every other year," said Bill.

"Well, all right then," he said to him. "The schedule we leaders have in mind is this: At eight o'clock sharp we march in mass down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, and spear the President."

"Spear him?" said Bill Mixer, looking at him over his pipe.

"Sure. What do we want of a President or a Congress? That's old stuff—out of date long ago. That's Sunday," he said. "And then on Monday at eight o'clock we'll all march out again, and take over all the factories from these gezinks that own them now—and form the Workers' Coöperative Commonwealth. There won't be any violence. We'll give out our bonds for it. And that'll be all for Monday. After that we'll all celebrate and go to bed."

"I see," said Bill Mixer.

"And then on Tuesday the Workers' Commonwealth will organize and call the last general strike—all hands out!"

"The last one?"

"Stop working—for good and all. That'll be Tuesday, the second of September, at ten o'clock, you understand? The day our grandchildren will all celebrate."

"Stop work—for good?" said Bill, getting a bit tired of this fooling. "What are you getting after now?"

"Sure," Tommy Foley told him. "I'm giving it to you right. That's where we're all moving now, ain't it? That's been the line of march laid out under General Jazz right along—through the five-hour day and the four-hour day, and the regular monthly strike, and then right on to freedom. We've been on our way now some time. Only now we've decided we'll have a coup d'état, as we French say."

"A what?" said Bill.

"Sure. We'll end it now, and end it right. We'll form the Workers' Coöperative Commonwealth and stop this work idea all at once on September second. That'll be the last. You're back of the times, pop. They can prove it to you—any one of these experts with the black manes."

"They ain't any of us trying to do that," said Bill, seeing now he was joshing him and his union probably. "That's laying it on too thick."

"You're wrong, pop," said Tommy; "you're getting old. You're back in the past. That's the next thing, and I can prove it to you. It's what's got to come. It's all been proved to me a thousand times. I know it by heart now."

"Go on, prove it," said Bill Mixer.

"Sure," he said. "I'll show you just how they do. Here comes one of them up to you, and he says: 'Ain't this the age of machinery to-day? Ain't everything done by machine now?'

"'Sure,' you'll say.

"'All right then,' he says—this fellow with the mane. 'All right. Take shoes then—for example. Ain't there machinery enough in the world right now to make eighteen pairs of shoes a year for every man, woman and child on the face of the globe—if it's only divided up right? Answer me that!'

"'I dunno, myself,' you tell him, 'whether there is or not.'

"'If I can prove it to you,' he says, 'ain't that the solution of the whole thing? Ain't it?' he says, shaking his mane.

"'I dunno. You say so. Maybe,' you tell him.

"And then he proves it to you right out of a book he is carrying in his left hand. 'It's all perfectly simple,' he keeps on telling you. 'A new day is dawning. We workers have got intelligence now. They can't fool us any longer. We know what it is. It's machinery—and that's all it is that does the work. That's known now everywhere. So what'll we do next, according to all scientific writers on the subject?'

"'What?' you say, looking at him.

"'We'll do this,' he says, putting his hand on you, all stained and twisted out of shape from holding cigarettes in front of him. 'Me and you and the rest of the workers will take the machinery away from them, and it won't be stealing because they took it away from us in the first place. And we may give our bonds back for it—if we decide to. But that's a detail. And then what'll we do?'

"'What?' you ask him, sidling off a bit.

"'We workers will take it and we'll set it up in our own factories and we'll come in at nine o'clock in the morning and set our machinery going; and the worker will go off for a joy ride in his limousine—which is just another machine, you know—for the day. And he'll come back at four-thirty in the afternoon and turn off his machinery again. And we'll have the machinery fixed all right,' he says, talking a little faster all the time, 'so it will do that by that time—with the boost the new plan will give to the workers' inventive genius. What's machinery for anyhow?' says the man with the long black mane, looking through you, and talking faster and faster all the time, 'unless it's to do your work for you?'

"'And then at the end of the year what'll you have?' he says. 'Just take the shoe industry as a whole as an example.'

"'What will you?' you say, backing up a little from that eye.

"'That's simple,' he says. 'Just mere arithmetic. You have eighteen pairs of shoes apiece for every man, woman and child in the world—that's what you'll have—all on an equal footing. So we'll call it the Workers' Coöperative Commonwealth, and we'll all quit work together.'

"That's the big new idea, pop, of this new revolution, as near as I can get it. Nobody's going to have to work any more. And if you don't believe it all you've got to do is to watch the boys—these leaders with the long manes that are bringing it out. They're good, pop; you've got to hand that to them. They practice what they preach—you've got to say that. They demonstrate all their lives how a man can get along without working."

"Ah, shut your nonsense!" said Bill Mixer, grinning a bit in spite of the foolishness of it.

"No, that's right, pop. Honest," said Tommy Foley. "That's what we call the new gospel of the workers nowadays: Quit work, now! The less you do the better. Let machinery do it; or somebody else. And when it comes to saving, it's the same idea—that'll all be done by machinery too."

"Saving!" said Bill. "By machinery!"

"Sure. Ain't they worked it all out in Russia now—so everybody has his own money? What did they do there? They do this—you know it: Every voter has got his own printing press there now and prints his own money for the day every morning before he goes out in the street."

"You can't do things like that they're doing over there," said Bill Mixer, breaking in. "Not with money. I know that. I'm Henglish, and Hengland's got the best money system in the world to-day. You can't do that. You can't tamper with your money."

"Oh, go on, pop," said Tommy Foley. "You're fooling. If you can't print your own money what are you? A slave!"

"'Ave your joke if you will," Bill told him. "A slave to the capitalists—the money power, the way you are now."

"That's all right," said Bill Mixer, stopping him. "But let me ask you something right there: What about them—what about these capitalists and profiteers—what are they doing right now? Tell me that."

"I don't know," said Tommy Foley. "But I got an idea from the Sunday supplements. They're all down on Wall Street hollering from ten till three; and on weekends they're all down at Atlantic City somewheres filling their favorite actress' canary bird's cage with diamonds, from what I read in the papers. They're all marching circles—back of old General Jazz like the rest of us as far as I can see. We're all gone bughouse together. That's all I was going to say in the first place. We're all of us just now in a state of rapid revolution."

And Bill looked at him while he stopped.

"What are we going to do about it?" Bill asked him. "What do you propose then?"

"I dunno," he said, talking a little bit absent-minded. "Let her revolve till she stops, probably."

"When'll that be, according to your claim?"

"I was talking with an old guy," said Tommy Foley, not answering him directly, "that was in the Civil War, and he claims it was just the same that time. He says it's just that way always after every war. They get the same idea—these same revolving theories—and start the same old thing again."

"What?" Bill asked him finally.

"All hands quit work, and start hollering at each other, and march round and round, after their old revolutionary leader—old General Jazz—all hollering and marching circles. It's just human nature, he says, after a war. He claims if you got a good look at the earth now from this here Mars you see about in the papers, it would look like an ant hill that somebody just poked a long stick into—all swarming, running loose. They did just the same after the Civil War, so he said."

"When did they stop then?" Bill asked him.

"In 1873, I think he said it was. They all stopped work at once, together, with a bump. Shut down tight, and all hands spent the next two years looking around for a job."

"Well?" said Bill.

"Well."

"What's the answer?" Bill asked him. "What's to prevent that 'appening now, in your hidea?"

"I don't know any answer up to date—that's worth talking about, compared to these new ideas that are floating round. Nothing but some old discarded stuff from the dark ages," he said.

"Well, what's that?" said Bill Mixer, looking at him.

"It don't sound like much after all, being free men and printing your own money for yourself," said Tommy Foley.

"What is it?" said Bill, keeping him up to it.

"You might try all hands stopping hollering at one another, and expecting something else or somebody else to do your work for you; and turn in and do your own work for a change yourself. But that don't sound like much, after what we've been used to lately."

"There might be something there to think about," said Bill Mixer.

"We might save a dollar, some of us, even," said Tommy Foley. "You can never tell till you try."

"I'd like to see you," said Bill Mixer, "with these prices now."

"Well, I had to do it myself, if I was ever going to get married," said Tommy Foley; "so I did finally.

"I'm fixed a little different from the rest. You've got to excuse me. I've got together a little bit in the bank now—just a little. Don't tell anybody about it, though; it might get me in bad."

"You're a comical duck," said Bill Mixer, "ain't you? Always getting up some wild idea."

And just then the doctor came out into the hall from his second visit to Violet, and they both went out and got hold of him.

"'Ow is she now?" Bill Mixer asked him. And the old doctor stopped and looked at him over his glasses.

"In all my practice," he said to him, "I never saw a quicker recovery. I thought I had the right specific but I never had such rapid results. You would almost think a miracle had happened since the last time I was here. I didn't tell you then how serious I thought she was."

Concluded on Page 104

Monito SOCKS

Monito

SOCKS

A SOCK WEARS about as well as its maker intends that it shall. And happily for you, most makers are highly conscientious.

Personally we are often told that long experience has given us a certain finesse in adding, to the real wear in Monito socks, uncommon style and unusually satisfying fit.

We recommend Style 522 as embodying these Monito family characteristics in a pure silk sock for all around wear.

Notice particularly the natural softness of Monito silk—silkworm silk.

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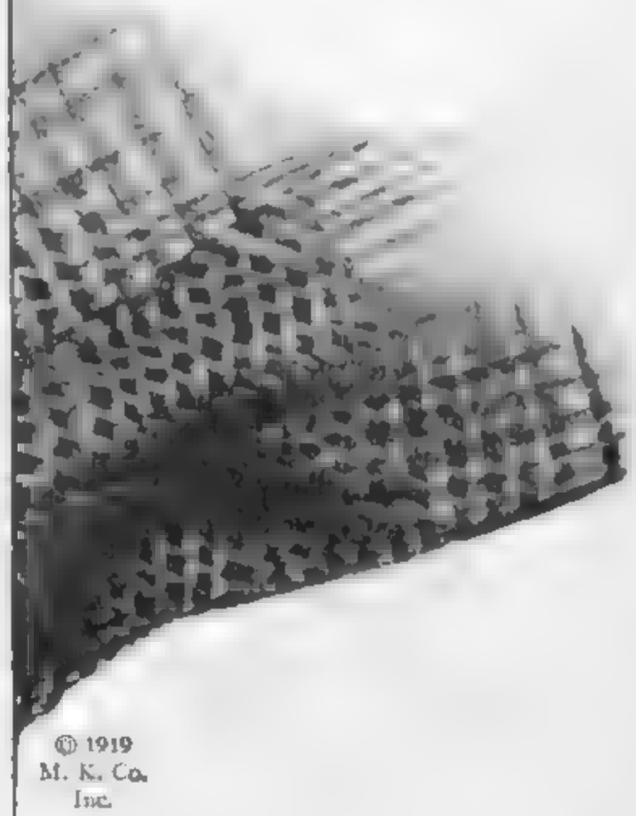

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(Concluded from Page 101)

And then he went out—Tommy Foley following him with his eyes and then looking back kind of questioning like at Bill Mixer.

"What'd I tell you?" said Bill. "You can't tell anything about these women. First they're dying, at death's doors, as she was. And then in half an hour there's nothing the matter with them. In my opinion," said Bill Mixer, "and you mark my words, she wasn't more'n ——"

But Tommy Foley wasn't listening to him any more.

"Dying!" he said, staring. "At death's door!" And he shot out into the back room without waiting for him to finish up his sentence, to see Bill's wife and left Bill standing there still talking.

Bill stood for a minute staring straight ahead with his mouth open and his eyes on that piano, that instrument he had bought to amuse his girl with, and to make lively music round the house when his working day was over.

"He might be right," he said to himself, "if he is a card!" And he shook his head thinking.

And just then Grandma Mixer came in, looking round to see where he was.

"He's probably right—more than 'alf," he said to himself.

"'Ow's that?" she said, seeing his lips moving.

"There might be a new hera," he said to himself, "and all that, but somebody's got to get down to work sometime just the same—first off anyhow. There's an old hera, no doubt, to look to, just as well as a new hera."

"'Ear you?" said Grandma Mixer, getting just that one thing. "I don't 'ear a thing you say."

"I was saying this," said Bill, hollering at her, humoring her. "We've got to get to work. It's time we did something ourselves and not 'oller at one another all the time. We've got to get to work like the old days—or we'll all bust together. We've got to cut out this jazz, and dancing round in circles, and get down to work!"

"Pork!" said Grandma Mixer, with her mind always running on that one subject of her food. "I never seen it dearer in my life."

"I said work!" said Bill, getting mad and hollering louder still, for you could never make him believe she couldn't hear if she wanted to. "Work! You mark my words! Make no mistake! We've got to get down to work like old times—the way you trained me.

"Put away something every week if you can—and work—hard."

"Oh, work!" said Grandma Mixer, getting it finally, part of it. "You think you'd work—if you had to work nowadays the way me and your father did!"

SYMBOLS

(Continued from Page 18)

Gray's Mills. You don't have to let on you're my husband. You'll be near Tommy, and there'll be ways I can help you, I'm sure."

"But, Cynth', the authorities knew I was coming here. They know you're my wife. The bulls make it their business to keep track of ex-cons. They'll never trouble you if I'm not round, but they may take a notion to blow on me any moment."

"But they wouldn't do anything to hurt you if you went straight."

"They might. Then again, how do you know I'm sure to go straight? You said yourself honest people don't have to try; but I'll have to try like the devil."

"You're more likely to succeed with me near by, Lank. You know that."

"Here's another thing: Someone cracks the post office or holds up a souse on his way home from the lodge. Wouldn't they suspect me first? Sure! Cynth', old scout, it simply can't be done. You don't know when you're well off."

It was now after nine. The visitor located his hat, which Cynthia had hung on a hook behind the door. She surveyed him with a large compassion. In spite of his sound build, knowing eyes and well turned jaw he seemed somehow futile and helpless. His clothes did not fit properly, his shoes were cheap and rusty. His hair, scraggly about the ears and neck, gave him a neglected and forlorn aspect.

"Have you any money?" she asked, quite certain that he must be the next thing to destitute.

"Sure, lots of it," he replied speciously.

"I don't believe you. You ought to get some decent clothes and have yourself fixed up. You mustn't start out looking shabby; that's a handicap. I'll let you have a little money. But, oh, Lank, you do need me to boss you a little."

"I guess that's the truth; but I got to make the most of it. It can't be helped."

"Hush!" Cynthia held up a warning hand. "It's Tommy."

From above came a wailing cry.

"Bad dream," said Cynthia. "He has them sometimes."

She took the hand lamp and went upstairs, followed by her husband. Tommy was sitting up in his crib, howling lustily. His mother bent over and patted the small shoulders.

"Here's mother, dear. Don't cry. And here's Mr. Riddlety Friddles too. It's all right."

"I—I—I had a tur'ble dream," sobbed the child. "Big bear chathed me:"

J. Lancaster picked up his son and sat down in an inadequate rocking-chair.

"There, there, old man," he soothed. "Nothing's going to hurt you."

The man's tone was gentle as Cynthia's own. Tommy stopped crying and surveyed the newcomer out of tear-filled eyes. Then tipping his head upon J. Lancaster's chest he murmured brokenly: "Riddlety Friddleth, you won't let big bear bite Tommy, will you?"

Cynthia went downstairs again, carrying the lamp. Shortly, Riddlety Friddles came down at a ponderous tiptoe.

"Sound asleep," he announced pridefully.

Somehow Cynthia found it impossible to say anything. She sat at the kitchen table, examining her hands with great intentness.

"I was just wondering," ventured J. Lancaster, "if I could get some kind of job in this town. I might grow me a mustache and some spectacles. You'd s'pose the dicks would lay off me as long as I behaved myself. Honest, Cynth', would you take a chance?"

IV

NEITHER large nor elaborate was the Gray's Mills House, Jason Guilder, Proprietor, Entertainment for Man and Beast. If crowded to capacity it might hold thirty-five guests. It never was crowded. Still, it was a fairly good country hotel. Mrs. Jason Guilder did the cooking, and take it from the salesmen and others who made Gray's Mills, she was considerable cook. Many a man planned his route so as to spend a night there and eat her hot biscuit for supper and waffles for breakfast. The cotton mills, which gave the town its name, brought a good many visitors. Motorists had learned the attraction of Martha Guilder's cooking. So the little hotel had a fair patronage the year round.

To the Gray's Mills House came a man who registered as John L. Bell, just after the passage of the upstate train. His arrival occasioned no comment; he was assigned a room and went upstairs. The bed was far softer than any he had been accustomed to in the past four years, though many a guest had grumbled at the lumpiness of the mattress and the vocal insistence of the spring. These objections did not keep its occupant awake until nearly morning, but his thoughts did.

Half a dozen times he was on the point of passing up a situation which every argument told him was hopeless. The facts were exactly as he had stated them to his wife. That he could succeed in keeping his record a secret from the townspeople looked quite beyond the range of possibility.

Yet he had promised to stay. He knew the burden of risk to be Cynthia's, and that it was she who would suffer most if the reckoning came. He had yielded through weakness, that was all.

Cynthia had also spoken the truth when she had warned him against his old associates. In their company he was quite certain to go wrong. He banked heavily upon his wife's influence to keep him right. This influence had in the past counted for very little. Having gone through hell, however, the lesson had sunk home. He reviewed the crowning asininity of his career, his adventure with the Fullerton diamonds. He had been a bigger fool than he had thought Fullerton.

It seemed to Bell that his mistake had been in the choice of methods, or, as an artist would say, of media. You can't make a dry-point etching with a piece of charcoal. Everyone knows stock-market tips and pool rooms and cards are crooked, yet he had deliberately picked those faulty implements to build a fortune. It was like starting for Europe in a rowboat, a leaky one at that.

These and the thousand and one other thoughts that robbed J. Lancaster of a good night's rest sprang from no seed sown in the soil of conscience. A limousine was still a limousine. That symbol idea of Cynthia's made him a trifle tired. Nevertheless, it had been impressed upon J. Lancaster that a limousine belonging to someone else could not be appropriated at will, without permission of the owner.

There was much merit apparently in that theory of Cynthia's touching the value of reputation. Here she was, a mere woman—though a smart one, to be sure—owning a business and able to borrow money from the bank. She had done it all in four years, building up other people's confidence to the point where they felt safe to trust her with their property or money. It was remarkable. If a woman could do it surely a man with J. Lancaster's shrewdness and ability ought to be able to do far more in an equal length of time.

Well, that was the secret of great successes. Bankers, heads of huge corporations, captains of industry—had done the same thing; and when they had gained the confidence of people with money they had got away with murder. There was the old born-in-a-log-cabin gag. If a man were known to have owned more than one pair of pants up to the age of twenty-one he never could become a millionaire. You had to start at the bottom, penniless, friendless, but fired with a great ambition. The dope books all said as much. Poor but honest—that was the stuff. Get 'em believing in you.

Take the guys in Wall Street. How about all that watered stock? The wise birds trafficked in it, the suckers bought it. Let a poor misguided fish without money or reputation try the same game! Zowie! He got his, right away.

Lack of patience had been his trouble. Cynth' said so. He hadn't been content to build reputation through the years until his standing entitled him to cut in on the big doings and grab his share. He'd hopped in without knowing how to swim.

All right. J. Lancaster would now change his system. He would begin at the bottom. He had brains. Let 'em give him a chance and he'd show an exhibition of plain and fancy honesty that would make old Diogenes drop his lantern and come a-runnin'.

And having demonstrated the perfection of honesty he'd give a correct imitation of a model citizen making honesty profitable. Right now he had seven or eight good schemes for capitalizing such honesty, almost without investing a cent, except for some good-looking office furniture and thick red carpets. Cynthia should have her limousine, the best that could be bought, and if she wanted to call it a symbol she could go as far as she liked.

As for little Tom, he should have advantages. Tom needn't start at the bottom. He wouldn't have to scheme and worry and take chances like his poor old hard-working dad.

Along toward morning with a sense of virtuous decision Bell fell asleep.

Early in the new day he appeared in the hotel office and inquired concerning breakfast. The elderly Jason Guilder behind the desk replied promptly: "Breakfast? 'Tain't but six o'clock. You didn't say you wanted an early breakfast when you went to bed. Have to ketch the mornin' train?"

Bell shook his head.

"Then you can wait till seven-thirty."

"All right. I don't mind. Sort of sharp this morning."

"Sharp? Me or the weather? Guess it's me. Didn't mean to speak cross, but land o' Goshen! Runnin' a hotel without enough help would sour the temper of a saint; and I ain't no saint."

"Short handed?"

"Yes, and footed, too. Porter left last week and can't get another to save me. Be'n movin' trunks till my back's most broke. Tried two or three farm boys, but they haven't no gumption. They don't appreciate a good job."

"How much money?"

"Twenty-five a month and found. Man ought to save somethin'. None of 'em does, though."

Bell pondered this information a minute.

"See here, Mr. Guilder," he said. "Wonder if I could help you for a few days. I'm strong, and I've got gumption."

"Out of a job?"

"Am just at present. Haven't much money either. Been laid up for a bit, but I'm feeling all right now. Maybe this would suit me better than the mill."

"References?"

"Not with me. I could give you the names of people to write to; or you could ask Mrs. Lampton, down the street."

The countenance of the hotel man depicted immense relief.

"Anybody that can refer to Mis' Lampton's all right with me. She's a nice woman. When would you want to commence?"

"Right after breakfast."

"Then I'll see't you git your breakfast mighty soon, young man. Got a jumper? No? Well, I'll see if I can find ye one."

So began the rehabilitation of J. Lancaster Bell. The job he had selected as his first stepping-stone was no sinecure. It meant long hours, much handling of heavy luggage, a thousand and one odd jobs. But

Continued on Page 107)

Foundations

Big businesses and industries are not reared on weak foundations. The bigger and broader the business the more basically sound must be the foundations on which it is built.

Deep down upon bed rock rest the foundations of *Certain-teed*. The great underlying fundamental of the *Certain-teed* business is that men, money, mills and machinery brought together in united effort, can produce a superior product in quality and value.

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Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities.

Certain-teed Products are sold by dealers everywhere.

Splitdorf Magneto ignition continues to demonstrate its superior dependability.

Letters reproduced on this page are a few of many we have received from American Aces. They constitute a remarkable tribute to pure American ignition, the mainstay of the U. S. and Allied Governments during the war.

Aviation history is in the making with cross-Atlantic, transcontinental and innumerable distance flights. With a single exception all the aviators have depended upon magneto ignition for the vital "sparks of life" that the magneto independently produces.

Following the development of the Splitdorf Standard "800" Magneto and its adoption by the U. S. Government for actual fighting airplanes, the Splitdorf Electrical Company was made the official Government source of supply for airplane magnetos.

Prior to the signing of the Armistice, manufacturers of magnetos for airplanes in this country, including those magneto plants previously controlled by the enemy and operated by the Alien Property Custodian, were *required* by the U. S. Government to make Splitdorf Magnetos under Splitdorf license.

Thus have Splitdorf Magnetos continuously demonstrated their ultra-efficiency in the wide field of aviation and automotive industries in general.

June 4th, 1919.

Splitdorf Electrical Co.,
96 Warren St.,
Newark, N.J.

Gentlemen -

I feel I ought to write you regarding the Splitdorf Magneto with which I flew. As you know, I have flown "some" machines but the Splitdorf Magneto is the best job to-day both for airplanes and for automobiles--barring none.

Sincerely yours,
Lieut. Karl F. Baer

Distinguished Service Order with Oak Leaf

Croix de Guerre with Six Palms

Cited for Legion of Honor (French)

French Flying Service and American Ace

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Gentlemen -

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Sincerely yours,
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Officially credited with destroying German U Boat 34

Military Cross of England

Italian Cross of Italy

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French Croix de Guerre

July 11th, 1919.

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Gentlemen:-

It is a pleasure to recommend an ignition system which has proven itself under the most trying conditions a driver or flyer may follow. Squadron members placed every confidence.

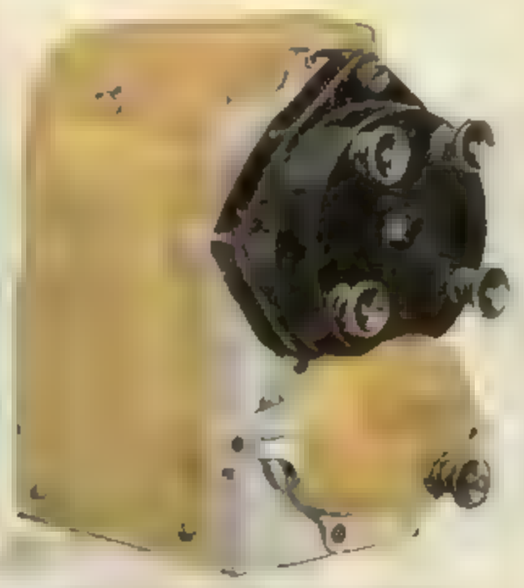
Sincerely yours,
H. Gordon Campbell

Escadrille de St Paul Spad

Legion of Honor

Croix de Guerre—two Citations

Distinguished Service of Fourragerre



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June 5th, 1919.

Gentlemen:-

I have used Splitdorf Magnetos on the Hispano-Suiza engines, and in all my experiences with other makes of magneto and with battery systems, I find that the magneto is best for flying purposes.

I want to congratulate you on making the best magneto used on American machines to-day.

Very sincerely yours,
Lt Edwin C Parsons.
Original Lafayette Escadrille Member

Flight Commander of Cigognes Escadrille

Croix de Guerre with eight palms (1x17)

Belgian Legion of Honor

Belgian Croix de Guerre

Medaille Militaire

SPLITDORF

Electrical Co., Newark, N.J.

Sumter Division, 1466 Michigan Ave. Chicago

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Impulse Starters

(Continued from Page 104)

for the time he was content. It wasn't so hard to be honest, after all, he thought.

His room was in a remote part of the house in an unfinished attic. But it was a million times better than his cell at the penitentiary. Mrs. Guilder took a real shine to him. Bell saw to that. He got plenty to eat. He immediately regained his natural ruddy color and his muscles hardened steadily through battling with trunk and sample case.

The hotel's daily quota was anywhere from six to a dozen guests, and Bell's tips averaged round a dollar a day. He spent next to nothing. At the end of his first month he gave Cynthia fifty dollars.

"You'll have to hand it to me, Cynth'! That's the most lily-white flock of kale I ever held in my fingers."

He had seen very little of his wife. He must be absolutely sure that no one detected any but the most casual acquaintanceship. Of course the porter at the hotel was socially several rungs below the storekeeper.

Nevertheless, when he could get away Bell called on Cynthia, via the side door, and sat in the kitchen. Such visits must necessarily be under cover of evening.

"Gee, Cynth', this is a scream! I remind myself of the horny-handed ton of soil calling on his best girl of a Saturday night; or a cop leaving his beat for a cup of tea with some friendly cook."

Meanwhile he was wearing window-glass spectacles and a thick dark mustache. This was as far as he thought he'd better go to conceal his identity. He had debated concerning the name he would sign that first night on the hotel register. He decided that if the authorities were watching him it would only hurt him to use an alias.

As a porter he was the pink of efficiency. The Guilders had no chance to criticize his work. And they found him scrupulously honest. He was obliged to enter the guests' rooms to deposit and remove luggage, but managed as often as possible to do this in the presence of the occupants. He was constantly fearful lest someone miss valuables and go to the desk for redress. He couldn't afford to have suspicion point at him.

With this in mind he approached the desk one day.

"Hello, John," said his employer. "What's on your mind?"

"Two dollars. Found it under a chair in the office."

"Well, why didn't ye keep it? Belongs to ye, if no one hollers for it. You can't go round wet-nursin' every durn fool that sets in them chairs."

"Aw, what you talkin' about?" returned John. "Of course it ain't mine."

He walked away jauntily, leaving the two dollars, which had come out of his own pocket.

Within a week, however, he picked up a diamond scarfpin in a corridor. The anxious owner inquired at the desk for it and Guilder passed it over, whereupon the guest demanded who had found it.

"Porter turned it in."

"Lemme see the porter."

Guilder rang his bell, and up popped John.

"Say, porter," shouted the guest, "are you the feller that found my pin? You're a pretty square bird, I'll say. Here, accept this with my regards. That pin's worth five hundred dollars."

"This" was a twenty-dollar bill.

"If I lugged out your trunk, Mr. Stern," said the porter, "I'd accept a tip and thank you. It would be coming to me. This is different. You don't owe me anything for giving you back what's your own. A good cigar'll about even things up between you and me, sir."

This was said good-humoredly and without impertinence. Not less than a dozen persons were in the office at the time, and twelve tongues can talk a lot.

"If a gink would always use his bean," thought Bell, "he'd be better off."

That afternoon Mrs. Martin Pinder dropped into Cynthia Lampton's for a card of elastic tape and a quarter hour of gossip.

"Such a funny thing happened at the Gray's Mills House to-day. You know they've a new porter."

"Yes?" Cynthia's manner was carefully balanced between eagerness and indifference. But her heart skipped a beat.

"Mr. Pinder was there at the time. A drummer named Stern had lost a valuable scarfpin, worth several hundred dollars."

Cynthia felt the color leaving her face.

"Did—did he find it?"

"Well, I was coming to that. It was so strange. Mr. Guilder gave him the pin, and rang for the porter. Mr. Stern pulled out a large roll of bills and offered the porter twenty dollars, because it seems he had found it; and the porter refused."

"Really?" Cynthia could once more feel the firm floor under foot.

"Really. Now wasn't that odd, for a person in his position?"

"Rather decent, I should say."

"Of course. But a common hotel porter! You'd scarcely expect it. Servants are so set up these days. Oh, I almost forgot. Have you any mother-of-pearl buttons like this?"

To one person J. Lancaster Bell's presence in Gray's Mills was an unalloyed delight. That was Tommy. Sometimes when Molly Peterson went home to dinner she would take Tommy up the street and leave him at the hotel for an hour.

"Riddlety Friddleth! Oh, Riddlety Friddleth!" the youngster would shout at the top of his lungs. "Come out and thee Tommy, Riddlety Friddleth."

And Riddlety Friddles would come out. Duty permitting he would spend the entire hour with the child. Sometimes he would take him back to see Mrs. Guilder, who adored him and fed him large numbers of fresh doughnuts. Or old Jason would have the youngster dine with him, whereupon Mrs. Guilder would hastily make a bowl of batter and send Master Tommy home in blissful discomfort due to too many griddle cakes with maple sirup.

When Riddlety Friddles had an afternoon off he spent it with Tommy. He took him on long trolley rides. Once he convoyed him to Medford in search of the polly-wumpus and the muffin bird. He was no less bitterly disappointed than Tommy when not a single polly-wumpus could be found in Medford; and the muffin birds had all gone south. The pair salved their chagrin in the most palatial ice-cream parlor in the world, waited upon by a lady almost as beautiful as mother, which was by way of speaking in superlatives.

What all this might lead to still remained upon the lap of the gods. If Bell had plans for the future he did not discuss them with Cynthia. She did not know what to think. Of course matters couldn't go on like this forever. And they couldn't be hurried. Cynthia seemed to have no voice in the solution of her own problems.

V

"IF YOU please," said one of the guests at the hotel, "I'll check out. You can have the porter go up for my bags."

"All right, Mr. Gurney. Your bill's three dollars."

Gurney, a smallish man with a keen and suspicious eye, paid from a sizable roll, offering Guilder a five. Meanwhile the latter had rung for John, who, with his customary promptness, appeared like Aladdin's genie.

"Yes, sir."

"Get Mr. Gurney's bags out of Room Fourteen."

Guilder fumbled in a cigar box where he kept loose bills and change, producing two ones, which he gave Gurney. Gurney replaced his money in his pocket, but something fluttered to the floor. Unnoticing he turned toward the cigar lighter.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the porter at his elbow. "This yours?"

Gurney turned on his heel and confronted John, who held out a five-dollar bill.

"Did I drop that?"

"You certainly did."

"H'm. Much obliged."

"Welcome."

John departed to secure Gurney's luggage, but not before the visitor had scrutinized his face. To Guilder Gurney observed casually: "Seems to be honest, that porter. Who is he?"

"Who, John? He's the honestest man I ever knew, and that's a fact."

"You sure? How long have you had him?"

"Don't just recollect; two — three months, I guess."

"Where's he from? Know anything about him?"

"Don't rightly know. Oh, he's all wool, John is. Come to me very well recommended. I was mighty glad to get a feller like him. Pulled me out of a bad mess."

"What's his last name?"

"Why—er—Bell. John Bell. I'd about forgot he had a last name."

"H'm. You're lucky, if he's as reliable as you think him. You need that kind round, judging by the careless way you keep your cash."

Gurney glanced at Guilder's cigar box.

"You bet," returned the hotel keeper slyly. "Judgin' by the keerless way some of the guests handles theirn."

Gurney smiled grimly and waited. Presently the porter appeared with a big kit bag and a smaller satchel.

"Going to ride to the depot?" he asked. "Flivver's going right over."

"How much time have I?"

"Oh, plenty. Twenty minutes, strong, even if she's on time."

"I'll have a word with you, Bell. Step out here on the porch."

It was after mid-December and the weather was sharp. The small porch was as private as any place Gurney could have chosen.

"Well," said John, "what's the large idea?"

His jaw was set and his tone defiant.

"Know who I am?" asked Gurney.

"I can guess."

"You seem to have 'em kidded to death here."

"I'm not trying to kid anyone. I do my work and mind my own business. I wish to God other people would do the same."

"And give you plenty of time to rib up a job on the innocent villagers?"

"You folks had better wait until I do pull something. I'm square with this state, all right."

"We intend to see that you stay square. Understand?"

"Don't worry. I'm running straight."

"So far. One thing we'd like to know, though. Why didn't you go and live with your wife?"

"And run the risk of queering her with everyone? I don't trust you guys."

"Meaning ——"

"That if I went to live with my wife and kid you folks are as likely as not to spill the beans; and then she'd be done for keeps so far as this town is concerned. She's all right now. Supposed to be a widow. Everyone has a good word for her. How would it look if she had a husband bob up who turned out to be an ex-con.?"

"That's very considerate of you. What's the use of your staying in Gray's Mills at all, then?"

"I've got to be somewhere, haven't I? Might as well be where I can see my family and slip 'em whatever I can earn."

"Sooner or later, though, you'll kick over the traces. People ought to be put on their guard against your kind. You're sailing under false colors."

"Am I lugging an alias?"

"No; you probably didn't dare. How do I know you won't frisk old Guilder's cigar box or crack his safe? We ought to protect him. If he knew your record he could fire you or keep you as he pleased. At least he'd be doing it with his eyes open. Now he's in the dark and, God save the mark, he thinks you're honest."

"He has damn good reason to think so. I've had plenty of chances to clean up since I came here, if I was that kind; and he knows it. Listen, Gurney. I'm here to be near my family. I'm doing all right. If you blow on me there's nothing left for me to do but duck. Or, if it will keep you from blowing, I'll beat it. Anything to protect my wife and kid."

"Were you expecting to go to live with them?"

"I was waiting to see what you bulls would do. Give me a fair show and in time I can fix it to have a home of my own and my family with me. Chase me out and the Lord only knows what'll become of me. I'd no sooner get started somewhere else than you'd come along and give me the raus again."

Standing there in the cold Bell began to shiver a little. He had lost his air of defiance. He looked shrunken, old, hopeless. Gurney surveyed him with a grin of tolerance.

"All right, J. Lancaster. As long as you behave we'll lay off. It's a risk I ought not to take. Let me tell you if you try anything funny we'll be on your neck like a thousand of brick. And that isn't all. The minute your foot slips it's going to be made known who you are, what your record has been, and what your relations are with Mrs. Lampton. If you've gone back to her in the meanwhile, so much the worse. Your solicitude for your family sounds genuine; but if it's a stall God help you and your family too. Get me?"

He turned and walked toward the waiting flivver, Bell on his heels with the luggage.

"G'-by," Gurney said, relighting his cigar. The flivver started, and John answering nothing reëntered the house.

"Know that feller?" queried Jason. "Mighty curious. Asked a sight of questions about ye."

Bell was beset to learn what the questions had been, but held his peace.

"You had quite a talk with him," insisted Jason.

"He was only asking if we had some good fishing round here. May bring a party in the spring."

That night the porter lay awake until dawn. There were moments when he could have wrung Gurney's neck; but he finally decided to regard him in the light of a benefactor.

"Anyhow, if his word is good they'll let me alone for a while. That gives me a chance. Some day I'll have things fixed so I needn't worry about those flatfeet."

The humor of a passing thought caused him to smile in the dark.

"Now I wonder about that theory of Cynth's. S'pose she means if you have a plain limousine you're liable to have trouble with the bulls; but if it's a symbol—why, they can't touch you."

VI

"THIRTY-TWO years I've run this house," scolded Jason Guilder, "and I never give up yit. I ain't a-goin' to give up now."

"But, Jase, if you don't give up for a little while the doctor says you'll have to for good."

"Doctors don't know nothin'."

He was lying flat in bed and his wife was doing her unsuccessful best to make him see reason. He thought he had a touch of indigestion.

"A slight shock," the doctor had told Mrs. Guilder. "Nothing to occasion immediate alarm, but you know, Martha, Jason's no longer young. He may live for years or this may be the forerunner of the end. One thing is certain—he must slow up. Make him take it easy the rest of his life."

"Make a canary stop hoppin'!" said Martha scornfully. But she did her best.

"John," she said, "I guess you'll have to leave off your jumper part of the time and do some clerkin'. Kinda doubles up your work, but I don't see any way out of it. You can have another ten dollars a month till Jason's better."

Here was a step up in the world, though Bell realized that a clerk gets no tips. It thrilled him to spin the register round and extend the pen, ready filled, to the hand of the wayfarer.

"Well, well, Mr. Miller, glad to see you. Thought it was about time for you to drop in. Great little day, eh? Business picking up? 'S nice. Mr. Ginsberg was here Thursday. Inquired about you. You know he has a new line—knit underwear. Doing fine with it. Regular room, Mr. Miller; nineteen hundred and forty-seven. Take the elevator, please. Front!"

And Miller or Ganz or Tewksbury would grin and shake hands and tell John he made a damfine clerk. John would dash round the end of the counter to rustle the hand luggage up the one or two flights, as the case might be, explaining volubly how difficult it was to get competent bell hops, and what time did Mr. Miller want Pierre, the valet, to have his bawth ready in the morning.

Afterward he would get into his jumper and see about the trunks and maybe help Mr. Miller open them in the sample room and arrange the tables to suit him. Then back to the desk to greet more arrivals, fix up the books, check bills, take care of the day's correspondence and attend to sixty-five or seventy other odd jobs, more or less.

Under Jason's desk Bell found the typewriter upon which Moses very likely wrote the first draft of How to Be Good, in Ten Easy Lessons. He went over it with an old toothbrush, a rag and some oil and placed it in a conspicuous position where it would help form a background of efficiency and up-to-dateness. Thereafter all hotel correspondence was typed, and bore in the lower left-hand corner the dictation mark, JLB-WBH, meaning Written By Himself.

J. Lancaster Bell, dreamer of limousines, now rose at four to sweep and tidy, and rested not until the last train had gone through town at ten-sixteen. At that late hour, likely as not, he would discover that some newly arrived guest hadn't dined.

(Continued on Page 110)

CASH or

When the Cash Crosses the Counter

Whether a store does cash business, credit, or both, it cannot afford to take part of its *profits* to pay for *losses* due to errors in figuring..

When E. W. Elliot, proprietor of the Economy Grocery, Palatka, Fla., bought his store three years ago he took that principle as one of the cornerstones of his business.

Here is what he says:

"One of the first things I did after I closed the deal was to buy a Burroughs Adding Machine. I knew from past experience that it was going to save me money; but for all that I was surprised when I checked back and found how many nickels and dimes had been getting away from the former owners through the little loopholes that are bound to be present when the old partners, ink, pen and pencil, do the figuring.

"Take the simple job of adding items on cash sales slips. A few errors may take dollars from your profit and you can't expect customers to tell you about *undercharges.*

"That's why we abandoned sales slips in our cash business. We simply accumulate the items on the wrapping counter, list them on the adding machine, total them, hand the customer the adding machine slip and ring up the sale.

"We know, too, exactly how much each clerk sells every day, and the friendly rivalry stimulates everybody to sell more.

"And that's only one of the many ways the Burroughs saves money for us. We use it every day for making bank deposit slips, proving invoices, and doing other necessary figure tasks.

"So much for the cash end of my business—the Burroughs is of even greater importance to the more complex figure work of my credit business.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

CREDIT

When the Charge Goes on the Statement

"Of course I don't give the Burroughs all the honor, but it deserves a good share for the way this business has shot forward.

"Three years ago the sales were about $10,000 per year—now they average almost that much per month.

"Our charge-sales-slip totals are minus those little mistakes—those little nickel-and-dime errors that add up to such an amazing total in the course of a month. Our saving there, more than covered the cost of the Burroughs machine the first year.

"And what the machine saves in time, not only at the counter, but back in the office when I run over my cash and charge sales of the day before, check up my invoices and do the other figure work that keeps me ahead of my business instead of a week or two behind, is incalculable."

Put It to the Test

"That sounds O.K.," says the average merchant, "but I don't make such errors in *my* store."

Are you sure? Put it to the test and see.

A Burroughs representative can show you the easy way to test the accuracy of your present methods and *prove* to yourself whether you are getting all the profit you're entitled to.

The A B C of Business

Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating—the A B C of business—are served by three great groups of Burroughs Machines, in which there are many different models, (priced as low as $125). The name Burroughs stands for the original invention of the adding machine, for its adaptation to every accounting need, and for the utmost in mechanical superiority, durability, economy and service.

Consult your telephone book, or ask your banker for the address of the nearest of the 213 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 107)

He could always find something and set it forth appetizingly in the dining room, and without disturbing Martha Guilder. Most of her time was now spent taking care of the hapless Jason.

"I declare, Jason, we'll have to let John hire someone to help him. That poor boy's worked most to death. Business is real good. We've had more'n usual for the fishin' this year, and more motor trade than I ever see. And what do you think? The other night that Mr. Judkins who's be'n here so many years says to me: 'Mis' Guilder, your biscuits gets better every time I come here.'

"Well, I didn't know what to say, because I hadn't made any that night on account of you havin' one of your spells. That John had sneaked out in the kitchen and mixed up a mess of biscuit himself, and Susie the waitress baked 'em. Goodness knows how he did it. He's awful smart, but he's only got one pair o' hands."

Meanwhile the clerk, bell hop, porter, pastry cook and so forth was telling Cynthia he was having a dickens of a good time.

"Hard work agrees with me. Do I look peaked and run down? Having the time of my life. Doc says poor old Jason can't last much longer. I'm sorry. He and Martha have been pretty decent to me. But you bet they've got value received.

"Every afternoon I go upstairs and sit by his bed a few minutes and tell him how the business is going—well, I tell him all he's strong enough to hear. I didn't tell him about the fishing leaflets I had Fuller print, or the new letterheads, or the extra money I spent for postage. Neither did Martha. But we've had more than thirty people here on account of the leaflet and the old fliv's earned over three times the money it ever did before, lugging parties to the lake."

Cynthia saw in her husband the rebirth of something she had once admired, then learned to fear. It was that fatal cleverness which enabled him to think fast and do everything with a sort of prestidigitator's facility. She couldn't make it seem real, even while she appreciated the wonder of it.

Going through the office of the hotel to look at a salesman's line in the sample room back of the office she heard her husband greet a new arrival. He had the professional manner, the easy persiflage. Sure, Mr. Dorflinger's room was ready. They'd been expecting him since yesterday. Yes, the dining room was closed, but that would be all right. Some sandwiches and a glass of milk, perhaps? Front! Take Mr. Dorflinger's bags up to eleven-forty-seven. Mr. Dorflinger grinned and said something about the same old John. The humor in that stentorian call for "front" in a hotel that had never known a bell hop tickled him down to the ground.

To Cynthia it seemed patter, just patter. It was the spiel of the ballyhoo. It was the line of diverting talk that conceals the subterfuges of the magician. On a street corner, selling the old reliable combination package, J. Lancaster would have stood the crowd on its head and shaken its pockets empty.

Yet in spite of herself she loved him for his talents. He was so engaging. He had sold himself to little Tommy with a bonus of smiles, ice-cream cones and fairy tales, and that youth believed Riddlety Friddleth a greater man than any hero in fiction or history, from George Washington to Sindbad the Sailor.

Bell was a supersalesman, a whirlwind. He felt good these days. His eyes were bright with good-natured shrewdness. He saw everything, attended to everything. He wore the best clothes of any man in Gray's Mills. His energy was like the oil in the widow's cruse, inexhaustible. There was always enough left for one more job before bedtime.

His lightning changes of costume were as good as anything in vaudeville. One moment the suave, well-dressed and genial host behind the desk, the next a husky figure in overalls wrestling with two-hundred-pound trunks and leaden telescopes with Herculean ease.

"Cynth'," he would say, "if I don't watch out they'll have me in the movies, chasin' Douglas Bareshanks up a Sierra. Looks like I was becomin' the original Jack-of-all-trades, from buildin' coconut layer cake to movin' safes."

With her husband in this mood Cynthia could afford to offer herself some timorous congratulations. Things were all right so far. Thank heaven, he hadn't gone back to the old gang. Every day she lived was one day further away from an agonizing past, and one day nearer the eventualities of an inscrutable future.

VII

AS MARTHA GUILDER said, you couldn't keep a man like John Bell lugging trunks forever, and as for being able to afford both a clerk and a porter, the Gray's Mills House had never in its history been making so much money. With Jason's grudging consent J. Lancaster laid aside for good the livery of that more menial employment and stuck to the glories of a modest Solomon, mainly selected for him by Cynthia. Needless to say, these personal adornments included no diamonds.

He now quite openly sought the society of the pretty storekeeper. Why not? No social gulf separates the manager of a successful hotel from the proprietress of a growing business in smallwares and notions. Bell was in complete charge at the Gray's Mills House, Martha Guilder having removed the failing Jason to the country, where he would not be irritated by noisy activities in which he could have no part.

"That old couple trust me all right," said John.

He and Cynthia were walking in the rural outskirts of the town on a Sunday afternoon, talking of this and that, while J. Lancaster alternately encouraged and curbed the operations of the inquisitive Tommy.

"Here, you Tom, go see what's in that hole. Might be a woodchuck; or maybe a bear. Look out. Better take a stick."

"How is Jason?"

"Poorly, but still nosey. He wants all the particulars. I go out to see him with the dope, and he asks more questions than a cat has hairs. Then he calls Martha and she comes and listens and blinks. Strings of figures don't mean anything in her young life, unless they refer to how many spoonfuls of butter you put in a batch of pie-crust. Finally she says, 'Johnny boy's awful good to us, ain't he, Jase?' And old Jase wags his bean and says gosh darn it, why didn't I happen along ten years ago and we'd had Potter Palmer and Fred Harvey an' the Ricker boys lashed to a stump. We'd have been millionaires, and don't Martha think she better give John a little nip o' that old Jamaica? Martha winks at me and fetches out a big plate of new doughnuts. The thing that beats her time is how I keep the guests from starving without her to cook for 'em. You remember how decent she was about teaching a lot of her tricks to that big harp I got to run the kitchen?"

J. Lancaster cut a branch from a young willow and dexterously fashioned a whistle for Tommy.

"Think of the chance I've had," he said, "to trim those folks!"

"Lank! Please don't!"

The man laughed.

"Aren't you the funny girl? Seems as if you're the only person in town that hasn't absolute faith in John Bell."

"I'm the only one in town who ——"

She stopped. He finished for her.

"Really knows the kind of bird I am. Is that it? Well, you ought to have a heap of confidence, seeing how I've overcome my degenerate tendencies and mounted the ladder of success upon the stepping-stones of my dead self."

Cynthia hated to have him treat thus lightly things that were poignantly serious to her. It was his nature; but she failed to get the humor of these reminders.

"We've got to build an addition on the old shack sooner or later, Cynth'. I'm at my wit's end to know what to do with the business we're getting. I've raised prices until I'm ashamed to look some of the regulars in the face. A dollar bill is an utter stranger in our cash box. And say, my old 'front', gag's no good any more. We've got two real bell hops. Some class to us!"

"How about expense?"

"More expense means better service, better service means higher prices. I'm making a bigger percentage of profit than Jason ever dreamed of. Cynth', how can we figure to add twenty-five or thirty good rooms? Think it could be financed?"

"Better talk to Mr. Braley, at the bank."

"And have him pry into the moldy recesses of my past? I don't dare, Cynth'."

Cynthia took a few moments to consider.

"In another six months or a year you might chance it. I think you'd better wait. You know what impatience does to people."

J. Lancaster abruptly switched the conversation.

"Do you know, Cynth', I think you could do a lot with the store that you aren't doing now?"

"I know it. What had you in mind, Lank?"

"We're getting a good many more visitors in spring and summer. Since I've been advertising the hotel a lot of people have started taking boarders. Our overflow is quite an item. Then there's the motor trade. We served sixty-eight two-dollar dinners yesterday, and I honestly ought to be back at the house this minute. Sunday's a bad day for me to be away, only—a couple of hours with you sort of puts the old pep into me."

Speeches like that made life worth while for Cynthia. She gave the big hand a squeeze.

"You ought to feel the effects of all this new trade, Cynth'."

"I do. It requires a different class of goods, though. I've doubled my business in veils."

"For the Janes in the automobiles?"

"And embroidery silks."

"I get you. Town's getting full o' piazza tabbies. How about souvenirs? There's lots of profit in that truck."

"It has to be specially made up for this locality."

"I know. Sections of apple-tree bough with photograph of Lovers' Lane out beyond Hennessy's brickyard; aluminum cigar trays with town hall or picture of the old Simpson House, where Washington slept. Believe me, Cynth', if that boy slept in all the places they say he did he must have been bitten by a tsetse fly."

"Lank! How can you!"

"Well, why not put in a line of souvenirs?"

"Takes capital."

"There's the bank. You told me long ago they'd just swing wide the vault doors when they saw you comin' and tell you to use a sugar scoop."

"Tom-mee!" shrilled Cynthia. "Don't get over that fence. Can't you see the cow?"

"Here's another thing," persisted J. Lancaster. "You're not using your windows."

"I know. I don't find time. Besides, I'm not a window trimmer."

"Ha! Chance for me. At last; something I can trim and still stay honest. Give me the goods and I'll fix up your windows. You ought to have a nice set of awnings to dress up the front of the shop and keep the sun from fading things."

"That's all very nice, Lanky dear, but when will you find time to dress windows?"

"Don't worry. Didn't Shakspere or Ralph Waldo Whittier say if you want something done get a busy bird to do it? That's me. I'm the busiest little bird in Gray's Mills; making the early worms very, very cautious about going out alone. Say, Cynth', why don't you start a tea room?"

"Mercy, Lank, one thing at a time ——"

"No, indeed. One thing at a time is for single-trackers. I've only got the old suggestion mill turning over slow. Wait'll I get the cylinders warmed up. I can think of a scheme a minute. Don't let's have this thing too one-sided. You've proved what the refining influence of the celebrated gentler sex will do for a rough but energetic baggage smasher. Now let me help you with your business. That's only fair. What are you thinking about for the future? Do you want to go on running a notion store or would you prefer to show Gray's Mills what a lady Marshall Field can do?"

"Lank, I've never had a thought beyond providing Tommy and myself with a living, and seeing that he had an education, until you came and did so well. Lately I've begun to wake up. Life looks different, nowadays."

"Fine. You and I can be rich some day. You have judgment, your feet are on the ground. I'm more of a speculator. I think in big figures; too big, I guess. You have standing in the community, and you can cash in on it. For me, that will come only with years. So I'm going to stick to the hotel business. But don't get an idea that's my limit, Cynth'. I've got visions of what can be done commercially. You'll see. Meanwhile, let me help you with suggestions and advice, and you'll make a barrel of money."

"But, Lank, I don't want a barrel of money. I only want ——"

"I know—symbols. You needn't call it money. You can take a bundle of thousand-dollar bills and stick a label on it: 'Symbol of Exemplary Character of Cynthia Bell.' Then, later, I'll take my little bundle and mark it, not 'Symbol of Sterling Integrity of J. Lancaster Bell,' but 'Two Hundred Thousand Iron Men, once the property of Henry J. Gotrox, Esquire, Banker and Capitalist, who was just as honest as the present owner, but not so smart. *In hoc signo* bacon.'"

"Lank, aren't you terrible!"

The man's perversity never failed to shock Cynthia, as he meant it to do. He chuckled.

"Don't mind the poor fellow. He's quite harmless. We let him go wherever he wants to, about the grounds. Even the children are allowed to —— Hi there, Tommy! Come away from that hornets' nest!"

"It'th latht year'th," insisted the boy.

"How do you know? You better not try to prove it. Come away. Say, Cynth', how can I help you bring up that kid when he doesn't even respect me as a father?"

"You might come back to me now."

"Great Scott, Cynth'! Do you mean that?"

"Yes. Why not? Are you still afraid?"

"Why—er—no, I'm not—exactly afraid."

"You don't think the authorities will ever make you any more trouble, do you?"

"I hardly believe they're interested in me."

"Then is it yourself you're afraid of, Lank? Aren't you sure?"

J. Lancaster Bell looked at his wife, and his gaze sustained hers without faltering. He couldn't afford to falter. She had put it over cold, and it was distinctly up to him.

"All right, Cynth'," he said. "I don't suppose a new marriage is really necessary. We can send out an announcement that we are married, without specifying exact dates. In spite of my well-known honesty I'll certainly aid and abet you in pulling off that little deception, and it won't jolt my conscience a bit. But gee! It would have been kinda fun to have a real swell wedding, with champagne and everything, and the happy couple driving up to the church in a lim—I mean a symbol. That'd have been great!"

Riddlety Friddles went to live with Cynthia and Tommy, and everyone in town, with the exception of the small company of Cynthia's unsuccessful male admirers, approved heartily of the union of "the well-known and highly esteemed proprietress of Mrs. C. B. Lampton's smallwares and notions emporium and Mr. J. L. Bell, the popular and genial manager of Gray's Mills' leading hostelry, the announcement of which came as a complete surprise to their many friends and acquaintances."—Gray's Mills Ledger.

To Cynthia the event marked the first successful stage of Lank's journey along the road to complete rehabilitation. Loyalty was a part of her code, and she would have acknowledged Bell as her husband as soon as he had turned up in Gray's Mills had he wished it. But now, to be able to accept him before the townspeople with pride—surely this had been worth waiting for.

For J. Lancaster Bell it had also been worth waiting for. Aside from sentimental considerations it was an economic advance. True, he was considered a man of ability. His trustworthiness in handling the affairs of the Guilders had given him standing, and this was enhanced by the success of the hotel under his direction.

Still, he was a newcomer in the town. People didn't, after all, know much about him. Here to-day, he might be gone to-morrow. He was a worth-while citizen in the degree that he was a permanent one who would keep on as he had started, working for the best interests of the community. But when he linked his destinies with those of Mrs. Lampton his stock took a jump. It was proof of sound judgment. It showed him undertaking the anchoring responsibilities of a family. He was married and settled down; a fixture. And when by choosing Bell for a husband Mrs. Lampton set the seal of her approval on him she helped him accomplish a short cut across two or three tedious years of upbuilding effort.

John L. Bell was all right in Gray's Mills, you could bet your boots on that!

Now, rapidly, new ideas developed for the benefit of both store and hotel. Cynthia took on broader lines of goods, induced her landlord to enlarge her quarters, and added on one side a big platform of plank, shaded with striped awnings. Here tea was served

(Continued on Page 114)

for better piston ring service

Upon the piston rings rests the responsibility for keeping excess oil out of the engine's cylinders, where it fouls spark plugs and causes carbon, as well as preventing the escape of gas and consequent loss of power. Motorists have found in McQuay-Norris Piston Rings the answer to these motor troubles. Time has proved their efficiency.

McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings are the only piston rings of their kind. In most motors they are used in all piston grooves to insure full compression—with its consequent power. They save fuel—decrease carbon and increase power.

In some motors, where the flow of oil is excessive, McQuay-Norris Superoyl Rings should be installed in top piston grooves to correct this condition—with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in lower grooves for complete power and economy.

McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are made in every size and over-size to fit every make and model of motor. They are obtainable anywhere—any time. Your repair man can get you the proper sizes promptly from his jobber's complete stock. Send for free explanatory booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power."

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The measuring glass shows the contents of one 10c package of King's Dehydrated Soup Vegetables after water has been added—enough for six or eight plates of fresh vegetable soup. Used also as a flavory addition to pot roasts; in making meat loaf; a tasty seasoning for gravies and in many other ways. Each carton contains seven different vegetables in an appetizing blend.

KING'S

PATENTED PROCESS DEHYDRATED

Fruits *and* Vegetables

—*the choicest from Oregon's Orchards and Gardens*

A BOLD STATEMENT

Supported by every package that bears the King's trade-mark

King's Dehydrated fruits and vegetables from the wondrous valleys of Oregon are not rivaled by the finest offerings of the fresh markets.

Tree-ripened fruits and crisp, newly gathered vegetables are selected when they have reached the fullness of rich maturity—ripe and luscious. No green, under-ripe or flavor-stunted stock is used. Nature's intended flavor is at its best. The food values of the different elements are fully developed.

Sorted by hand, all unworthy stock is discarded. Washing and sterilizing methods remove every foreign substance. Dehydration is then accomplished by removing the water from the myriads of cell structures. The fruit or vegetable becomes a dry concentrate of Mother Earth's best gift.

No chemical or artificial matter has been used. Nothing has been added—nothing but water taken away. In

DEHYDRATION (dē-hī-drā'shon) The removal of water as an element in the composition of a substance.—*Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia.*

KING'S DEHYDRATION (Patented Process) The removal of water *only* from fully matured fruits and vegetables which have been carefully selected and thoroughly washed and sterilized—a scientific and exclusive process that gradually removes the moisture without disturbing any other of nature's own elements. All the original flavor, color and inherent characteristics are retained.

size, it has been reduced many times. But when refreshed it resumes approximately its normal weight.

You put back the water we take out

Refreshed by soaking for a few hours in clear, cold water, the cells of King's Dehydrated fruit or vegetables will absorb the original amount of moisture (or water) and become the counterpart of the same product freshly prepared.

King's products are more delicious because they bring you the natural flavor and zest that delights the palate. They are more economical because about eighty per cent of the weight has been removed. You pay no shipping and handling costs on water. Cared for according to instructions on package, they can be kept for years and refreshed at will.

Fruits and vegetables need no longer be "out of season." Simply buy a carton of King's from your grocer; refresh it according to the simple directions and Oregon's delicious fruits and vegetables are ready to cook.

You are invited to send the coupon for full-size, trial packages of any of King's Dehydrated vegetables or fruits. With them will be sent "The Story of King's Dehydration" and a new recipe book that will be of great help each day. Please mention your grocer's name when sending for the trial packages and booklets.

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY
45 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon
Eastern Sales Office:
First National Bank Building, Chicago
Dehydration Plants at:
Salem and The Dalles, Oregon

Dealers: Write Chicago or Portland office for full information about our sales plan.

TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

KING S FOOD PRODUCTS CO., 45 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon.

Please send me full-size, trial packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated, "The Story of King's Dehydration" and the New King's recipe book. I enclose _____ cents.

___Apples—30c per carton (2 large pies or 6 large portions of sauce)
___Loganberries—35c per carton (Enough for 5 people. Splendid for pies)
___Peaches—35c per carton (From seven to ten dishes).
___Prunes—50c per carton (Fifteen portions).
___Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for six or eight plates of soup).
___Spinach—25c per carton (Six to eight generous portions).
___Squash—25c per carton (A vegetable for six people or 4 pies)
___String Beans—35c per carton (3 pints when ready to serve)

Name_____

Street_____ City and State_____

Grocer's Name_____ His Address_____

(Continued from Page 110)

on summer afternoons. The souvenir counter did a big business. Molly Peterson worked full time and had three assistants. In Gray's Mills it was very much the thing to drop into Cynthia's. The old sign over the door grew tarnished and dingy, and the name Lampton was only a reminder of former days. It did not even stick to the youngster, who was presently known to everyone as Tommy Bell.

In front of the store hung a sign, bell-shaped. J. Lancaster made it and painted it. It read: "CYNTHIA'S TEA ROOME & GIFFTE SHOPPE". He admired it extravagantly.

"Lank," said his wife, "you're some speller. You don't care how much strain you put on the alphabet, do you? Where do you get that g-i-f-f-t-e? I just love it."

"Thought you would. It isn't a word; it's a symbol, kid."

It was Cynthia who suggested changing the name of the hotel to Gray's Inn. It was she who directed the renovation of parlors, chambers and dining room. It was she who got rid of the musty old carpets, faded hangings and plush furniture. After that there were clean gray walls and ceilings, gray-painted floors and old-fashioned-looking rugs and runners woven from the discarded carpets and draperies.

When you stepped into the office you found yourself in a pleasant room of simple lines and restful tones. There were no scarred chairs of golden oak and tufted upholstery that reeked of tobacco and the dust of generations. In their places stood deep wicker structures with removable cushions covered with hardy denim that could be frequently washed. On a wide table were magazines, actually of current dates.

The piazzas were wider and supported chairs in greater number than in the past. To the visitor, in fact, Gray's Inn suggested hospitality and comfort as soon as he caught his first glimpse of it on his way from the station. It had in common with the old hotel only its location and a general similarity of outline. No such similarity existed between present-day prices and those of Jason Guilder's day. This merely went to show that if you give people what they really want they don't object to paying for it.

In vain you looked for the framed lithograph of the Mammothonia, World's Largest Passenger Ship—vintage of 1888. You missed its companion piece, the Empire State Flyer making a mile a minute. The portal of the dining room was not ornamented by a stained oak grille work of turned spindles impaling wooden balls arranged in nifty patterns. There was not a yard of chenille in the whole house. Therefore it is easy to understand why the guests did not object to the stiffer prices.

Every tradition of country hotel keeping had been laid on a flatiron and cracked with the hammer of common sense, revealing only a shriveled worthless kernel of outgrown custom. "Away with such husks!" said Cynthia. "Go as far as you like," said J. Lancaster.

The Bells now owned Gray's Inn. Old Jason had passed to his reward and Martha had come back to the hotel as housekeeper. Of course there was a big mortgage, but Martha was content with three thousand in cash and a job for life with residence. In the past few years she and Jason had realized a handsome profit from the property under J. Lancaster's management, so the old lady was too sensible to think she could take hold herself and do as well with it.

"And, oh, Cynth', isn't she the grandest scenery! Think of our steady customers wandering in and finding the same plump, white-haired, kindly Martha they've always known! She doesn't think she'll do much cooking, but you just try to keep her out of that kitchen! No chance. She'll give the old fry pan many a flutter, believe me. And as a steward she's immense. I never quite got her knack of wrangling with the old robbers from the farms, but she's agreed to dicker with 'em for the nice juicy broilers and new-laid potatoes. She talks their language; knew most of 'em when they were boys.

"And say, Cynth', how about that addition? I'm getting a lame wrist turning away business from folks I never heard of, to say nothing of our regular trade. I've just got to take care of the boys who've been coming here for years. The motor business is a problem too. We must have more room."

"I've been thinking of a plan," said his wife. "Suppose we built an addition four stories high, with three nice stores on the ground floor, business offices on the second, and on the third and fourth, rooms? If the business grew we could turn the offices into rooms too. The rentals would help make the investment safe and take care of part of our carrying charges."

"H'm. Not bad."

"And Lank!"

"Well?"

"Couldn't we move the Lampton business into one of the stores? It would catch a lot more of the hotel trade, and I'd like to expand the stock. You can plan to absorb the tea-room business as part of the hotel."

So they talked it over, and the upshot was a syndicate formed among the business people of the town to finance the new addition. The mill owners took a block of the shares, the bank helped place the mortgage. It also advanced to Lank and Cynthia considerable sums in cash on short-time notes as needed, to enable them to take care of preliminary expenses and plan for the furnishings of the new quarters.

In time the building was complete, a substantial affair of brick and sandstone. Every office and store had been let in advance. Cynthia formed a little stock company—capital, ten thousand—and split the stock with her husband. J. Lancaster organized an operating company to run the hotel with twenty-five thousand in stock and gave a third to Cynthia. Another third he kept, and the rest he placed where it would do the most good—in payment of bills for equipment, for cash, and one block of five thousand in exchange for an equivalent amount of building-syndicate stock. This last he divided with his wife.

"Pretty fair," said J. Lancaster. "Pretty fair. Our stock interests amount to nearly thirty-two thousand, and if that pays us only six per cent it's good for eighteen hundred a year. Then my salary of twenty-five hundred from the inn and yours of twelve-fifty from the store bring our joint income up to five thousand or better."

They were sitting in their snug apartment in the addition. In his own small room slept Tommy Bell. Cynthia looked about her and decided that she was happy. If there was anything she needed she could not at the moment think what it was. Perhaps she ought to have been disturbed by the lack of something to worry about.

"Want an automobile?" suddenly asked her husband.

"Why, do you think we need one? There's the hotel jitney."

"No class to that. Besides, you wouldn't call it a symbol, would you?"

"I might. It all depends. It might indicate that we were thrifty and self-denying."

J. Lancaster said nothing; but he fetched up a very deep sigh.

"Why, Lank, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm restless. Things are moving too smooth. Good Lord, Cynth'! You don't suppose running a dinky hotel's the top of my ambition, do you? We're solid now. We're pretty well sold to this community. I wonder what I can do to get some real coin."

She looked up quickly. Lank was standing by the window, gazing down into the street, frowning slightly. With a husband like that a woman didn't need to worry for fear she wouldn't always have enough trouble to keep her mind from going stale.

The Bells did not buy an automobile that season. Both were busy with the numerous problems presented by changed business conditions. The store and the inn continued to make money; so much in fact that Cynthia began to talk of buying the lease from the tenant of the store adjoining hers, and J. Lancaster fretted because the addition hadn't been planned on a larger scale.

"Only thing we can do is boost the prices a little and make more out of the business we can do as it is. If the guests can stand it I can. But, oh boy, that time I got Fullerton's diamonds I never dreamed of the possibilities of the hotel business."

Cynthia winced. She knew Lank made remarks like that to tease her. She knew the prices at Gray's Inn were not exorbitant as compared with those charged at other houses where the food and accommodations were not so good

What was the ethical flaw in the make-up of her husband that distorted his sense of humor and permitted him to make light of subjects she preferred never to have mentioned? It made her wonder what was going on inside his head.

He was a little grayer now, but his face was fresh, ruddy and youthful. His eyes had that same brown shrewd twinkle. Sometimes when you talked with him you weren't sure he wasn't laughing at you. He was continually doing something with his hands, like palming a coin and playing little tricks with a pencil. He was amazingly skillful in such small matters.

The man had lost nothing of the suavity, the urbane geniality of manner that fascinated people. He was the inn's best advertisement. If the food had been only half as palatable and the beds far less comfortable, he would still have done a good business on his personality.

Walking along Main Street he was greeted familiarly by everyone. He was a person of consequence, respected, a success. These people trusted him for goods, asked his advice, gladly lent him money. Why, he was vice president of the board of trade and a director in the fair-grounds association.

Cynthia was proud of her husband and of his achievements. People remarked as much. They said, "She's crazy about him. She thinks he put up the moon."

But they didn't know, after all, why she was proud of him. They didn't know what the man had been bucking against during these years of learning to go straight, when impulse was quite at variance with decision. They didn't know she was proud of him in the sense that an architect is proud of a building or an artist of a painting. The hotel was Lank's achievement; but Lank was Cynthia's.

And yet she wasn't sure. Why couldn't he be contented? Why did he have that far-away, haunted look of an adventurer who wants to be in some uncomfortable place like a desert or a shipwreck or a Latin-American country in the throes of a revolution?

She would watch him in conversation with his acquaintances of the village—with Mr. Braley of the bank, who wanted to arrange for a banquet of the bowling club; with Sam Gleason, the rich farmer from Silver Brook way; with Mr. Pinder, who was trying to sell him some life insurance. And always she had the feeling that he was holding something back, that he was laughing up his sleeve. He was a man who felt a certain superiority to other people, a certain contempt that was not apparent to anyone but her. She wondered if it was her imagination. Was he thinking: "I've got you folks fooled; I can do what I want with you?"

Sometimes he would get up in the night and walk about, walk about. She would ask him what the matter was, and he would always tell her good-naturedly to go to sleep and not to worry; he was all right. He just couldn't sleep, that was all. He ought not to drink coffee for supper. Yes, that was it, the coffee.

Cynthia had never heard of the episode of Gurney's visit that first winter. Naturally, then, she did not know of a second visit of the same man.

J. Lancaster was behind the desk when Gurney appeared and asked for a room.

"I guess we can take care of you," said Bell.

Gurney looked about him.

"Nice place, J. Lancaster. You've done well."

"I've worked hard. I told you I'd go straight, didn't I? I told you."

"No one's any gladder than I am. You've sure done well. I kept my promise. You've no complaint so far as we are concerned."

Bell surveyed the sharp features of the plain-clothes man. His hands twitched to throttle him. One would think Gurney had had something to do with his success, coming there and patronizingly telling him how well he'd done. The shrimp! Even now he knew he was at the mercy of this law dog. It made him boil.

"It's a nice day, Mr. Gurney," he observed mildly. "Going to be with us a day or two?"

"Only until to-morrow afternoon."

Lank wondered if Gurney was in town to get a line on him. Probably not. Still, he hated him. He would be glad when he left. He might take a notion to drop something. Lank didn't trust him.

That night he walked the floor again. It was the coffee, he said. He'd been a darn fool to drink that second cup. Cynth' could go to sleep; she needn't worry. Tommy heard the voices of his parents and demanded a drink of water and Lank turned on the faucet in the bathroom to let it run good and cool. He sat down by the bed and talked with the child, but Tommy was too sleepy to join in any extended conversation.

Afterward, walking up and down, up and down, J. Lancaster came to a decision. He was getting along toward forty. It was about time he did something, something big. He felt he was in a position to put it over, with everyone believing in him. He was a leading citizen; he had influence; people would follow him. Why not cash in?

Damn that Gurney! He hoped he'd leave town before he let anything slip.

VIII

"CYNTH'," said J. Lancaster, "I'm going to do something."

"Do something?"

"Yep. It's time. You heard me say long ago that when I got solid I was going after some real coin. I agreed with you that the bird who had people's confidence was in a position to grab Old Lady Opportunity the minute she knocked, without giving her a chance to do a Halloween and beat it. She's snooping round now, and I'm getting ready to jump."

Cynthia chose to conceal her misgivings beneath the casual cloak of a mild raillery.

"Well," she said, "now that you've got the introduction off your chest what's the subject matter?"

"Here's the idea: The people who own the mills are letting the property go to seed. They're not progressive, and that's a bad thing for the community. The goods they make—shirtings and that sort of thing—are wonderful. They wear like iron. Furthermore, there's a peculiar quality in the water in an artesian well on the property that is especially adapted to dyes. These dyes can't be duplicated in this country. That's a wonderful combination—quality in both fabric and dye. But their patterns are fierce."

"I know. Some of the other mills make lots prettier goods."

"Exactly. Lots prettier is right. People will buy that lots prettier stuff, even when they know it isn't so good. Now these owners can't understand that a business has to keep its muscles hard, same as an athlete. They see their sales falling off gradually, but that doesn't jar 'em. They're rich, and the income from the mills is still very large. They are so busy being aristocratic and spending money they've forgotten how to make it. A live man could take those mills and make things hum. In three or four years, if I owned 'em, I'd show my competitors the dust in large blinding clouds. Quality goods, efficiency in manufacturing and an up-to-date selling plan—say, the possibilities are infinite! Makes the hotel business look like a peanut stand."

"Were you thinking of buying the mills and putting them on a paying basis?"

There was just a trace of sarcasm in Cynthia's tone, but behind it lay a very poignant interest. Lank leaned toward her, his powerful jaw thrust forward.

"Yes, I am. I'm not only thinking of it. I'm going to do it."

"What are you going to use for money?"

"That's the point. Everybody's."

"Ours?"

Lank laughed.

"Good financiers don't use their own money. That's the secret of big business."

"Oh, I see." Cynthia said this in the tone of one who had not at first understood, but to whom now everything was quite clear. But that calm assurance concerning the use of everybody's money—except his own—startled her.

"Ever heard of Moon Brand shirts?"

"Not lately."

"Well, they're still made. They used to be good sellers. Trouble is, the concern's too small. They buy goods from hand to mouth, so they don't get favorable prices. They use out-of-date methods. They don't know how to sell. Aside from that they're all right. Remember Sunrise waists?"

"Surely. We sell a few in the store."

"Another good brand gone to seed; and for the same reasons."

"I know. The waists are all right, but we have to pay more than we can get the same thing for from other people."

"Both made over in Medford. Then there's half a dozen or more other concerns scattered round within fifty miles of here. I'm figuring to bring 'em all together. I'm

(Continued on Page 118)

Preserved Power

of Endurance Provides Economy

Gillette Chilled Rubber Process

Perishable merchandise—fruits, meats, vegetables—is stored away in cold storage warehouses for the purpose of preservation.

For the same purpose, for the same reason—*preservation*—Gillette Tires and Tubes are produced with Gillette Chilled Rubber Process. It toughens rubber as iron is toughened by conversion into steel. It acts as a preservative against the inclemencies of the weather—heat, cold and dampness. It stores up a surplus of endurance that is not accessible to the debilitating effects of the elements—strength that is converted into mileage—and mileage only.

Equip one wheel of your car with a Gillette—the other three with any other make you choose—the mileage result will demonstrate Gillette economy.

General Sales Offices: 1834 Broadway, N. Y. **Gillette Rubber Co.** *Factory:* Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Gillette TIRES AND TUBES

(Continued from Page 114)

particularly interested in Moon Brand and Sunrise on account of the trade-marks, and because not so many years ago both were wonderful sellers."

"But, honey, how can you hope to take a lot of gone-to-seed concerns and a run-down cotton mill and build them up at once? You've only one pair of hands and one brain."

"Yes; but it isn't a single-track brain, as I've told you before. I'm going to co-ordinate those enterprises and make 'em dovetail. Then I'm going to organize a system of distribution of the manufactured product that will take care of the whole output at a minimum of selling expense. That's what I've been planning all those nights I was walking the floor."

"And you said it was coffee!"

"It was. That's why I drank it—to keep me awake so I could think. Now listen: First, we have the mill, making the finest cotton goods in the world. Then we make those goods up into garments, buying our fabrics at mill prices. We locate our garment factory right alongside the mill, thus lopping off cost of transportation. That's an item.

"We can therefore sell a superior product cheaper than our competitors can sell an inferior one; for we are saving the mill practically a hundred per cent of its selling costs by taking its entire output, so our garment department can buy its goods that much cheaper. In other words, the retailer buys garments at one profit on top of actual cost."

"I was wondering about that. What about the retailer?"

"Go on; ask questions. Then I'll tell you some more."

"Well, you have two old brands of garments that are more or less in disfavor with the trade. You can't sell enough to clean up the output of a whole mill!"

Cynthia made this statement with a bitten-off finality that appeared to defeat the whole plan at one blow. Lank laughed.

"That's all right too; but I haven't told you the important thing—and that's the plan of coöperative-dealer buying."

"Oh!"

"Take your own case, for instance. You buy your merchandise independently of all other stores dealing in the same class of goods, in dozen or gross lots—small quantities. You pay small-quantity prices. Suppose you could buy at the same prices as the merchant who takes a half million or a million dollars' worth of stuff, a whole factory or mill output, in fact."

"I wish I could."

"You can, under this plan. We simply form a coöperative association of dealers whose combined requirements will take care of the entire output of our factories. They pool their purchases, don't you see, and share the benefit. They get a low price because they save the factory a pretty big percentage of its entire selling expense. Then in this case they get the additional benefit of the savings in production costs I've been telling you of, and they obtain merchandise of the very highest qualities. So you see the advantage they'll have over competition. I tell you, it's the modern idea. It's a modification of the chain-store plan, which is one of the greatest successes known to merchandising. In fact, it will enable individual dealers to compete with chain stores. See?"

"But you've got to line up your dealers—hundreds, thousands of them."

"I know it. That's part of my job. But I've already mapped out the campaign, and I could start to-morrow if ——"

"Yes," repeated Cynthia, "if—you had the capital to swing it."

"That's where my well-known sterling integrity and rigid probity come in. I've got to raise between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars to start."

"Where? The bank wouldn't ——"

"No, it's going to come from public-spirited citizens right in this vicinity. That's why I've been working my head off for the last three or four years. And believe me, Cynth', if I'm not mistaken I've got 'em eating out of my hand."

J. Lancaster's vehemence startled his wife. In cold type it looks like bombast; but Cynthia was meeting her husband's gaze fairly. His face was alight with a fire of enthusiasm. She almost doubted if he realized just how far his imagination was carrying him. And then that little old persistent doubt.

He had done wonders, she admitted. Still, they had been small wonders. Now he was talking in millions. There flashed across her mind one after another the half jesting remarks, the light almost callous attitude of the man, his banteringly expressed opinions that seemed to betray some fundamental lack of an ethical consciousness—and yet he had gone straight. He had been scrupulous to a penny in every dealing. Why should she entertain the slightest misgivings? She sought refuge in further questioning:

"Isn't it what is called a promotion?"

"Yes; but first I have to have organization money. I must open offices and hire a bunch of help—bookkeepers and stenos and clerks. There'll be legal fees to pay; oodles of 'em. I'll have to have a car, and run round the country for weeks, sewing up options on the various concerns. Then a big flock of salesmen must be sent out to line up retailers, and that costs money. In the end the retailers will pay, because they'll be benefited."

"How are they going to pay?"

"By taking shares in a coöperative association organized for the purpose of putting this plan across. They'll be sold shares, and part of the proceeds of this sale will be used to reimburse the local boys who advance the money for preliminary expenses. Later, the coöperative shares will be accepted in exchange for stock in the manufacturing company, so the coöperating dealers will get a cut of the profits of the business.

"It'll be an incentive to them to sell all the goods they can, so as to swell their dividends. It ties up their interest."

"What's going to induce the local people to put up the preliminary funds, Lank?"

"Me—I; and a slice of the profits. Every contributor will get his money back with interest and a nice bonus of stock in the company."

"Where's your profit coming from?"

"The laborer's worthy of his hire; the higher the better. This is going to be a clean-up for the Bell family. The Bells will ring out to the wild sky, and it'll be some tune!"

"How much of a tune, honey?"

"Well, I was thinking half a million would start us chiming."

"Lank, you can't mean that! You're delirious. It's impos——"

"Listen, Cynth'. It can be done. Consolidations like this aren't unusual, and the capitalization always runs 'way up into the millions. My compensation for my idea and for planning and executing the campaign should be ten or even fifteen per cent. That's moderate, for I shall have to take care of all the expenses of organization. I've figured, however, that when I get through I'll have left something like five hundred thousand in stock."

"In stock? How about money?"

"I can sell my stock all right if the plan is sound; and I'm darn sure it is. Or I can hold it and take my dividends."

Cynthia said nothing for some moments. Finally, and with a distinct effort, she asked: "Lank, are you sure—absolutely sure—the scheme is—legitimate?"

"Legitimate? Of course it's legitimate! Great Scott, you don't think I'd tackle anything that wasn't, do you?"

"Not—not unless your enthusiasm got the better of your—judgment."

"Or my deep-seated love of truth and honesty," bantered Lank. "Don't you worry. I've got a rep. I'm not going to throw it away for any piking half million!"

There it was again, that disturbing lightness of touch, the twinkle in Lank's brown eyes that seemed to say: "I'm laughing at you; but you don't know why. I'm too deep for you."

Cynthia didn't know. Certainly the scheme was ingenious, plausible. Was it too plausible? Was Lank banking overmuch on that wonderful facility of his—the hail-fellow persuasiveness of the street-corner merchant, the patter of the stage magician? She tried to arrange in some orderly fashion the features of the plan as Lank had outlined it. Her head swam. Heavens, what a fabric! She had dealt too long in needles and pins and little boys' side garters to think in millions. She gave it up and went off to bed, where she lay awake miserably.

IX

BELL plunged madly into the work of his big enterprise. He was busy day and night. Cynthia had never seen him thus. He did not lose his good nature. That was proof against any stress. But he certainly did fall off in weight. He was serious, distrait, concentrated. Cynthia found the entire responsibility for both inn and store resting on her shoulders.

In a day or two J. Lancaster had a car.

"Call it a symbol," he said. "Call it the symbol of the success of the big plan. She's a dandy. I got her for half price; only been run a couple of thousand miles. Say, if the old scheme works as smooth as the symbol I've got that half million as good as deposited in the bank already."

Three or four days later he announced his success in raising the local fifty thousand.

"It wasn't so hard," he said. "First man that came across was old Sam Gleason. He wanted to know if you were interested, and I said he could bet his last year's hat you were. He said by gravy, he was in for ten thousand if that was the case."

"But, Lank, I'm not ——"

"Oh, yes, you are; because I've got to put up a bond for all we're worth, and all we're worth's the stock in the hotel and store and building syndicate; and that's got to go up in trust at the bank to secure my bond."

"That isn't fifty thousand."

"Oh, no. They didn't require all that. Just wanted to know how much you and I—mark the 'you'—were willing to risk, so I told 'em everything we had. It's just as an earnest of good faith—you know, a symbol. That's a good one, eh?"

Lank seemed always in a hurry now. He talked in bunches. He clipped every sentence to its lowest terms. Always when he left her Cynthia felt breathless for an hour afterward.

It seemed that Lank hardly slept at all. Often in the night he would be up, prancing and pacing and marching up and down, up and down. Then he would go in and sit by little Tommy. If the child woke, Lank would pick him up and hold him in his lap, telling him queer jumbled-up fairy stories in which he seemed to ramble on without rime or reason. When Tommy fell asleep Lank put him back in his little bed and returned to his own chamber. At such times he seemed oddly calm.

"Things are all right," he would say. "All right. We're coming on fine."

After that he would drop off quite easily for a few hours' sleep, from which he would waken refreshed and invigorated.

But there were nights when he did not sleep a wink, either because he couldn't or because it was necessary to sit working at his desk for hours on end.

Once Lank asked Cynthia to take a trip of a week to New York, Chicago and other large cities to collect information and samples showing the style tendencies in pattern. Tommy was left in care of Martha Guilder, and Lank agreed to keep an eye on both store and inn until his wife's return.

"I'll soon be ready to send the boys out to line up the dealers," he said. "The first thing they'll want to know will be if we can give them better patterns than those the mill has been running for the past few years. And say, by the time you get back I hope I'll have the mill crowd in a frame of mind to do business. It isn't easy, for they want a lot of cash as well as a big stock interest. People like that have a funny attitude. They won't get out of their own tracks, but if they suspect anyone else of making money they get nosey right away. Furthermore, in spite of the falling off in their business they seem to think they know more about running a cotton mill than old Cotton Mather himself."

When Cynthia came back she showed Bell that her trip had been well considered. She had instinctively sought out the exact sources of the information she needed. She had even obtained swatches of goods made by competing houses. Her data on the style situation were accurate and satisfying.

"Cynth', you're a wiz," said Bell. "I'm sure I couldn't have done so well. That's great. And say, I've closed with the mill folks. They wriggled and squirmed and dickered, but I got what I was after. Everyone in town tried to help. It's a wonder how these people will stand behind a fellow they believe in; and they sure do believe in me. They believe in the plan too. Now I'm up against the toughest job of all—to raise money to take up the options, especially the one on the mill. Braley over at the bank is doing all he can for me, but we've got to have some outside banking, a lot of it. I'd rather have private capital than banking money, any day. The banks want both ends and the middle."

Week after week J. Lancaster tore about the country in the symbol. These local excursions he alternated with trips to the city, where he spent long hours in consultation with the corporation attorneys who were helping form his companies, and among the men of finance whose support he must have.

"Let me tell you, Cynth', a banker is a cold proposition. A burglar-proof safe is pie compared to a board of directors. And I've met some big men with money of their own to invest. Of course they want a fat slice of the proceeds, though I don't suppose you can blame 'em.

"One man I lined up for two hundred thousand is Rufus Judd. Remember Rufus Judd, who has been here for the fishing the last two years, and raved about Martha's old-fashioned apple dowdy? I guess the apple dowdy did it—and a letter or two from some of my admiring fellow citizens here in town. He's a fine specimen of a hard-boiled egg."

J. Lancaster paused, and a shadow crossed his face.

"Cynth'," he said, "this thing is—is—a heap bigger than I ever thought it would be. I'm not so sure that—that it isn't too big. Do you suppose I'm nothing but a small-town hick after all? And here's another thing: I'm—I'm driven all the time for fear something will break about my past and ditch the whole scheme. Of course I was a pretty obscure bird. I never made a ripple. People have to have awful good memories to go back four or five years and find a cheap swindler in a haystack. But ——"

He paced the floor, up and down, up and down. The man's nerves were ragged.

"If someone—someone like Gurney should spill. Lord, what a smash, when I've got things so well started."

"Who's Gurney?"

"Oh, I never told you."

Lank's recital of the two Gurney episodes did not make Cynthia any more comfortable, though she did her best to reassure her husband. In her disturbed soul she wondered why Lank hadn't been content with his success. What was wealth to all this turmoil, this agonizing? There in the little town, with the hotel and the store, they were comfortable and safe. Why struggle for millions or the fractions of millions?

Cynthia did not allow her husband to perceive this feeling on her part. She went courageously about her double duties of superintendence, ably abetted by Martha in the inn and Molly Peterson in the store. Business was good too. Cynthia was so tired at night that she marveled how Lank, whose nervous tension was infinitely greater, stood what he was undergoing.

It was the excitement of the chase. J. Lancaster had persuaded himself that his only salvation lay in working fast. He had bitten off more than he could reasonably be expected to chew. After all, doing business on a reputation only four years old was a pretty precarious venture when one considered what lay behind those four years.

One by one, however, working doggedly day and night, he buttoned up his options, perfected his corporation plans, haggled and traded with the providers of capital. Behind him, in a solidly loyal body, stood about twenty-five of the county's substantial citizens. They knew what the success of his enterprise meant to the town and its vicinity. Theirs was the true booster spirit, and the hotel man played alternately upon their commercial instincts and their local pride.

With the options secured and a large part of the purchase money raised to take them up when they matured Lank let loose upon the mercantile world his swarm of trained salesmen. These were men who had been coming to the hotel for years, salesmen who knew the markets and the game of selling. Working with or through them Lank soon had representatives in all the principal cities and many smaller ones. He had prepared ample supplies of printed matter and each salesman was well equipped with data.

J. Lancaster himself made one wide-flung trip and called upon nearly two hundred of the best prospects.

"Not so worse," he reported. "Not so worse. Over fifty per cent landed for the association, and close to forty thousand dollars' worth of subscriptions to coöperative shares. And I've learned more about the shirt business and the waist business and pretty nearly every other mercantile business than I ever expected to know in my life."

By this time the salesmen too had begun to send in their subscriptions. The entire

(Concluded on Page 120)

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG.U.S. PAT. OFF.

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The work must go on.

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Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all makes of motor passenger and commercial automobiles and motor trucks. If your car is not listed in the Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which sets the correct grades for all cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc	A	A
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Auburn (6-38)	..	..	..	..	A	Arc	A	A		
"(6-39B) (Tractor-H)	..	..	A	Arc						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Cadillac (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chalmers	..	..	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 6-40	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc		
" 6-39	A	A	..	..	A	A	A	A		
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" F A	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	E	E
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Federal	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Model S X	..	..	A	A	A	A				
Federal (special)	..	..	Ar	A						
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	Ar	A								
" " Model 2	A	Arc								
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A		A	Arc
" 12 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson	..	..	..	..	..	..	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" Commercial	..	..	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Model 48	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A	A	A
" 12	..	..	A	A	A	A				
Lippard-Stewart	..	..	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
" Model M	..	..	..	..	A	Ar	A	Ar		
" " (Mod. MW)	..	..	..	..	A	Arc				
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Madison	..	..	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 8 cyl	..	..	..	..	A	A	A	A		
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
Marmon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	
Meteor	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (22-70	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		Ar
Mitchell	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
" 8 cyl	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A		
Moline-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe	..	..	A	Ar	A	Ar	E	E	A	A
" Model M4	..	..	A	A	A	A				
" Model S	A	A	..	..	..	..				
Moon	..	..	Arc	..	Arc	..	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc
Saab	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Model 6T2	..	..	A	A						
" Quad	A	A	A	A						
National	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A		
Oldsmobile 8 cyl	A	Arc	..	..	..	..	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc
" 6 cyl	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	..	..	A	A
" 4 cyls	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (4 cyl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A
" (6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc
" 6-46	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc	A	
" 6-48 50	..	..	..	..	A	Arc				
" 6-40)	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..				
" (Com'l	A	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Ar	Arc
Paterson	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Ar	Arc
Peerless	..	..	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (3½ ton)	..	..	..	..	A	Ar				
Simplex Crane	..	..	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc
" 6 cyl	A	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc
" (2 & 3½ ton	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc						
" (5 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Westcott	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
White	Arc	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	A
" (Sixteen Valve	A	A	A	A	A	A				
White	A	A	Ar	Arc						
White Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	A	A	

VACUUM OIL COMPANY — *Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery throughout the civilized world.* — NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 116)

campaign was to be cleaned up as soon as possible. Lank hoped that the coöperative subscriptions would yield a gross of about a million, out of which the salesmen's commissions had to be taken care of.

A terrific volume of orders for goods accompanied the share subscriptions. These constituted J. Lancaster's principal ammunition in dealing with hesitant capitalists and bankers.

"Why, at this rate the entire output of the factory will be cleaned up before a wheel is turned," he explained.

But they grilled him about his scheme of management, they pried pitilessly into every detail of his financial plan, they picked flaws and raised objections and hemmed and hawed and blew their noses. He stood up and gave them as good as they sent, calling to his aid every trick of salesmanship that experience had taught or instinct prompted. Sometimes he quit these sessions sick at heart at the rigor of the bargains he was forced to make.

Not one dollar could he raise outside his home county that was not absolutely secured by legal assignment of his options and everything they stood for; and not one dollar could he raise unless he would agree to allot bonuses of stock of the manufacturing corporation at an appalling rate. Still he battled on, and made progress. It was a heartbreaking adventure.

Then, lean and hardened by the fight, he went boldly among the brokerage houses to make arrangements for the marketing of the securities. Here he managed to exact fairly good terms. He had too much backing to be ignored. Yet in those weeks he learned what trickery meant. Among the moneyed men he had found stubborn coldness, inertia, hardness and lack of sympathy. Here he was met with polish, urbanity, the appearance of a great and welcoming good will.

"I know that kind," he said to Cynthia. "Fact is, there's almost something in common between those birds and me. They're smooth workers. But oh, boy, they pack a knife in each boot and a blackjack up each sleeve."

"But aren't there any honest ones?"

"Sure. That's what I was looking for. They're hard to find because they all look alike. The crooked ones are dolled up with protective coloring so you can't nail 'em. Talk about doing business with other people's money! They wouldn't advance a nickel to the Subtreasury."

"Did you make your arrangement for marketing the stock?"

"Yes, ma'am! I did. I had to let 'em plan to put it on the curb."

"The curb?"

"The curb. A group of brokers agree to offer the stock to their clients just as soon as I say the word. Then they promise the people who buy it from them that they will make a market for it. That means it will be actively traded in on the curb—that's the outdoor exchange where they deal in stuff that's not big enough or important enough to go on the big board—meaning the regular stock exchange. I can't go into the details. It makes my head swim to think of 'em. All I know is, I got some good advice, finally found the right people, made the best bargain I could and beat it. I didn't dare to stick round any longer for fear I'd begin to miss things, like the fillings in my teeth. I might even have lost my head; you know old Ivory's considered very valuable."

So Lank rambled on, inconsequently, Cynthia thought. Well, he was a wreck, there wasn't any doubt about that. He said as soon as the job was done he was going up to the lake and stay a solid month in a camp and refuse to see a soul.

The local twenty-odd contributors to Lank's original promotion fund learned that the hotel man had some important announcements to make to them and to any other of the townspeople who might be interested. The twenty-odd thereupon pulled off a banquet, with J. Lancaster Bell as the guest of honor. They told him what a great man he was and J. Lancaster admitted it, giving them quite a number of reasons they had failed to mention. Yet they went home firmly convinced that he was as modest as he was great.

Lank distributed checks to the twenty-odd, returning to each his contribution to the fund, with interest at six per cent. He announced that he had received from the cooperative association of retailers ample moneys to take care of all preliminary expenses.

He also informed them that out of this preliminary fund it would be possible to provide for the beginnings of the new factory, which was to occupy ground close to the mills; and, most important of all, he made public the news that he had raised the money to take up all the options on the concerns which were to be component parts of the consolidated manufacturing corporation.

It was a great little meeting, and J. Lancaster went home that night with the worst headache he had ever had in his life.

"It's over," he told Cynthia. "I've put it over. All that has to be done now is formality. The money will be paid and the stock issued and the bonuses distributed. The coöperative dealers will get their shares of manufacturing-company stock, and inside of another month there will be enough cash from the sale of shares through brokers to complete the new plant. In fact, we don't have to wait for that. I've got it financed already."

"Why, honey," said Cynthia, "I should think you'd be delighted. You look as if you'd failed, instead of succeeded."

"Oh, do I? That's funny. I'm going down to the office a few minutes. I've some things to—to—er—think over."

So the man descended to the second-floor corridor of the addition, where he had been occupying offices ever since the start of the promotion plan. Cynthia noted with a little heartache how tired his shoulders looked, how he scuffed slightly as he walked, like a man who feels the weight of years.

"Poor Lank," she thought.

After a while she glanced at the clock, and observed that he had been gone nearly two hours. It was about time he came back; and if he were not too utterly done up she hoped he would tell her a little more about the company.

Suddenly, from Tommy's room came a gasping sound. Terrified, she hastened to the little boy's bedside. There she found him sitting up and struggling pitifully for breath, at the same time giving forth a hollow barking cough.

Cynthia turned and fled into the hall, intent upon finding Lank. There she ran plump into Martha Guilder.

"Oh, Martha! It's Tommy, it's Tommy!" she cried.

"What's Tommy? Why, Cynthy—let's have a look."

Martha lumbered briskly into the Bell apartment.

"Croup," she said. "Got any ipecac? If you haven't, get some kerosene; and there's no danger if you make haste."

Cynthia tore down the stairs toward Lank's office. The drug store would be closed, as it was now eleven o'clock; but Lank would know how to rouse the proprietor, who lived over the store.

*

J. LANCASTER BELL sat a long time with his feet on his desk, contemplating a spot on the ceiling which spun slowly in an ever-widening circle. He was as thoroughly exhausted as a man could be and still retain the power to breathe. His head ached wretchedly. Reaction was setting in, and he felt it was going to strike hard.

"What the devil has it all been about, anyhow?" he muttered.

The door at the head of the stairs leading down to the street opened and a stranger walked in. Bell contemplated him without the slightest interest.

"Hello, J. Lank," said the visitor.

Bell took a second look.

"Sleepy Walker," he recognized. "What you doing here, Sleepy?"

"Oh, just dropped in. How's things?"

"Rotten."

"Not according to what I heard, they're not. What's this big cotton-mill deal you've been putting across?"

"All over, Sleepy."

"You cleaned up?"

"Cleaned up the deal, if that's what you mean."

"I mean, cleaned up personally."

Bell shook his head.

"Now, J. Lancaster, don't try to stall. You've made a killing."

"Well, what's that to you?"

The visitor, a slim, rather dapper young man, flipped back a lapel and displayed the badge of a post-office inspector.

"The Government's after you, Bell. Sent me up here to look into things and use my own discretion."

"How the devil did you ever get an inspector's job?"

"Easy. Been working for Uncle Sam over two years. I guess I know enough about crooks to be some help, eh?"

"If first-hand information is of any value you're surely there, Sleepy."

"That's why they picked me out to come up and—er—interest myself in your case, J. Lank. Nice offices you have here."

"They'll be closed to-morrow."

"Fast work. I thought you'd be another month finishing this job. Wonder the bulls have let you alone so long."

"Isn't it, though? Well, I guess I've beat 'em to it."

Walker grinned.

"Not much. My orders are to bring you back to headquarters. Say, how's the wiff and kid? I hear you've been living with 'em for some time."

"Sleepy, you're barking up the wrong tree. You better fade before you make some bonehead play."

Sleepy grinned again.

"It would be pretty fierce for you to be run in and have to give up all that good dough, after you've made a thorough job of it. I'd almost hate to see you lose out, Lanky. But of course duty's duty."

"You mean a pinch?"

"Absolutely. I was wondering, though. If I went back and reported there wasn't enough evidence to pinch you, and I thought they'd better wait a few days, it would give you a chance, wouldn't it?"

"It would be very obliging, Sleepy."

"I understand you've made four or five hundred thousand, J. Lank. That's a lot of money. Got it handy?"

"Every dollar I've made is in that safe."

"Huh! Planning your get-away, were you? Well, for the sake of old times and the old gang, I'm going to be easy with you. Split that stuff fifty-fifty, and I'll see that you have time enough to make a South American boat. That's fair enough."

"Yes, I suppose it seems fair. However, I guess I won't do business with you."

"Your wife'll feel nice to-morrow, with you locked up and your name known to everyone in town as that of an ex-con who did time not so long ago for the Fullerton swindle."

Lank Bell forgot his fatigue. He was out of his chair and stood threateningly over Walker.

"Give me that badge!" he said. "You're no more a post-office inspector than I am. Come, rip it off, quick! If you don't I'll have to help you."

Sleepy Walker suddenly found it advisable to comply.

"Now," went on Bell, "I'm going to tell you something, before I bounce you down the stairs or turn you over to the bulls—I haven't decided which. You know a man who impersonates an inspector wouldn't have much of a show.

"Young fellow, you couldn't hurt me in this town. You tell the folks I've done time and they'll either call you a damn liar or laugh and say they don't care. I'm ace high here, see? Why? Because I'm on the level. They know it. They know I've had chances to sink the hooks into 'em for any amount from two bits up to half a million; and they know I'm the guy that's putting this town on the map.

"Why am I putting it on the map? Because I like it. I like the people. They've stood by me and trusted me; and by God I've stood by them. I've worked like a dog on this mill scheme, and so help me, I've not only not made a penny, I've actually lost more than fifteen thousand bucks of my own money. I can account for every cent in cash or stock that's passed through my hands, and my record is as clean as a smelt. Anyone that has the right can give me the once-over and I'll come clean on any questions he wants to ask. The United States Government is just as welcome as the flowers in May to comb my hair, and I'll stand still and let 'em do it.

"But you, you poor, stupid, misguided, blackmailing sneak, you'd probably be tarred and feathered if you tried to put the skids under me! It would be the unhealthiest day of your life, young man. Try it, go on and try it! I don't know that I'd ask any better revenge than what the angry populace would do to you. I've a good mind to call a public meeting and a band and introduce you myself so you'd have a good show. How would you like that, Sleepy? 'Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present Mr Sleepy Walker, alias the South Brooklyn Flea, the well-known leather worker and dip, who has a few words to say on a subject very near to our hearts.' Wouldn't it be a scream?"

But the smile of irony was suddenly wiped off J. Lancaster Bell's face when the door from the corridor burst open and Cynthia came running in. Terror was in her wide eyes.

"Why, Cynth', what's ——"

"It's Tommy—croup—and he's choking. There's no ipecac and ——"

"Sleepy," cried J. Lancaster, spinning toward his visitor, "come here."

He led Walker, blinking, to the window.

"See that drug store? That's old man Kip's, lives over the store, but he's deafer than a haddock. You couldn't wake him in two hours. You beat it across, pick the lock and steal the ipecac bottle; and jump to it. My kid's choking!"

Half an hour later Bell said good-by to the man who had come to prey and stopped a cough.

"Sleepy, you wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance. When a bird like me can make an Alias Jimmie Valentine of you and get away with it you can see how I stand. This story will be in the evening paper all about how well-known metropolitan yegg, while paying social call on prominent local hotel man and capitalist, gives demonstration of his skill as a burglar and steals old man Kip's ipecac bottle in fifty-six seconds flat. I guess that will make some sensation, eh?"

"Good-by, Lank," said Sleepy fervently. "Glad to have been of service. Pretty decent of you not to blow on me. I guess I'll be running along. Lank, you're a smooth one; I'll say you are. Good-by, Mrs. Bell, and I hope the boy's all right in the morning."

"Good-by, Sleepy. You've just time to catch the midnight. Much obliged for the ipecac." The sound of Bell's laugh pursued the hastily retreating shoulders of the South Brooklyn Flea.

"Oh, Lank, what made you tell him that whopper about an evening paper when we only have the poor old weekly Record? You scared him almost to death."

"Oh, I dunno," said Lank. He was sitting in a rocker, holding young Tommy in his arms. The child was breathing quite easily. "I dunno what I'm saying half the time. My brain feels like a plate of mush."

"Poor Lank!"

"Poor is right, honey. I'm wiped out. I was trying to make up my mind to break the news to you when that worm drifted in. Lucky he did too."

"Lucky! I should say so. I don't care for anything else, just so I have you and Tommy. Who was the man, anyhow?"

"Tell you some time. Don't feel much like talking now; but I will say this: I'm going to stick to the hotel business. Those bankers didn't leave me a shoe string. They were too smart for me. The consolidation is complete, the coöperative-store scheme is O. K. In a few weeks now the mill begins turning out the new patterns and the factory begins making and shipping shirts. I've done the work and they've got control, with all my personal stock in the bargain. I let 'em have it rather than delay the game or block the wheels of progress. I couldn't disappoint the people round here who believed in me. A guy has to be loyal to his town; ain't that so?

"I had to hock my store and hotel and building-syndicate stock at the last to clean up the pay roll and rent and some small loans I had out. It'll take me a couple of years, I expect, to get it back. But, oh boy, you wait till old Rufus Judd and his bunch of highbinders come up here for the fishing next spring! They may know all about finance, but if they leave this hotel with their shirts they'll be one lucky crowd. And the funny part of it is I'll make 'em like it!"

"Better put Tommy back in his bed," said Cynthia, "and then try to get some sleep yourself."

She bent over and carefully unclasped the youngster's hand from a shiny object—the post-office inspector's badge Lank had made Sleepy Walker give up.

"How funny!" she said.

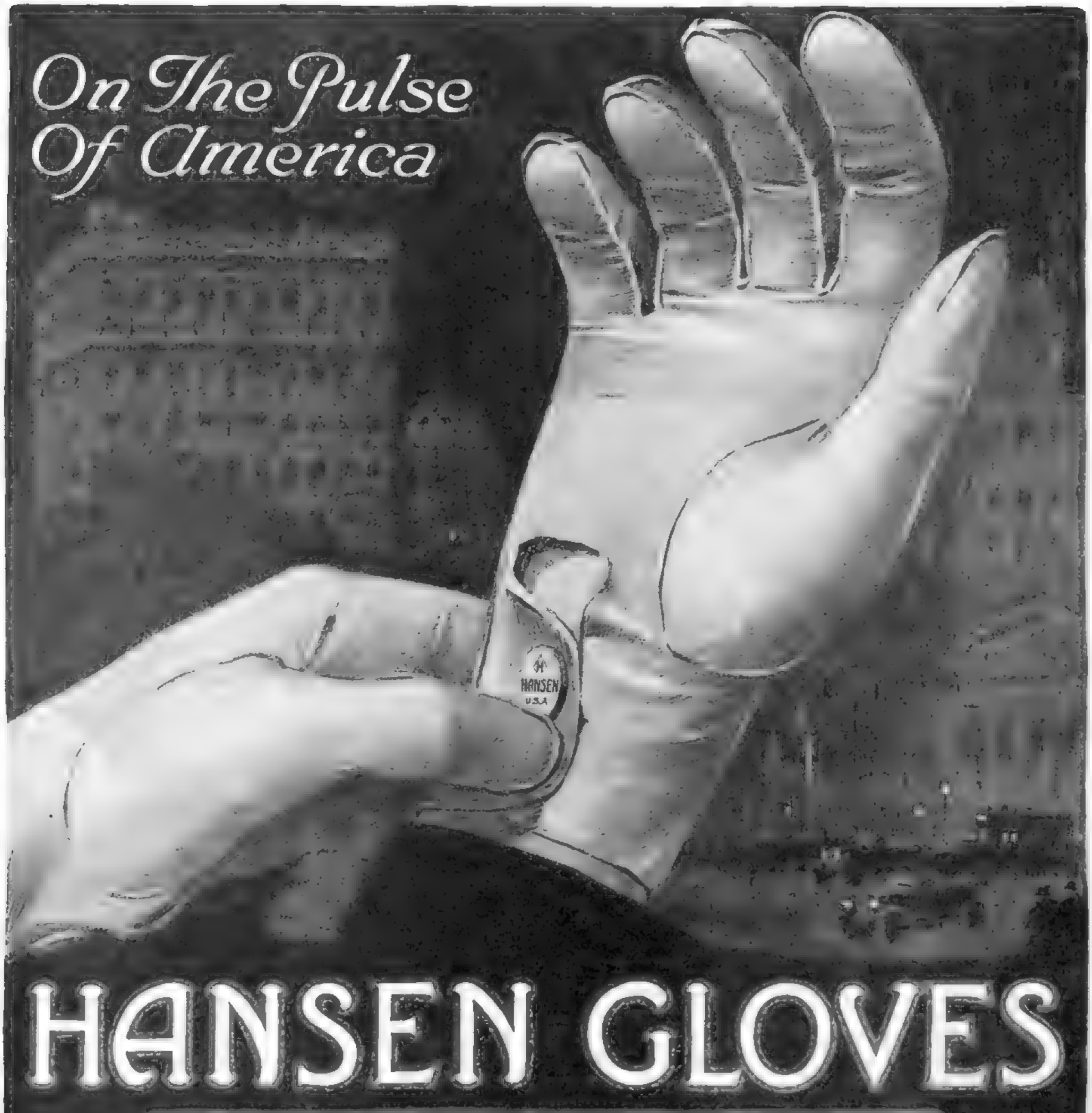
"Yes," said Lank, "it's one of the most humorous things I ever saw. Cynth', it's a symbol."

"What of, Lank?"

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It cost me nearly sixteen thousand dollars. Say, Cynth'"—very drowsily.

"Yes, honey?"

"Lots of those bankers'll be coming here to look after their interests in the new company. What d'you say if we boost the price of waffles and maple sirup to a dollar a throw, eh?"



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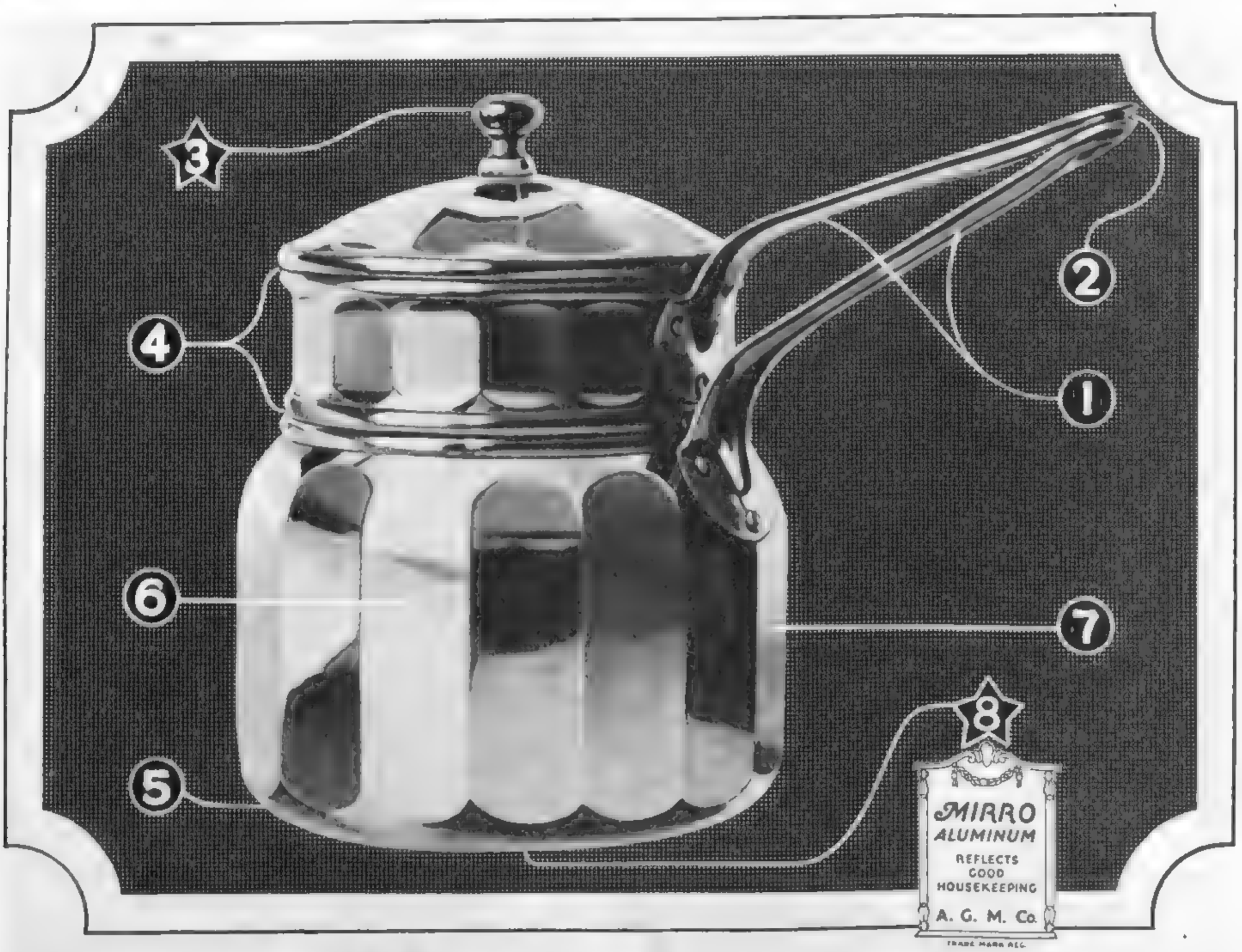

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BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 21)

liked that. There was nothing childish about Winifred. She had been always grown-up and competent and helpful. He felt that he owed Winifred a great deal. They were not engaged, but he rather hoped that some day they might marry. Of course that would depend upon Winifred. She would probably make him give up the farm and he would hate that. But a man might give up a farm for a woman like Winifred and still have more than he deserved.

It will be seen that Maxwell was modest, especially where women were concerned. The complacency of Murray Flint, weighing Amy against Ethel and Ethel against Amy and Anne against both, would have seemed infamous to Maxwell. He felt that it was only by the grace of God that any woman gave herself to any man. He had a sense of honor which was founded on decency rather than on convention. He had also a sense of high romance which belonged more fittingly to the fifteenth than to the twentieth century. He was not, however, aware of it. He looked upon himself as a plain and practical chap who had a few things to work out politically before he settled down to the serious business of farming. Of course if he married Winifred he wouldn't settle down to the farm, but he would settle down to something.

In the meantime here was Anne, reading Dickens, eating chocolates, and leaning over the rail of the House Gallery to listen to his speeches.

It was rather wonderful to have her there. She wore a gray cape with a chinchilla collar made out of Amy's old muff. A straight sailor hat of rough straw came well down over her forehead and showed fluffs of shining hair at the sides. Her little gray-gloved hands clasped the violets he had given her. Above the violets her eyes were a deeper blue.

She came always alone. "Amy doesn't know," she had told him frankly; "she wouldn't let me come if she did."

"Why not?"

"I am supposed to be chaperoned."

"My dear child, I told you to bring either or both of your sisters."

"I don't want them. They would spoil it."

"How?"

She tried to explain. He and she could see things in the old Capitol that Amy and Ethel couldn't.

He laughed, but knew it true. Anne's imagination met his in a rather remarkable fashion. When they walked through Statuary Hall they saw not Fulton and Père Marquette and Carroll of Carrollton; they saw, rather, a thousand ships issuing forth on the steam of a teakettle; they saw civilization following a black-frocked prophet; they saw aristocracy raising its voice in the interest of democracy.

As for the mysterious whispering echo, they repudiated all talk of acoustics. It was for them an eerie thing, like the laughter of elves or the shriek of a banshee.

"Don't say everyday things to me," Anne had instructed Maxwell when he had first placed her behind a mottled marble pillar before leaving for the spot where he could speak to her by this unique wireless.

There came to her, therefore, a part of a famous speech; the murmured words flung back by that strange sounding board rang like a bell:

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

She emerged from her corner, starry-eyed. "It was as if I heard him say it."

"Perhaps it was he, and I was only a mouthpiece."

"I should think they'd like to come back. Will you come?"

He laughed. "Who knows? I'll come if you are here."

To have brought a third into these adventures would have robbed them of charm. Knowing this he argued that the child was safe with him. Why worry?

They always lunched together before he took her up to the Members' Gallery, and went himself to the floor of the House. He let her order what she pleased and liked the definite way in which she did it. They had, usually, chops and peas, or steak, and ice cream at the end.

III

THEN suddenly things stopped. The reason that they stopped was Murray. He saw Anne one day in the House Gallery and asked Amy about it.

"How did she happen to be up there alone?"

Amy asked Anne. Anne told the truth.

"I've had lunch three times with Mr. Sears, and I've listened to his speeches. It's something about the League of Nations. He believes in it, but thinks we've got to be careful about tying ourselves up."

Amy did not care in the least what Maxwell Sears believed. The thing that worried her was Murray. She wanted him to approve of Anne. If Amy had thought in a less limited circle she might have worked the thing out that if Maxwell married Anne it would narrow Murray's choice down to herself and Ethel. But there was always that vague fear of some outside siren who would capture Murray. If he had Anne, he would then be safely in the family.

She realized, in the days following the revelation of the clandestine meetings with Maxwell, that Murray was depending upon her to see that Anne's affections did not stray into forbidden paths. He said as much one afternoon when he found Amy alone in an atmosphere of old portraits, old books, old bronzes. She sat in a Jacobean chair and poured tea for him. The massive lines of the chair made her proportions seem wraithlike. Her white face with its fixed spots of red was a high light among the shadows.

"Where's Anne?"

"She and Ethel have gone to the matinée with Molly Winchell."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Molly never takes but two of us and, of course, this is Anne's first winter out. I have to step back—and let her have her chance."

He chose to be gallant. "You are always lovely, Amy."

His compliment fell cold. Amy felt old and tired. She had a pain in her side. It had been getting very bad of late, and she coughed at night. She had been to her doctor, and again he had emphasized the need of a change of climate and of nourishing food. Amy had come away unconvinced.

She would have a chance in July when she and her sisters would go to the Eastern Shore for their annual visit to their Aunt Elizabeth. As for different food, she ate enough — all the doctors in the world couldn't make her spend any more money on the table.

Murray stood up very straight by the mantelpiece, under the portrait of one of the Merryman great-grandfathers in a bag wig, and talked of Anne:

"I believe I am falling in love with her, Amy."

Amy's heart said, "It has come at last." Her brain said, "He has discovered it because of Maxwell Sears." Her lips said, "I don't wonder. She's a dear child, Murray."

"She's beautiful."

Murray swayed up a little on his toes. It made him seem thinner and taller. He could see himself reflected in the long mirror on the opposite wall. He liked the reflection of the thin tall man.

"She's beautiful, Amy. I am going to ask her to marry me. I can't have some other fellow running off with her. She belongs to Georgetown."

He seemed to think that settled it. The pain in Amy's side was sharper. She felt that she couldn't quite stand seeing Murray happy with Anne. "She's—she's such a child." Her voice shook.

"Well," said Murray, glancing at the tall thin man in the mirror, "of course she is young. But Maxwell Sears is coming here a lot. Is he in love with her?"

"I'm not sure. She amuses him. She isn't in love with him or with anybody."

"Not even with me?" Murray laughed a little. "But we can remedy that, can't we, Amy? But you might hint at what I'm expecting of her. I don't want to startle her." He came and sat down beside her. "You are always a great dear about doing things for me."

The pain stabbed her like a knife. "I'll do my best."

She had a nervous feeling that she must keep Murray from talking to her like that. She rang for hot water, and their one maid, Charlotte, brought it in a Sheffield jug. Then Ethel and Anne and Molly Winchell arrived, and once more Murray stood up, tall and self-conscious as he stole side glances at himself in the mirror.

Maxwell Sears had brought the three women home. He had a fashion of following up Anne's engagements and putting his car at her disposal. When Amy had vetoed any more adventures at the Capitol he had conceded good-naturedly that she was right. After that he had always included Amy or Ethel in his invitations.

She Was Always Going Somewhere With an Air of Having Important Things to Do, and Coming Back With an Air of Having Done Them

"They are very pretty dragons," he had written to Winifred, "and little Anne is like a princess shut in a tower."

Winifred reading the letter had brooded upon it. "He's falling in love. A child like that—she'll spoil his future."

Congress was having night sessions. "If I could only have you up there," Maxwell had said to Anne as he had driven her home from the matinée, with old Molly and Ethel on the back seat. "I should steal you if I dared."

"Please dare."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes. To-night. Ethel and Amy are going to a Colonial Dames meeting with Molly Winchell. I never go. I hate ancestors."

"I shouldn't let you do it," he hesitated, "but ghosts walk after dark in the Capitol corridors."

"I know," she nodded. "Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln."

"Yes. Then you'll come?"

"Of course."

It was the thought of her rendezvous with him that lighted her eyes when she talked to Murray. But Murray did not know. So he swayed up on his toes and glanced in the glass and was glad of his thinness and tallness.

Maxwell came for Anne promptly. "You must get me back by ten," she told him. "I have a key, and Charlotte's out."

It was a night of nights, never to be forgotten. Maxwell did not take Anne into the Gallery. He had not brought her there to hear speeches or to be conspicuous in the glare of lights. He led her through shadowy corridors—up wide dim stairways.

At one turn he touched her arm. "Look!" he whispered.

"What?"

"Lafayette passed us—on the stairs."

It was a great game! On the east front Columbus spoke to them of ships that sailed toward the sunset; in the Rotunda they kept a tryst with William Penn; from the west-front portico they saw a city beautiful—the streets under the moon were rivers of light—the great monument reached like the soul of Washington toward the stars!

Out there in the moonlight Maxwell spoke of another great soul, gone of late to join a glorious company.

"It was he who taught me that life is an adventure."

"Greatheart?"

"Yes."

"You loved him too?"

"Yes."

Anne caught her breath. "To think of him dead—to think of them all—dead."

Maxwell looked down at her. "They live somewhere. You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment; then he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder. "I feel to-night as if they pressed close."

Oh, it was a rare game to meet great souls in odd corners! They could scarcely tear themselves away. But he got her home before her sisters arrived, and Anne went to bed soberly, and lay long awake, thinking it out. She had never before had such a playmate. In all these years she had starved for other things than food.

IV

IN DUE time Congress adjourned, but Maxwell did not go home. He continued to see Anne. Amy was at last driven to her duty by Murray. She could not forbid Maxwell the house. There was nothing to do but talk to Anne.

Having made up her mind she sought Anne's room at once. Anne, in a cheap cotton kimono, was braiding her hair for the night. The sleeves of the kimono were short and showed her thin white arms. Amy had on a blanket wrapper. Her hair was in metal curlers. She looked old and tired, and now and then she coughed.

Anne got into bed and drew the covers up to her chin. "I'm so cold, I believe there are icicles on my eyebrows. Amy, my idea of heaven is a place where it is as hot as—Hades."

"I don't see where you get such ideas. Ethel and I don't talk that way. We don't even think that way, Anne."

"Maybe when I am as old as you ——" Anne began, and was startled at the look on Amy's face.

"I'm not old!" Amy said passionately. "Anne, I haven't lived at all, and I'm only thirty."

Anne stared at her. "Oh, my darling, I didn't mean ——"

"Of course you didn't. And it was silly of me to say such a thing. Anne, I'm cold. I'm going to sit on the foot of your bed and wrap up while I talk to you."

Anne's bed had four pineapple posts and a pink canopy. The governor of a state had slept in that bed for years. He was one of

(Continued on Page 127)

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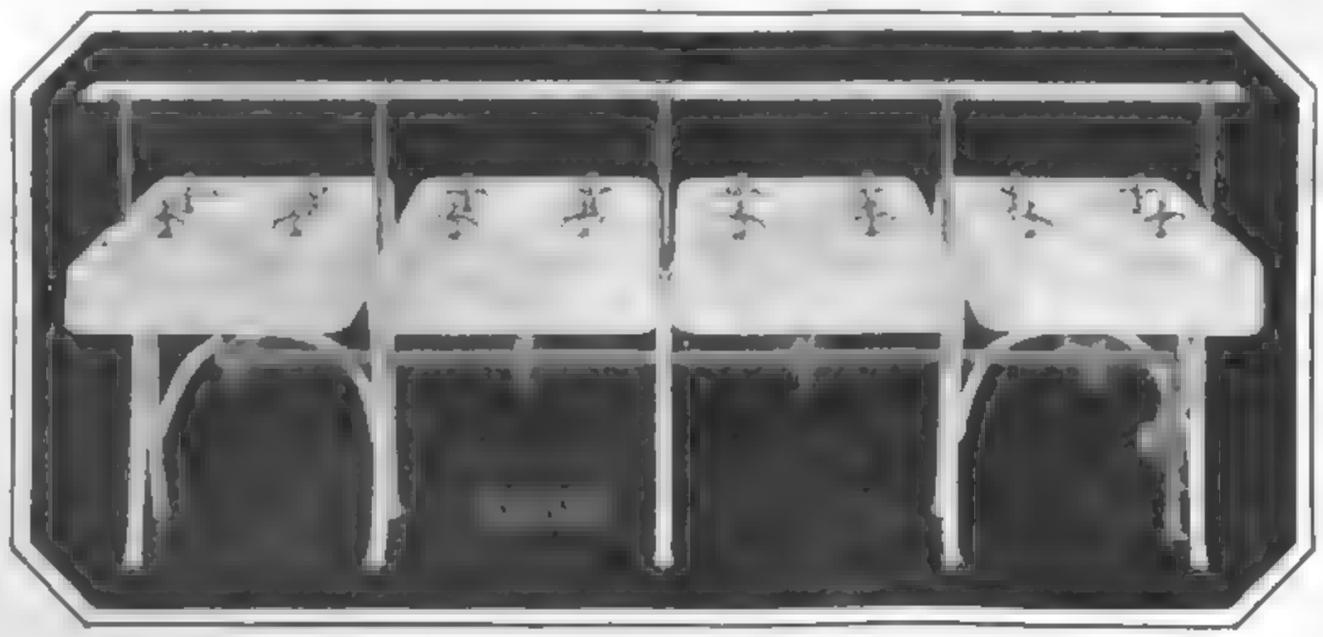

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MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

(Continued from Page 123)

the Merryman grandfathers. Amy could have bought mountains of food for the price of that bed. But she would have starved rather than sell it.

Anne under the pink canopy was like a rose—a white rose with a faint flush. The color in Amy's cheeks was fixed and hard. Yet even with her oldness and tiredness and metal curlers she had the look of race which attracted Murray.

"Anne," she said, "Murray and I had a long talk about you the other day."

"Murray always talks—long." Anne was yawning.

"Please be serious, Anne. He wants to marry you."

"Marry me!" incredulously. "I thought it was you; or Ethel."

"Well, it isn't," wearily. "And it's a great opportunity—for you, Anne."

"Opportunity for what?"

Amy had a sense of the futility of trying to explain.

"There aren't many men like him."

"Fortunately."

"Anne, how can you? He's really paying you a great compliment."

"Why didn't he ask me himself?"

"He didn't want to startle you. You're so young. Murray has extreme fineness of feeling."

Anne tilted her chin. "I don't see what he finds in me."

"You're young"—with a tinge of bitterness—"and he says you are beautiful."

Anne threw off the covers and set her bare feet on the floor. "Beautiful!" she scoffed, but went to the mirror. "I'm thin," she meditated, "but I've got nice hair."

"We all have nice hair," said Amy; "but you've got Ethel's complexion and my figure."

"I don't think I want to be loved for my complexion." Anne turned suddenly and faced her sister. "Or my figure. I'd rather be loved for my mind."

"Men don't love women for their minds," said Amy wearily. "You'll learn that when you have lived as long as I have. Get back into bed, Anne. You'll freeze."

But Anne, shivering in the cotton kimono, argued the question hotly: "I should think Murray would want to marry someone with congenial tastes. He hates everything that I like."

"He'll make an excellent husband. You ought to be happy to know that he—cares."

She began to cough—a racking cough that left her exhausted.

Anne, bending over her, said, "Why, Amy, are you sick?"

"I'm—I'm rather wretched, Anne."

"Are you taking anything for your cough?"

"Yes."

"You ought to have a doctor."

"I have had one."

"What did he say?"

Amy put her off. "I'll feel better in the morning, Anne. Don't worry." Again the cough tore her. Anne flew to Ethel.

"See what you can do for her. There is blood on her handkerchief! I am going to call a doctor."

The doctor, arriving, checked the cough. Later he told Anne that Amy must have a change and strengthening food.

"At once. She's in a very serious state. I've told her, but she won't listen."

In the days that followed Anne arraigned herself hotly. "I've been a selfish pig—eating up everything—and Amy needed it."

In this state of mind she fasted—and was famished.

Maxwell, noting her paleness, demanded, "What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

She wanted to cry out, "I'm hungry." But she, too, had her pride.

"Amy's ill."

He got it out of her finally. "The doctor is much worried about her. He says she needs a change."

"You need it too."

She needed food, but she couldn't tell him that. The state of their exchequer was alarming. It had been revealed to her since Amy's illness that there was really nothing coming in until the next quarter.

"Why didn't you let Charlotte go, Ethel?"

"We've always had a maid. What would people think?"

"And because of what people think, Amy is to starve?"

"Anne, how can you?"

"Well, it comes to that. She needs things; and we don't need Charlotte."

But when they spoke to Amy of sending Charlotte away she was feverishly excited. "There's nobody to do the work."

"I can do it," said Anne.

"We Merrymans have never worked," Amy began to cry. "I'd rather die," she said, "than have people think we are—poor."

MAXWELL was a man of action. When he saw Anne pale he sought a remedy. "Look here, why can't you and your sisters come out to my farm?"

Anne, remembering certain things—broilers and fresh eggs—was thrilled by the invitation. "I'd love it! But Amy won't accept."

"Why not?"

"She's terribly stiff."

He laughed. "Perhaps I can talk her over."

Amy, lying on her couch, very weary, facing a shadowy future, felt his magnetism as he talked to her. It was as if life spoke through his lips. Murray had sat there beside her only an hour before. He had brought her roses but he had brought no hope.

Fear had for weeks kept Amy company. Through her nights and days it had stalked, a pale specter. And now Maxwell was saying: "You'll be well in a month. Of course you'll come! There's room for half a dozen. You three won't half fill the house."

It was decided, however, that Ethel must stay in town. Amy had a nervous feeling that with the house closed Murray might slip away from them.

Old Molly Winchell, summing up the situation, said to Murray: "Of course Anne will marry Maxwell Sears. There's nothing like propinquity."

Murray, startled, admitted the danger. "It would be an awful thing for Anne."

"Why?"

"He's rather a bounder."

Old Molly Winchell hit him on the arm with her fan. Her eyes twinkled maliciously. "He's nothing of the sort, and you know it. You're jealous, Murray."

Murray's jealousy was, quite uniquely, not founded on any great depth of love for Anne. His appropriation of the three sisters had been a pretty and pleasant pastime. When he had finally decided upon Anne as the pivotal center of his universe he had contemplated a future in which the other sisters also figured—especially Amy. He had, indeed, not thought of a world without Amy.

Her illness had troubled him, but not greatly. Things had always come to him as he had wanted them, and he was quite sure that if Anne was to be the flame to light his future Providence would permit Amy to be, as it were, the keeper of the light.

He felt it necessary to warn Anne: "Don't fall in love with Sears."

"Don't be silly, Murray."

"Is it silly to say that I love you, Anne?"

They were alone in the old library, with its books and bronzes and bag-wigged ancestors. And Murray sat down beside Anne and took her hand in his and said, "I love you, Anne."

It was a proposal which was not to be treated lightly. In spite of herself Anne was flattered. Murray had always loomed on her horizon as something of a bore but none the less a person of importance.

She caught her breath quickly. "Please, Murray"—her blushes were bewitching—"I'm too young to think about such things. And I'm not in love with anybody."

Murray raised her hand to his lips. "Keep yourself for me, little Anne." He rose and stood looking down at her. "You're a very charming child," he said. "Do you know it?"

Anne gazing at herself in the glass later wondered if it were true. It was nice of Murray to say it. But she was not in the least in love with Murray. He was too old. And Maxwell was too old. Anne's dreams of romance had to do with glorified youth. She wanted a young Romeo shouting his passion to the stars!

She packed her bag, however, in high anticipation. Maxwell was a splendid playmate, and she thought of his farm as flowing with milk and honey!

Maxwell wrote to Winifred that he was coming home and bringing guests.

"Run down and meet them. Anne's a corking kid."

Winifred knew what had happened. Some girl had got hold of Maxwell. It was always the way with men like that big men; they were credulous creatures where women were concerned, and it would make such a difference to Maxwell's future if he married the wrong woman.

She decided to go down as soon as she could. She felt that she ought to hurry, but there were things that held her. And so it happened that before she reached the farm Maxwell had asked Anne to marry him. There had been a cool evening when the scent of lilacs had washed in great waves through the open windows. Amy had gone to bed and he and Anne had dined alone with the flare of candles between them, and the rest of the room in pleasant shadow. And then their coffee had been served, and Aunt Mittie, his housekeeper, had asked if there was anything else, and had withdrawn, and he had risen and had walked round to Anne's place and had laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Little Anne," he had said, "I should like to see you here always."

"Here?"

"As my wife."

"Oh!"

She had had a rapturous week at the farm. She had never known anything like it. Aunt Elizabeth, of the Eastern Shore, lived in a sleepy town, and Anne's other brief vacations had been spent in more or less fashionable resorts. But here was a paradise of plenty; the big wide house, the spreading barns, the opulent garden, the rolling fields, the enchanting creatures who were sheltered by the barns and fed by the fields, and who in return gave payment of yellow cream and warm white eggs, and who lowed at night and cackled in the morning, and whose days were measured by the rising and the setting of the sun.

She loved it all—the purring pussies, the companionable pups, the steady, faithful older dogs, the lambs in the pasture, the good things to eat.

She was glowing with gratitude, and Maxwell was asking insistently, "Won't you, Anne?"

She had never been so happy, and he was the source of her happiness. Against this background of vivid life the thought of Murray was a pale memory.

So her wistful eyes met Maxwell's. "It would be lovely—to live here—always."

Later, when she had started upstairs with her candle, he had kissed her, leaning over the rail to watch her as she went up, and Anne had gone to sleep tremulous with the thought that her future would lie here in this great house with this fine and kindly man.

Winifred, coming down at last, found that she had come too late. Maxwell told her as they motored up from the station.

"Wish me happiness, Win. I am going to marry little Anne."

It did not enter his head for a moment that the woman by his side loved him. He had thought that if she ever married him it would be a sort of concession on her part, a sacrifice to her interest in his future. He had a feeling that she would be glad if such a sacrifice were not demanded.

But Winifred was not glad. "You are sure you are making no mistake, Max?"

"Wait till you see her."

Winifred waited and saw. "She's not in the least in love with him. She likes the warm nest she has fallen into. And she'll spoil his future. He'll settle down here, and he belongs to the world."

He belonged at least to his constituency.

"I've got to make a speech," he told the three women one morning, "in a town twenty miles away. If you girls would like the ride you can motor over with me. You needn't listen to my speech if you don't want to."

Amy and Winifred said that of course they wanted to listen. Anne smiled happily and said nothing. She was, of course, glad to go, but Maxwell's speeches were to her the abstract things of life; the concrete things at this moment were the delicious dinner which was before her and the fact that in the barn, curled up in the hay, was a new family of kittens—little tabbies like their adoring mother.

"Isn't it a lovely world?" she had said to her lover as she had sat in the loft with the cuddly cats in her lap.

"Yes."

He knew that it was not all lovely, that somewhere there were lean and hungry kittens and lean and hungry folks—but why remind her at such a moment?

VI

ON THE way over Anne sat with Winifred. She had insisted that Amy should have the front seat with Max. Amy was much better. Life had begun to flow into her veins like wine. She had written to Murray: "It is as if a miracle had happened."

Winifred on the back seat talked to Anne. She had a great deal to say about Maxwell's future. "I am sorry he bought the farm."

"Oh, not really." Anne's attention strayed. She had one of the puppies in her lap. He kept peeping out from between the folds of her cape with his bright eyes. "Isn't he a darling, Winifred?"

"He ought to sell it." Winifred liked dogs, but at this moment she wanted Anne's attention. "He ought to sell the farm. He has a great future before him. Everybody says it. He simply must not settle down."

"Oh, well, he won't," said Anne easily.

"He will if you let him."

"If I let him?"

"If he thinks you like it."

There was a deep flush on Winifred's cheeks. She was really a very handsome girl, with bright brown hair and brown eyes. She wore a small brown hat and a sable collar. The collar was open and showed her strong white throat.

"If he thinks you like it," she repeated, "he will stay; and he belongs to the world; nobody must hold him back. He's the biggest man in his party to-day. There is no limit to his powers."

Anne stared at her. "Of course there isn't." She wondered why Winifred seemed so terribly in earnest about it. She pulled the puppy's ears. "But I should hate to have him sell the farm."

Winifred settled back with a sharp sigh and gazed at the long gray road ahead of her. She gazed indeed into a rather blank future. Her talents would be, she felt, to some extent wasted. If Max rose to greater heights of fame it would be because of his own unaided efforts. This child would be no help to him.

The speech Max made to his constituents was not cool and clear-cut like the speeches which Anne had heard him make to his colleagues in the House. He spoke now with warmth and persuasiveness. Anne sitting in the big car on the edge of the crowd found herself listening intently. She was aware, as he went on, of a new Max. The mass of men who had gathered were largely foreigners who knew little of the real meanings of democracy. Max was telling them what it meant to be a good American. He told it simply, but he was in dead earnest. Anne felt that this earnestness was the secret of his power. He wanted men to be good Americans, he wanted them to know the privileges they might enjoy in a free country, and he was telling them how to keep it free—not by violence and mob rule but by remembering their obligations as citizens. He told them that they must be always on the side of law and order, that they must fight injustice not with the bomb and the red flag but with their votes.

"Vote for the man you trust, and not for the man who inflames your passions. Your vote is a sacred thing; when you sell it you dishonor yourself. Respect yourself, and you'll respect the country that has made a man of you."

The response was immediate, the applause tumultuous. After his speech they crowded about him. They knew him for their friend. But they knew him for more than that. He asked nothing of their manhood but the best. He preached honesty and practiced it.

Yet as he climbed into the car Anne had little to say to him. Winifred leaning forward was emphatic in her praise:

"You have no right to bury yourself, Max."

"My dear girl, I'm not dead yet." He was a bit impatient. He had hoped for a word from Anne. But she sat silent, pulling the puppy's ears.

"He's asleep," she said finally as she caught the inquiry in her lover's eyes. "He's tired out, poor darling."

She seemed indifferent, but she was not. She had been much stirred. She had a strange feeling that something had happened to her while she had listened to Maxwell's speech. Some string had broken and her romance was out of tune.

She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking it over. She grew hot with the thought of the limitations of her previous conception of her lover. She had considered him a sort of background for the pleasant things he could do for her. She had fitted him to the measure of the boxes

(Concluded on Page 130)

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(Concluded from Page 127)

of candy that he had brought her, the luncheons in the House restaurant, the bountiful hospitality of the farm. How lightly she had looked down on him as he had stood below her on the stairs with her candle in his hand. How casually she had accepted his kiss. She had a sudden feeling that she must not let him kiss her again!

Early in the morning she went into Amy's room. "Amy," she said, "how soon do you think we can go to Aunt Elizabeth's?"

"Aunt Elizabeth's? Why, Anne?"

"I want to leave here."

"To leave here?" Amy sat up. Even in the bright light of the morning her face looked young. Good food and fresh air had done much for her. It had been quite heavenly, too, to let care slip away, to have no thought of what she should eat or what she should drink or what she should wear. "To leave here? I thought you loved it, Anne."

"I've got to get away. I'm not going to marry Maxwell, Amy."

"Anne! What made you change your mind?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask me. But I wish you would write to Aunt Elizabeth."

"I had a letter from her yesterday. She says we can come at any time. But—have you told Max?"

"Not yet."

"Has he done anything?"

"No. It's just—that I can't marry him. Don't ask me, Amy." She broke down in a storm of tears.

Amy, soothing her, wondered if after all Anne cared for Murray Flint. It was, she felt, the only solution possible. Surely a girl would not throw away a chance to marry a man like Maxwell Sears for nothing.

For Amy had learned in the days that she had spent at the farm that Maxwell Sears was a man to reckon with. She was very grateful for what he had done for her, and she had been glad of Anne's engagement. Murray would perhaps be disappointed, but there would still be herself and Ethel.

It was not easy to explain things to Maxwell.

"Why are you going now?" he demanded, and was impatient when they told him that Aunt Elizabeth expected them. "I don't understand it at all. It upsets all of my plans for you, Anne."

That night when he brought Anne's candle she was not on the stairs. Winifred and Amy had gone up.

"Anne! Anne!" he called softly.

She came to the top rail and leaned over. "I'm going to bed in the dark. There's a wonderful moon."

"Come down—for a minute."

"No."

"Then I'll come up," masterfully.

He mounted the stairs two at a time; but when he reached the landing the door was shut!

In the morning he asked her about it. "Why, dearest?"

"Max dear, I can't marry you."

"Nonsense!" His voice was sharp. He laid his hands heavily on her shoulders. "Why not? Look at me, Anne. Why not?"

"I'm not going to marry—anybody."

That was all he could get out of her. He pleaded, raged, and grew at last white and still with anger. "You might at least tell me your reasons."

She said that she would write. Perhaps she could say it better on paper. And she was very, very sorry, but she couldn't.

Winifred knew that something was up, but made no comment. Amy carrying out their program of departure had a sense of regret.

After all, it had been a lovely life, and there were worse things than being a sister to Maxwell Sears. Her voice broke a little as she tried to thank him on their last morning.

He wrung her hand. "Say a good word for me with Anne. I don't know what's the matter with her."

Neither did Amy. And if she was Maxwell's advocate how could she be Murray's? She flushed a little.

"Anne's such a child."

He remembered how he had called her a corking kid. She was more than that to him now. She stood in the doorway in her gray sailor hat and gray cape.

"Anne," he said, "you must have a last bunch of pansies from the garden. Come out and help me pick them."

In the garden he asked, "Are you going to kiss me good-by?"

"No, Max. Please ——"

"Then it's 'God bless you, dearest.'"

He forgot the pansies and they went back to where the car waited.

VII

ANNE'S letter, written from the Eastern Shore, was a long and childish screed. "We have always been beggars on horseback," she said. "Of course you couldn't know that, Max. We have gone without bread so that we could be grand and elegant. We have gone without fire so that we could buy our satin gowns for fashionable functions. We went without butter for a year so that Amy could entertain the Strangeways, whom she had met years ago in Europe. I wouldn't dare tell you what that dinner cost us, but we had a cabinet member or two, and the British Ambassador.

"You wondered why I liked Dickens. Well, I read him so that I could get a good meal by proxy. I used to gloat over the feasts at Wardle's, and Mr. Stiggins' hot toast. And when I met you you gave me—everything. Murray Flint thinks that because I am thin and pale I am all spirit, and I'm afraid you have the same idea. You didn't dream, did you, that I was pale because I hadn't had enough to eat? And when you told me that you wanted me to be your wife I looked ahead and saw the good food and the roaring fires, and I didn't think of anything else. I honestly didn't think of you for a moment, Max.

"There were days, though, when you meant more to me than just that. When we played at the Capitol—that night when we met Lafayette on the stairs! Nobody had ever played with me. But after we went to the farm I was smothered in ease. And I loved it. And I didn't love you. You were just—the man who gave me things. Do you see what I mean? And when you kissed me on the stairs it was as if I were being kissed by a nice old Santa Claus.

"Everybody saw it but you. I am sure Amy knew—and Winifred Reed. You—you ought to marry Winifred, Max. Perhaps you will. You won't want me after you read this letter. And Winifred is splendid.

"It was your speech to the men that waked me. I saw how big you were, and I just—shriveled up.

"And you mustn't worry about me. I am not hungry any more. I feel as if I should never want anything to eat. Perhaps it is because I am older and haven't a growing appetite. And I am not any of the things you thought me. And of course you would be disappointed, and it wouldn't be fair."

Having posted this Anne had other things to do. She wrote mysterious letters, and finally came into a room where her sisters and Aunt Elizabeth were sewing, with an important-looking paper in her hand.

"I am going to work, Amy."

"To work!"

"Yes."

Amy and Ethel and Aunt Elizabeth wore white frocks, and looked very cool and feminine and high-bred. Aunt Elizabeth had a nose like Amy's and the same look of race.

It was Aunt Elizabeth who said in her commanding voice: "What are you talking about, Anne?"

"I am going to work in the War Risk Bureau, Aunt Elizabeth. I wrote to two senators, and they helped me."

No woman of the Merryman family had ever worked in an office.

Anne faced a storm of disapproval, but she stood there slim and defiant, and stated her reasons.

"We need money. I don't see how we can get through a winter like the last. I can't keep my self-respect if we go on living as we did last winter."

"Haven't you any pride, Anne?"

"I have self-respect."

She left the room a conqueror. After she had gone the three women talked about her. They did not say it openly, but they felt that there was really an ordinary streak in Anne. Otherwise she would not have wanted to work in an office.

There was, however, nothing to be done. Anne was twenty-one. She was to get a hundred dollars a month. In spite of herself Amy felt a throb of the heart as she thought of what that hundred dollars would mean to them.

Murray Flint was much perturbed when he heard of Anne's decision. He wrote to her that of course she knew that there was no reason why she should go into an office—his home and hearthstone were hers. She wrote back that she should never marry! After that, Murray felt, with Amy and Ethel and Aunt Elizabeth, that there was an ordinary streak in Anne!

When he arrived in August at Aunt Elizabeth's he was astonished at the change in Amy. She looked really very young as she came to meet him, and Aunt Elizabeth's house was a perfect setting for her charms. Murray was very fond of Aunt Elizabeth's house. It was an ancient, stately edifice, and within there were the gold-framed portraits of men and women with noses like Amy's and Aunt Elizabeth's.

Murray had missed Amy very much and he told her so.

"It was a point of honor for me to ask Anne again. But when I thought I was going to lose you I learned that my life would be empty without you."

He really believed what he was telling her. If Amy did not believe it she made no sign. She was getting much more than she expected, and she accepted him graciously and elegantly, as became a daughter of the Merrymans.

It was when he told Anne of his engagement to Amy that Murray again offered her a home. "There will always be a place for Amy's sisters, Anne."

"You are very good, Murray—but I can't."

She had said the same thing to Maxwell, who had come hot-footed to tell her that her letter had made no difference in his feeling for her.

"How could you think it, Anne? My darling, you are making a mountain of a molehill!"

She had been tremulous but firm. "I've got to have my—self-respect, Max."

Because he understood men he understood her. And when he had left her he had said to himself with long-drawn breath, "She's a corking kid."

And this time there had been no laughter in his eyes.

All that winter Anne worked, a little striving creature, with her head held high!

Maxwell was in town, for Congress had convened. But he had not come to see her. Now and then when there was a night session she went up to the House and sat far back in the Gallery, where, unperceived, she could listen to her lover's voice. Then she would steal away, a little ghost, down the shadowy stairway; but there were no games now with Lafayette!

Amy and Murray were to be married in June. They had enjoyed a dignified and leisurely engagement, and Amy had bloomed in the sunshine of Murray's approbation. Anne's salary had helped a great deal in getting the trousseau together. Most of the salary, indeed, had been spent for that. The table was, as usual, meager, but Anne had not seemed to care.

She was therefore rather white and thin when, on the day that Congress adjourned, Maxwell came out to Georgetown to see her. It had been a long session, and it was spring.

There were white lilacs in a great blue jar in the Merryman library, and through the long window a glimpse of a thin little moon in a faint green sky.

As he looked at Anne, Maxwell felt a lump in his throat. She had given him her hand and had smiled at him. "How are the kittens?" she had asked in an effort to be gay.

He did not answer her question. He went, rather, directly to the point. "Anne, why wouldn't you kiss me on that last night?"

She flushed to the roots of her hair. "It—it was because I loved you, Max."

"I thought so. But you had to prove it to yourself?"

"Yes."

"Anne, that's why I've let you alone all winter—so that you might prove it. But—I can't go on. It has been an awful winter for me, Anne."

It had been an awful winter for her. But she had come out of it knowing herself. And even when at last his arms were about her and he was telling her that he would never let her go, she had a plea to make:

"Don't let me live too softly, Max. Life isn't a feather bed —— You belong to the world. I must go with you toward the big things. But now and then we'll run back to the farm."

"What do I care where we run, so that we run—together!"

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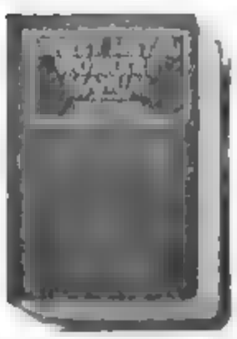

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FOR USE ABOUT THE HOME AND FARM
FOR THE MECHANIC IN EVERY TRADE

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

(Continued from Page 23)

trait which always has distinguished what we call the Anglo-Saxon civilization—that is to say, the innate though slumbering love of law, the love of right and the love of fair play. Those three things made about all the capital that civilization could claim in the times of the early trails. They were enough. And what we ought to remember is that those germs existed in the souls not of a few but of practically all, including even many of the worst desperadoes of the West. I presume that herein lies much of the glamour of those early days. Across the lapse of time the sporting souls of those men speak to our sporting souls to-day. Their grimness speaks to ours. Their love of a square deal speaks to our love of a square deal.

The personal turbulence of this early population is easy to understand. Some of the wild focuses of settlement in those days were established at about the time of the Civil War. The sectional fight was bitter even on the far frontier, even where war news might come almost a year late. There was quite a strong cleavage in Alder Gulch in the '60's between the Southern element, which largely came in from the West, and the Northern element, more recently arrived from the States via the Missouri River. This sectional feeling was frequently the source of bitter feud and many killings.

Another strange phase of that age made additional complications where one restless white savage rubbed shoulders with another as anxious as himself for riches out of raw resources; as anxious as himself for such rude joys as were obtainable—these early days followed soon after the invention of the American six-shooter. All men went armed and many of them became efficient in the use of their weapons. As soon as a man knows that he is master in firearms a strange feeling of personal independence comes to him. He loses all personal fear as to any other man. He feels that he is the equal of any man. If we speak of democracies let us not forget the principles underlying the vast democracy of the six-shooter. It had as much to do with the American character as the cheap motor car has had, though in a far better way. It helped manners and morals. The six-shooter came into a strange country. It established democracy and socialism in a land where every man was a sovereign and a king, because this feeling of personal self-confidence never stopped at the place where you thought you were the equal of your neighbor. You had the feeling inside of you that, did it come to a show-down, you not only were the equal but the master of the other man. You could beat him to it by a hair—and that was all that was needful.

Bad Men Plus Bad Whisky

Another complicating cause in that land and time of perfect personal freedom was the inflaming influence of whisky, and for the most part poor whisky. In general these men lived an outdoor life and took much exercise. They were in high condition. A little additional fillip to the high horse power of their splendid blood circulation and still more of the physical savage in them came to the surface. Whisky was at the immediate basis of most of the Western killings. A man might be morose and sullen for a long time, might intend for a long time to kill a certain other man—and the same might be true as to that other man himself—but until one or both of them had that little plus touch of frenzy which liquor gives the actual deed of physical violence would not break.

Some of the worst bad men never drank at all. Most of them did. Most of the minor killings, done by men who never acquired a very long series of notches on their coup sticks, were done under the immediately inflaming effect of strong drink. The pleasant modern phrase of two and three-quarters per cent was unknown in that country. Light wines and beer had not arrived. Men drank their liquor straight—and it was bad liquor, so they killed one another. And, since often life for them long since had been discovered to be little more than a mockery after all, or more or less a jest after all, or more or less a great and splendid game after all—they were just as well off. They are no more dead than we shall be when we die with our boots off, even though we be pillowed soft in silk.

As to the immediately cogent reasons for what we call crimes of violence, they might come under the two general groups of those having to do with property infringement, or infringement on personal rights, privileges or desires. Political differences, or even less causes, might breed trouble. Of course hunger was unknown as a cause of violence. No man wanted food or shelter. As to the sex cause, that was quite otherwise—it always is a constant and an irreducible.

Most of the affrays in the early mining camps and in the railway cow towns of the range occurred in and round saloons and dance halls. There were few women, but such as there were made abundant trouble in their own brief and hectic day. These white savages, strong men, of tremendous physical vitality, had long since given up the idea of home; but they had never given up the idea of woman, nor could they do so.

So, figuring whisky and women together, calling into remembrance the great leveling agency of the six-shooter and bearing in mind always the individual—the tremendously individual—character of the men who came out into that wild country, it is not so much wonder that there were desperate personal difficulties as that there were not more of them.

Order Without Law

Life in a land of that description was, however, not in the least a turbulent affair. The man who kept away from the saloons was safe as long as he minded his own business and did not step on the toes of anyone else. Existence in one of the settlements of the frontiers was far more peaceful and calm than it is in any one of the great cities of America to-day. There was no noise, no confusion, no tumult. No one tied a bomb on your front porch at night to blow you up. There was not a lock on any door in town. Petty theft was unknown, even though the law also was unknown. The man who stole cows or horses was killed and that was all there was about it. But even the bank burglar was a very late development in Western lawlessness. No country on earth ever had a higher standard of personal honor. A man's word was his word and he never sought to evade a bargain, good or bad. There was a very high reverence for good womanhood in that strange land where good womanhood was never seen—or but rarely.

It was a very polite and even-spoken country. You never heard epithets applied by one man to another. You never heard of a fist fight or of any sort of personal brawl except one sort. The appeal to arms was a matter of course and it was final. After every killing the court of the community sat silently, even before there was any machinery of the law. If it was done fair the killer went free. If it was straight murder he went free for the first few times. Then they hanged him. There never has been at any stage of American development a better country or a better system of government than that which existed yonder in the old days before the law.

Now when you come to assemble all these truths it will be apparent that somewhere out at the end of our old trails there lay a strong, strange and tremendous population. You could not wipe out that population. It was too strong for that. Do you suppose its blood is dead to-day? Do you suppose that those early Western men, many of them men of family and education, fail now or ever will fail to make themselves felt in their descendants in any of our combats, whether they be of war, of industry or of reconstruction?

Too long we have been underestimating and forgetting and setting aside as of small value one particular sort of man whom we did not import but whom we reared on our own soil—to wit: The American. Kotowing to the foreign vote and weakly allowing ourselves to be bound by the silken cords of a luxury which rests on abundant cheap labor, we have been forgetting that quiet figure whose story was written far back on the hidden and unturned page of our hurrying American life. Do you suppose that your American is extinct, though he is seen no more and heard no more? Do you suppose that he is negligible to-day? If so you are a poor American—as well as a poor guesser. And there, perhaps, you may have

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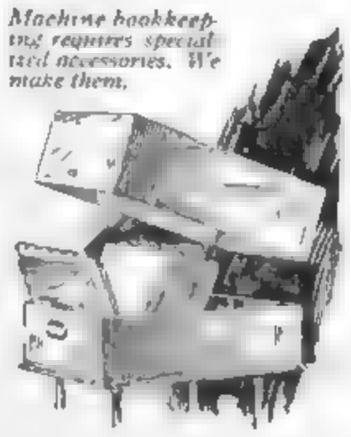

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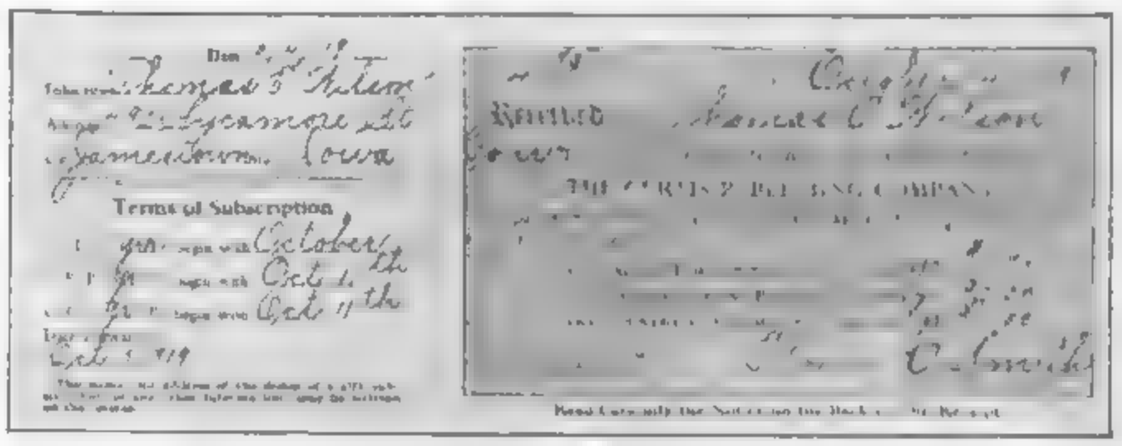

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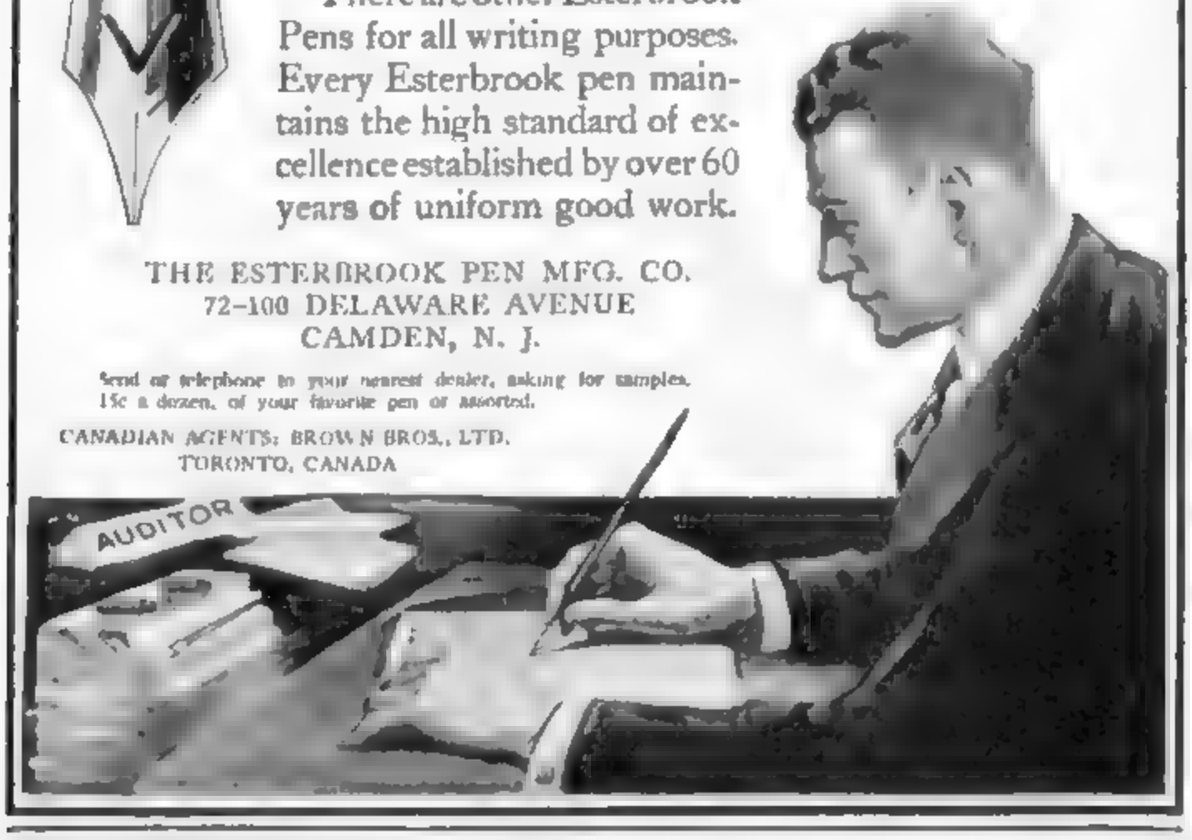

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something of a lesson as to which way the road into America to-morrow is going to run. There may be masses on it, traveling the way of Fate. But there will be leaders on it also, and those leaders will not be imported from Europe. The next great step in American life is not going to concern itself so much with reconstruction and industrial efficiency as with efficient leadership. And your leader is only one sort of man. You cannot make him by writing resolutions. You cannot make him by passing laws. You cannot create him by the miracle of any political platform. You cannot raise him by any set of efficiency rules. He is born. He comes out of two things—good heredity and good environment. He is born.

Certain distinctions in phrasing are unknown in the law, though accepted in practice. In the Southern States to-day if your negro cook takes home in her basket at night a favorite breastpin as well as a couple of heads of cabbage, a whole cake and a piece of side meat you do not call that stealing. The correct phrase is "taking things." In the West in the old times you never heard the term homicide or murder. Your weekly paper, for which you paid a quarter, spoke of a killing as it happened here or there.

There were two kinds of killings—as has above been indicated. A man who had gone bad might come to be known as a killer, but attached to him there would be an entirely different popular attitude from that given to the man who was a highway robber and who killed in the pursuit of that trade. For this reason even such distinguished bandit gentlemen as the James gang or the Dalton gang or the Henry Plummer gang or the Murrell gang, all of historical note each in their day, never quite got up the pedestal of respect or awe—nay, call it admiration—which attached to the lone-hand desperado, such as Wild Bill Hickock or any one of many western town marshals. That latter sort of a killer was a peculiar type that does not really exist to-day. He is extinct. We cannot rear him any more. The psychology of his origin and development is rather curious and possibly interesting.

In Six-Shooter Days

Suppose you were a mountain boy yourself or a boy of the remote canebrakes or bottom lands, whether in Kentucky, Indiana, Arkansas or elsewhere. Suppose the schools were far away. Suppose that your grandpap and your pap had told you that you must never allow a man to tell you you lied and must never allow a man to take away from you what you knew was yours. Suppose that in a country where the use of firearms was common and was once deemed necessary, where skill with weapons was in some part the natural measure of a man, you began to practice with the rifle and especially with the six-shooter. Suppose your skill advanced until there began to grow up in you that superman who felt no fear of anyone, because he knew himself to be a master of weapons himself.

All the time this part of your education was based on one contingency—that of one day being called into personal man-to-man combat. You had no one to depend on but yourself. No one would help you. You did not sight an aim with your six-shooter and practice on the range at a bull's-eye as policemen do—few of whom can shoot at all. You never had heard of a target gallery in your life. But ammunition was scarce and dear. You dug the bullets of your rifle out of the stump to mold them over again. When you were fourteen your father gave you six bullets and you were not to bring in less than four squirrels. After you were sixteen he gave you six bullets and you were not to bring in less than six squirrels, each shot through the head. And when you practiced with the six-shooter, the old cap-and-ball weapon of the Civil War, you did not mark out a round black spot on pap's barn, but roughly indicated the upper part of the body of a man. That was your enemy whom you never had met but might sometime meet.

Twenty paces away, more or less, your six-shooter in its scabbard—usually on the right hip, perhaps in your personal case on the left side as army officers carry the weapon—you walked away muttering to yourself, your teeth set, your eyes grim, the muscles along your jawbone bulging, your whole being coming down to one swift, fiery focus—because, yonder on pap's barn was your enemy! You learned to draw as pap told you—in a flash—swinging to the shot, aiming with your wrist. If you landed inside those lines on pap's barn you knew you had knocked down your man. You might vary an inch or two, even more; but you must never get outside of that line—indeed, must stay on the central third of that rude figure on the barn. So you grew up, educating yourself, guided and affected by the traditions which had come down to you out of a certain sort of past—the best past your ancestors had been able to give you.

You became eighteen years of age—and twenty. You went to a dance and saw another young man dancing with the girl upon whom you had already set your own young eye. He saw you also and laughed as he came by on the crowded little floor. Not a muscle on your face moved. Your eyes became just a little narrower. Quietly you went out to where the tin cup was and poured yourself a little drink of liquor. Quietly the other man did the same after a while. You danced with the girl the next time, and passing by him, strong in the confidence that you were as good as any other man in all the world, you did not care how close you passed. At length he spoke, and he put out an elbow purposely—and that was the act, the blow, the insult. And you killed him.

The Girl Back Home

Now in accordance with the etiquette you hid out in the woods for a time—stepped back in the brush, as the phrase was. It quieted down. After a time one of the young man's family killed your father. Then, of course, it was feud and any killing was fair on both sides. You killed two of them. Then after a time, since they outnumbered you and since the sheriff began to hunt for you too regularly, you left the country and started West on one of the old trails.

You took with you in your heart the picture of a woman. Nearly every one of the morose bachelors of the mines and cow camps had come there because of a woman. Perhaps he had married her, perhaps he had not. Alone and thinking of that woman he grew more and more morose and reticent—as you did now. You told nothing of your past. No one asked you of it—it would have been impolite to do so. You now were in a community of your peers. They let you alone. They were incurious in regard to you. Your attitude toward them was precisely the same. At night the picture of that girl rose before you. Something gnawed at you—you did not know what. Really it was your spirit of fair play and justice and right all the time. That—and the girl.

You slept in your own blankets and cooked your own meals. At night, there being no other place to go, you went to the saloon. You played cards sometimes. Not as yet being quarrelsome, if you suspected the game was not altogether square you simply left it. You were not yet eager to start something, as the phrase went.

One day in the saloon you met a stranger at the bar. He had come in from one of the other camps and was drinking more than was good for him. Whisky had loosened his tongue and he had begun to boast. He asked everybody in the saloon if they knew who he was. Bibulous and friendly or garrulous and truculent, he had drunk for an hour or so before you came in. Now he wanted you to drink with him and you agreed pleasantly enough, for that was the custom. He thought you drank because he had commanded you. Being drunk, he began to leer and to boast and to size you up and to search out your eyes.

Then with a certain sadness in your heart you knew that the duel was on, though you had never met that man before. Your education had been pretty much the same as his. Your reasons for being there had been pretty much the same. Your standards as to a man's honor were pretty much the same. You were rather a new man in your camp and you knew that the time of your proving was now at hand—the silence in the saloon said that.

The stranger bought more liquor and it was passed along the bar. If you juggled yours it was no more than what you knew you did not need just then. You knew that he was drinking to nerve himself. He became more and more abusive, though he had not yet spoken a decisive insult. You knew now that he was something of a professional killer. You had never clearly heard of him, but you knew his history

(Continued on Page 137)

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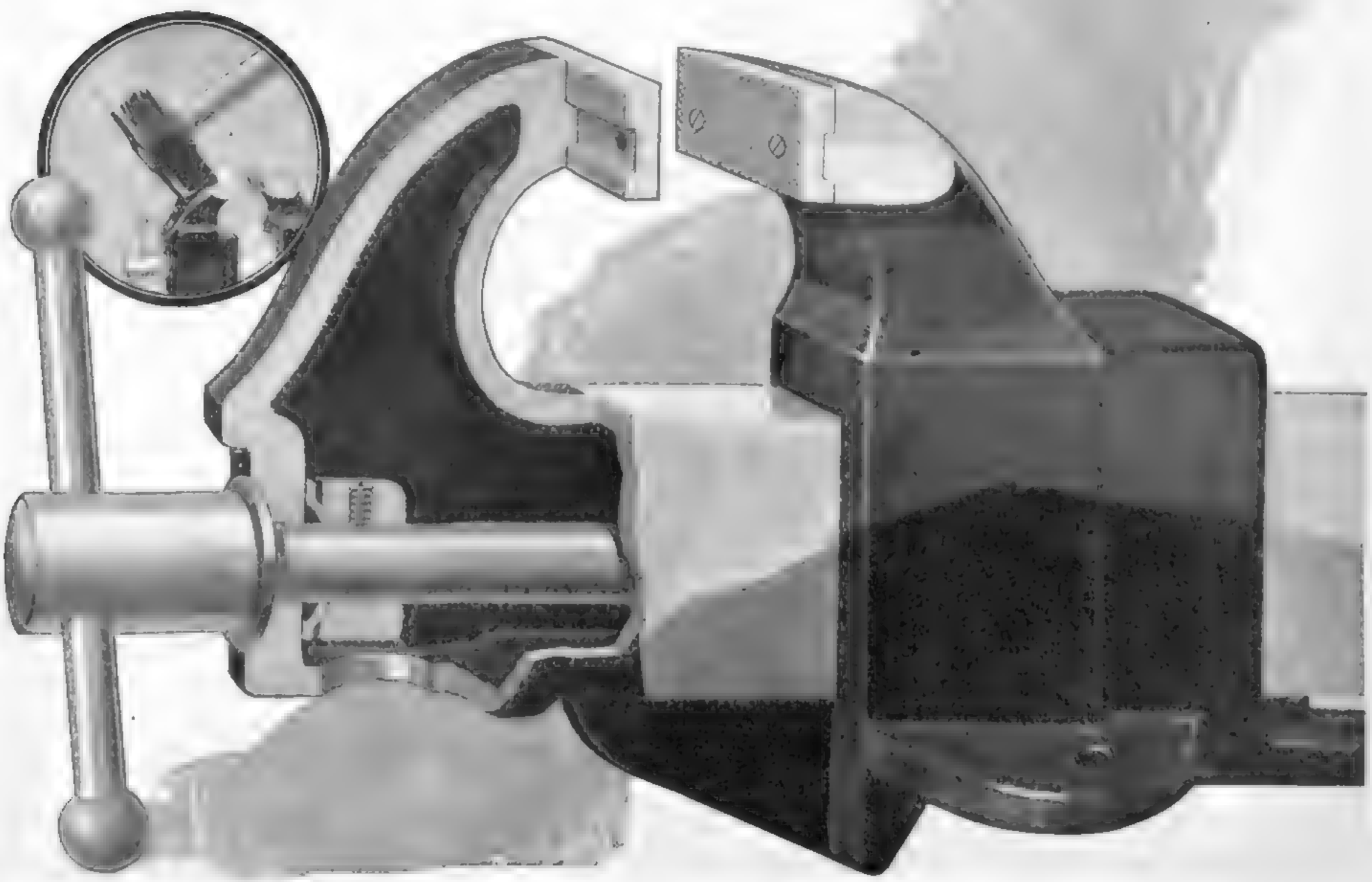

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(Continued from Page 134)

now. Sullen, morose, melancholy, mad through the agony of his own conscience, he was trying to induce you to make your break, trusting in his own ability to beat you to it. He was what you were not yet yourself—a rogue driven out of the covenant, a professional killer who sometimes would kill simply to show his own dominance. The instinct to survive and to command and to prevail was in his crude, ignorant heart, exaggerated by his unnatural life of solitude, inflamed by the whisky he had been drinking. The picture of some girl gnawed him at night—and also his innate love of the law. You were not yet so far along, but you knew that the duel was there and that it had to be fought to a finish and that death only was to be the finish.

Now there began to flame in your own heart something sullen, something like a hot coal. This man was insulting you and he was violating all your own family traditions. The muscles along your jawbones began to stand out. You never had very large eyes, anyhow, and they began to narrow now just as his had. Through these slits of the veiled eyes you two stood as though the one was seeking out the soul of the other for no good reason in the world.

It had now come to the time when neither dared take his eyes from the eyes of the other man. It was silent in the saloon. One or two weak-minded men had slipped out the door. You watched your man and saw something in his face—no one could describe that—which made you know he now was about up to the climax. You felt no fear of him at all. You hardly saw him at all, though he was no more than six feet from you. You saw a rude outline on your pap's barn. You knew that you would hit him low down in the abdomen, because then he would drop when hit. If you shot him high up he would die, but he might die shooting—and not slowly, harmlessly.

You saw now an affected carelessness come into the conduct of the other man. He had stretched back his shoulders, yawning, until the tail of his coat was back of the handle of his gun. Quietly your own right hand, leaning against the edge of the bar, had moved your own coat back into a similar position, possibly without his knowledge. He began to make circles and to move his whisky glass up and down the wet board of the bar—you saw his hand coming carelessly closer to the edge. Then you saw him tighten. He began: "You ——"

A Killer at Last

It was just before this moment that carelessly you had raised your own empty left hand, not to the back of your neck, but to the front of your forehead, as though to rub your finger there. Now, so quickly that no one could have sworn that it was done, your left hand swept your hat off your head and dashed it into his eyes, and precisely at that moment, as you swung your body sidewise, you turned up—horizontal—the six-shooter on your right hip and fired through the bottom of its scabbard. Long ago you had cut out the top of the scabbard so that your trigger finger would go in easily.

And so they brought it in self-defense, and the weekly paper told how a certain visitor had been killed in the Lone Star Saloon, the reporter giving the number of coup notches accredited to the said stranger.

You went back to your own cabin after a grave glance round at the men in the saloon. No one ever troubled you. The other man was buried quietly and no one ever knew who he really was or whence he came or why he had gone bad. You yourself had not yet gone bad. You were taken into the quiet respect of the quiet community. You had done it fair. On the street it was said you had to kill him. You had not flickered. You could stay.

That was only one of the phenomena of that time and place. You went on some years in your community, living quietly and offending no man. The law came. They elected you deputy sheriff and then sheriff. You had to kill two horse thieves. It now was known that you were a dependable shot. Since you never boasted and since your eyes were narrow they let you alone.

But at night something gnawed. Less frequently but quite as vividly there came up the picture of the girl back home in the States—long, long ago. You never forgot her. Something else gnawed also. It was your Anglo-Saxon soul with its old love of law, its old respect for the rights of others. You were by no means a happy man. You drank a little more now. You became a trifle morose. You did not boast or become boisterous in your cups, but you were silent. The general feeling grew that it was well enough to let you alone. You might go bad.

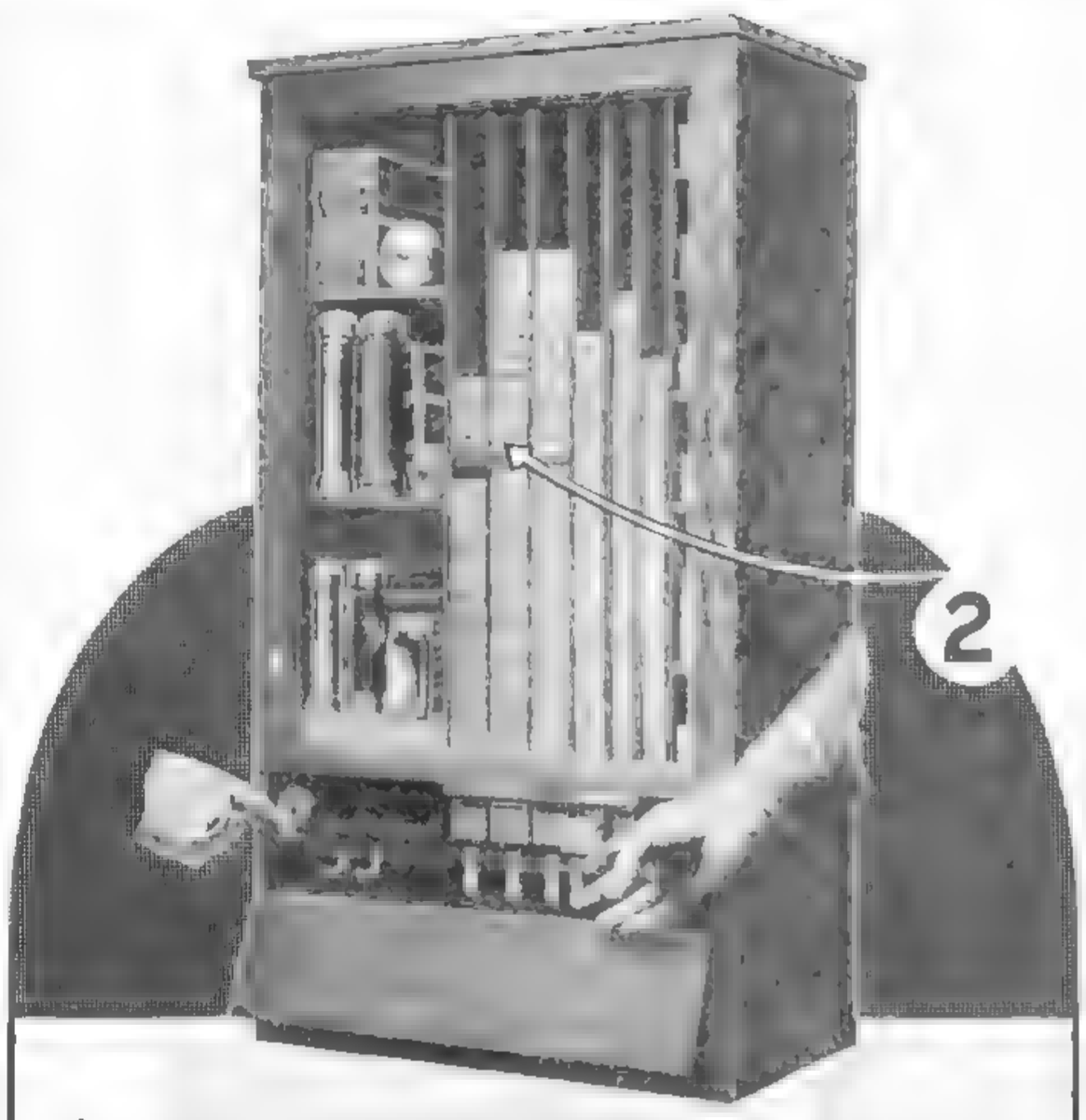
You played cards more and more now, as there was little else to do when the political campaign was not on. You knew that the game at the Lone Star was not always on the square. You had lost but a few dollars, but there rankled in your heart the teachings of your pap not to let a man take away from you what you knew was your own. And hence one evening, not giving him any too much of a show, you executed rather than killed—murdered was the right way to put it this time—the dealer in the game. You gave yourself up for this, since now the courts had come, and you had your trial; and before the jury you "come clear." But the inexorable judgment of the community, always right, remembered that you had been a little too quick this time. Neither law nor sentiment longer was with you really. At night your heart was gnawed more and more. You did not talk very much with anyone. You lived alone, rode alone—sullen, taciturn, a trifle more grim and brusque. You knew men were afraid of you. You were having your little day as superman—yes, you were a killer now.

The Plummer Gang

Most of us have been born and reared in communities where the law long has been established and where life and property have been taken under protection by the courts. To have been at one time savage and to have lived in a land before the coming of the law has not fallen within the experience of very many men to-day, for our frontier is more and more a thing of the past. Yet such an experience was curious and interesting enough. It would be easy out of first-hand or second-hand information to set down many a tale of blood which belonged to those days, and indeed such tales should in proper place be set down accurately and permanently, so that the real history of our country may be known. It is not the purpose herein to describe violent scenes so much as to inquire what lay under these phenomena of violence. What was it that lay deep in the hearts of the men of the old frontier? They were our first army of occupation, taking over the richest lands of our country. Were they good men or bad men? Were they lawless or did they have a real love of the law? Are we to-day lawless or do we still believe in law and order? And what is law?

It is difficult to-day to understand the conditions under which such men lived and without just premises you cannot draw just conclusions. Sometimes we have deified the bad man, and sometimes we have deplored the violence of good men who put bad men away permanently. The really interesting thing is that in the hearts of practically all of these men of the American border who lived before the law, whether they stood for law and order or for license and unrestraint, there still remained, acknowledged or grudgingly acknowledged or unacknowledged, some rude reverence for what was right and fair. Under their wild deeds there survived or was born again spontaneously the feeling that the law was right and that the law in time would come. This is a thing difficult to make clear to any man who has not lived in the rude conditions of such a country. We have nothing with which to compare it.

Quite often at the show-down a very hardened sinner would confess the wrong of his life. When the vigilantes in Montana hanged some twenty of the old Henry Plummer gang, who had made life and property uncertain on all the mountain trails, most of the trapped men showed change of heart in the last scene. Not many of them died desperado. Some broke down and wept, begged. A few died game, as hard as they had lived; many died game who admitted that they long had lived against their own convictions and expressed regret for the wrongs they had done. That is to say, these men, in common with those who hanged them without any process of law—for the law had not yet come—had a submerged sense of right and justice all the time. Most of them, indeed, had been men of great intelligence, many of far more than usual individual ability, a few of education and once of gentle surroundings. They were not like the sodden



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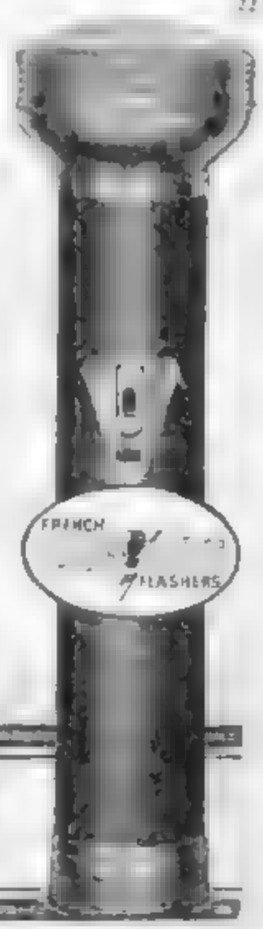

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and brutal masses of Bolshevik Europe, killing with no more understanding and no more conscience than animals killing. They were a different and a higher type of humanity, and we ought to admit and remember that in any estimate of the original American character, for the man who made our frontier must be called the old and original American. One of these might take as his father confessor the man who tied the knot that ended him, or even the man who fired the shot that ended him. In the last few broken minutes of life such a man quite often condemned himself in his own heart and by his own tongue. He was not a pervert, but a revert—and there lies a world between the two. Was that why these men took off their boots before they died? Did they by that act acknowledge the God of their fathers?

The seed of the law was on the frontier all the time. Bad men and good men took it West with them. They knew—all sorts of them, all of them—that one day the law would come. They all knew that in America no man may take from us that which we know is our own. No man shall do that to-day. There is no socialism of any sort that long is going to do that—not in this country.

The law no more came all at once into the frontier regions of the West than had the population come there all at once. The law was like a candle flame, flickering first, perhaps extinguished and relighted; wavering and gaining and growing slowly until at last it caught the oxygen which gave it life. We have a notion now that the law has always been a constant, an undying and changeless thing. It is nothing of the sort. The law is the seed of the tree of right, and it is no more. Blackstone traces it back to God; says there are divine principles of right. At least somewhere every frontiersman who had left home to go out into our raw, new empire knew that somewhere there was an ark of the covenant.

Backslidden churchman or conscientious atheist or agnostic, each of these men who had gone West to live down his own melancholy or his own disappointment—as many did go—knew that somewhere in the world there was an ark of the covenant. The hand of each of these at one time had rested, or sought some time to rest—if but lightly—upon the horn of that ark of the covenant. Sometimes that feeling took the form of a quiet, personal religious belief in a land where there were no more churches than there were schools and courthouses. One of the most religious and most bloody portions of America was in the Cumberland regions of the Appalachians. Surely the idea of the old Mosaic law was the basic law of the old frontier: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. The complications of property laws were slower to arrive, but the Mosaic law was always there.

The Old Southern Flavor

The masses, the society, the proletariat—these terms were unknown and undreamed on the frontier. Combat was an individual thing; not the largest mass to win, but the best man to win. Collective bargaining was a thing undreamed. It was eye to eye, weapon to weapon. Personal bravery, individual bravery, not the false courage of masses, made the test of a man's fitness to remain in that country. The distinction between men—the difference between aristocrat and common man—existed even in that system of actual democracy. In such a country you could see the entire world being born. You could see society advancing from the very embryo.

Skill with firearms would not alone make a man respected, nor did the fact that a man had killed many other men make him the more beloved or the more safe. Those who had lived by the sword for the most part perished by the sword. At first the law was singularly lenient in regard to homicides and the earlier courts hanged but few men. The flavor of the frontier always was rather Southern than Northern, and even now you may hear a saying in the South that it does not bring a dead man back to life if you hang the man who killed him. The frontier might give a man another chance; another, and yet another. A man might, in the earlier days, have been known as a killer to the extent of a dozen notches on his coup stick before he was executed, whether by the courts or by his fellow men. There is much talk against lynch law. On the frontier, as I saw it in almost its last days forty years ago, I never knew of a lynching which was wrong. A good lynch law well enforced is far better to live under than a good court law which is not enforced. They both go down to the same bed-rock stratum. They both grow out of the same seed which was carried West by our first army of occupation.

Odd instances might rise in a country where the law was not yet grown into a very steady flame. I recall one sunshining and peaceful day in a little Southwestern town when the air seemed especially clean and sweet and free. As I walked up the straggling street that day I heard a great shouting and the sound of wheels. There came into sight a wagon drawn by a team of staggering horses. In the wagon box there stood a bearded man, clad in an old blue army overcoat. He steadied himself at the back of the seat with one hand, waving his hat with the other, shouting all the time hysterically. It may have been that he was drunk. He had a certain right to be. He was celebrating. He welcomed the town and asked it to welcome him. It was Bladder Allen coming back from the county seat. He had just "come clear" on a charge of murder. In the evidence it appeared that a broken knife blade was found in the spine of the victim, and my recollection is that the verdict was that the man had died of natural causes. The state attempted to prove that the piece of knife blade fitted the broken blade of Bladder Allen's knife. It was of no consequence. At least he had "come clear." At first we had quite a number of trials for murder in that country, but not so very many convictions. It was plain that Bladder Allen was much pleased with himself.

The Murder of Jack Cale

But a man might kill only about so many; then, law or no law, he was executed. If he had had good qualities of other sorts the popular sentence might be commuted to banishment. I knew of one or two cases where a man was sent into exile in this way. Usually they went to Arizona. Usually they came from Texas. They were products of the trails. None of them ever came back to the towns which had told them to leave.

There was a man in our Southwestern country who for a long time had been under watch of the unorganized sentiment of the community—that unassembled court which then made the real law. His name was Joel Fowler, and he lived the strange life which then was accepted without question in all that country, moving as he liked and subsisting as he pleased. There never was any such thing as industrial unrest in that country. There were no combinations or societies or organizations—labor unions would have had a swell chance there! Steady and regular labor on the part of any man was infrequent. Somewhere out on the range Joel Fowler was supposed to have a ranch. No one knew where he came from. He was accredited with eleven men killed. Usually the number of a man's killings was exaggerated, but it was sure that Joel Fowler was a killer.

Fowler, like many others, was a whisky drinker. Alcohol affects different men in different ways. It made a fiend, a devil out of Joel Fowler, and he got drunk every time he came to the settlements.

At that time the value of range and water front was beginning to increase in New Mexico. The great cow trail had gone north and the territorial ranges were beginning to be sought after. Fowler had some range, or rather some water front—obtained no one knew how—and some cattle, also obtained no one knew how. Some Northern people came in there and bought him out—it was said that they paid him eighty thousand dollars. Fowler declared that he was going to leave the country, and the country was glad to hear it. But first he must get drunk.

He went into Socorro on the railroad for that purpose. I have told this unhappy story before now.

There had been one man—Fowler's ranch foreman, Jack Cale—who always had stuck to his brand according to the gospel of the range. There never was a more faithful employee or more loyal friend. Cale knew Fowler's habits and went into Socorro with him simply to take care of him. He made him comply with the law, just then beginning to be enforced, which required a man to lay aside his weapons on entering a settlement—a thing which mighty few of us did. Fowler gave up his

(Continued on Page 141)

Why That Stain

On Teeth Brushed Daily?

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 138)

gun to Cale and said he would behave, because now he was rich and he was going back home to turn over a new page.

But first he must treat everybody in town. They went into saloon after saloon, Cale following his employer like a dog. Fowler was friendly at first—genial, liberal. There were plenty of men there he would not care to run against deliberately, but the news went round that he had cleaned up eighty thousand dollars and was standing treat, so they thought everything was all right. But everything was not all right.

With the cunning and the guilty conscience of the man who never knew when he might meet an enemy in the form of some relative or friend of one of his earlier victims, Fowler had hid a knife when he disarmed. He wore it at the back of his neck, bowie fashion, and no one knew he had it. Toward nine or ten o'clock in the evening the wild streak caught Joel at last. He became abusive. Cale argued with him quietly and soberly, but Joel would have none of it and would not leave town as Cale pleadingly again and again asked him to do. It never was said that Cale laid even a finger on Joel or that he crossed him in any way—he was only trying to get him to go home. But Joel Fowler now was no longer ranchman, no longer friend—he was killer. Suddenly he reached across his shoulder, drew the hidden knife and stabbed in the breast the best friend he ever had in the world. Cale turned away quietly, walked quietly to the door and out to the street and said quietly that Joel had stabbed him. Then quietly he lay down and died.

They took Joel to jail. The law now had come and New Mexico was just endeavoring to be law-abiding and to make a good front before the world. The community knew that Joel Fowler was going to be hanged this time, for he had gone too far; but it was agreed that he must be tried before he was hanged.

Fowler, having means, was able to get a lawyer. He retained W. R. Thornton of Santa Fé, about the best trial lawyer we had in that part of the country—he used to come down to our county and clean up some of us lightweight representatives of the law. Even with Thornton to back him Joel could not come clear this time. He was sentenced to hang. But his lawyer got a stay of the sentence, which under the system of jurisprudence then existing in the territory would have deferred the execution of Joel for a full year before the matter could be finally settled in the courts.

The End of Joel Fowler

"So that is the law!" said the practical citizens of that country. That was a fine sort of law! Here was a man who could not be hanged for a year, who ought to have been hanged long before then. He was in the Socorro jail, but the Socorro jail was a frail, adobe structure out of which a strong man could kick his way. It was necessary to employ a guard to see that he did not escape—and the citizens never intended that Joel should escape. But a half dozen men at five dollars a day would cost considerable money in the course of a year; and the citizens all knew that Joel already had made plenty of trouble and expense as matters then stood.

The unorganized sentiment of the community—that first faint flickering of the lamp of the law—now quietly got body as it did in San Francisco; as it did in Alder Gulch and many another Western mining camp and cow camp.

Certain men went to the jail with a rope and motioned the guards aside. They took Joel out, took him down the railway track a little space and hanged him to a telegraph pole—hanged him like the dog he was, because Joel proved yellow. He was a killer, but he was not a brave man, not a high type of man. He did not die game. Like Henry Plummer, leader of the gang cleaned up by the vigilantes of Alder Gulch twenty years before that time, like some of the men executed by the San Francisco vigilantes thirty years before, Joel Fowler begged for life on any terms. Henry Plummer asked to be stripped naked and turned loose with his tongue cut out—asked life on any terms; knelt and prayed for life. But at the end he pulled together and died somewhat like a man. Joel died in a hysteria of fright, a yellow coward, cursing and crying until the noose stopped him. The men who did the work felt sorry for him—he was such a rotten coward when he saw that no man can outrun the law.

It was practically never that anyone—certainly any outsider—could get a man who actually had taken part in any such scene as this to admit that he ever had anything to do with vigilante work. I don't know that they ever took any oath about it, but it was the quiet understanding that men ought not to talk about such things, and as a matter of fact real men never did talk about them.

With the Joel Fowler justice party there was one man, a negro, who had nothing to do with the hanging. The men took him along to make a box and bury Joel and he did that. More than twenty years afterward I met this negro on his little place in New Mexico, and he, knowing that I dated back to the old times myself, talked with me rather freely. Since I myself was not of the party I violate no act of confidence in telling the tale of Joel Fowler, killer and coward.

Trails That are Gone

In that same wild region between the Rio Grande and the Pecos, at about the time the Texas trail cattle were going north on the long drive, we had a young bandit named Billy the Kid, whose reputation was about as lurid and as lasting as that of any desperado of all the frontier. Billy had all the native instincts of a killer, glossed over as his acts sometimes have been. He got started and he had to keep it up. He was credited with twenty-one men, one for each year of his life—he died at twenty-one. Pat Garrett, who killed Billy, told me that the latter had killed only nine men in all. Fleeing from the law or from the unorganized law, Billy took to the open of the cow range and got about him a little band of other killers. They had to steal enough cattle to keep alive and they took horses when they needed them and they killed men when they needed to do that. They held out for a long time, moving here and there, and made very little attempt to hide, for they had many friends as well as a few enemies. The law was very loose. The public conscience was very lax. The earlier killings of the Kid now were matters of the past. So long as he did not steal one's own cows or horses it seemed wiser to let the Kid alone.

The closing scenes of the life of this bandit and his fellows followed along with the Lincoln County war, that much-discussed and much-garbled feud dating back to 1880 and thereabouts, whose embers perhaps are not even yet all extinguished. I do not care to go into the details of the bloody career of the Kid herein, and in retelling these am concerned rather with the study of the coming of the law; concerned, that is to say, with the origin of our road into To-morrow, which began in the day before the law and in the day of the individual; a trail which runs on out into our To-morrow of masses and organizations and combinations and associations and declarations and strikes and unions and leagues and problems and doubts and dreads. Rough and desperate as was life in the border days of America, I do not know of one man living to-day, who ever knew the old life, who would not rather go back to that old day than to face the new day that surely is coming; and any such man would say that without the least affectation or insincerity. There must, then, have been some strange, strong quality about it after all—that land where began the last trail of America.

We may run our last trail backward but little farther, only enough to see it begin to deepen as it heads out from the old days into the new. Soon the railroads netted the Western lands and the old trails were gone forever. One by one, therefore, the old strongholds of the individual passed. As once the vast, unsettled lands of Texas had sheltered an unknown number of men living beyond the law, the advancing cow trails began to open up New Mexico, Arizona, Old Mexico. Long since California had become sober and civilized, and the wild camps of Montana had become country towns. Schools and courthouses now existed in all the late terminals of the cow range. The law unmistakably was beginning to come.

The first step above the unorganized sentiment of justice took the form of the town marshal of the border town, who quite often was a tough and a criminal himself, but possessed of bravery and skill with weapons. A cut above the old town marshal was the Western sheriff. He also was a man ready enough to kill; but he—more even than the juries and the courts—for a time best represented the good sense of the

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law-and-order element of the late border community.

By this time the idea of home was beginning to come into the homeless borderlands. That brought into play an entirely new set of standards. For instance, in the town where I once lived in the Southwest forty years ago, local sentiment never was very much crystallized against Billy the Kid and his gang of bandits until one night when they rode into town and—only by accident—shot at the windows of a house where there happened to be living a family just arrived from Kansas which included two or three womenfolks. The sentiment of the community was that it was not right to shoot out the windows of a house where women lived. Soon after that the county organized more closely its loose machinery of the law. A sheriff was elected to kill Billy the Kid and to break up his gang. Home had come. The law had come.

Sheriffs were elected and courts established all over the old range. Oklahoma was one of the last of the homes of the bad man of the West. That region definitely had been set apart as the country of the Five Civilized Tribes and made sacred against aggression of the uncivilized tribes of whites. Its wide and unknown regions, where transportation was slow and difficult and where the population was very secretive, for a long time left it immune against what we may call the higher civilization of land boomers and oil speculators.

The Negro-Creek Type

A number of desperadoes of pronounced type settled among the Five Tribes, drifting in from other parts of the border; and the Five Tribes themselves, as well the blanket tribes who occupied the country west of them, proved by no means backward in rearing bad men of their own. One of the worst types of the desperadoes of the entire West might have been called of the Negro-Creek type, though the Choctaws and the Seminoles were not so slow in such matters. The Negro-Creek was a strange product, not really native to the West, but an evolution of the South and West combined.

When the Creeks lived in Eastern Alabama nearly a century ago they were numerous enough to give the whites some uneasiness. It was their practice to welcome runaway negro slaves and in this way there came among them another blood. The negroes were more intelligent than the Indians, had had closer touch with white people, and many of them were about as brave as the Indians. A very considerable amalgamation of the red and black bloods—with the result of a type savage enough—had taken place by 1832, at which time the Creeks were removed to the Indian Nations west of the Mississippi. They took their slaves with them, but some went with them who were not slaves but masters—their early political leaders largely were of blood mixed black and red. Their bad men, too, were very largely of this type—part negro and part Indian. They had a childlike disregard of human suffering and a savage disregard of property rights. They would kill on the slightest provocation and with the least of compunction, and they never knew remorse for their crimes. As the railroad began to cross that last wild land plenty of mixed-blood bandits were on hand to help loot the banks and the stores and steal the livestock of white squatters and to make trouble in general.

As against these and others came now the town marshal and the sheriff, the courts, the railroads, severalty of the land titles—and the last great wave of white population in search of raw resources, coming out in masses on the new, swift transportation. And then all the old trails were blotted out.

By this time we have advanced a clean stage or so along our new trail. Suppose in order to use first-hand and not hearsay testimony we review once more that portion of the Southwest earlier mentioned, where Billy the Kid and his fellow Bolshevists just west of the Pecos River had gone on a strike for shorter hours and more pay. For the purpose of ending that sort of thing a sheriff had been elected—Pat Garrett, who had come into New Mexico, via Texas, from Louisiana—an Alabama man by birth he was. Garrett had been a skin hunter on the plains at one time. He killed his first man there in saving his own life. He rarely spoke of this event—indeed never mentioned it to me until some twenty years after I first knew him. He was known to be a good shot and to be personally brave. He practically accepted office with the understanding that he was to kill the Kid or the Kid was to kill him.

It is not necessary or possible in available space to tell the wild story of the bandit hunts in that country. The tight-mouthed gentry of the range told few tales and they did not always coincide. For instance, some justified Billy the Kid in killing Morton and Baker after they had been taken prisoners and disarmed in the old feud called the Lincoln County war. Others said that the Kid shot down Baker while he was on his knees and that he killed both men absolutely in cold blood. That he and his men all were thieves and killers was well known.

Garrett had contempt for them and always spoke of them as dirty little murderers. In brief he did kill the Kid and Charlie Bowdre and Tom Foliard and ran Billy Wilson out of the country and broke up the old gang. Other men here and there killed yet others of these outlaws. The detectives of the new cattle associations, now crowding out on the range from the long trail of Texas, picked up yet others of them here and there.

The six-shooter, the rifle, the rope and the jail now began to line out the new trail of the law. There stretched before the vision of the border men a new Staked Plain and across it ran a new road the road to To-morrow.

As a type Pat Garrett represented the good killer of the west. He was a better man with a gun than any of the local desperadoes and he was braver. He never drank in excess and he never boasted. No man ever had a higher sense of personal honor in or out of office. I presume not many better examples of the good Western sheriff might have been found in all the West.

I used to watch Garrett, not only as a friend but as a type. He was a study in the anatomy of melancholy. He was a very quiet man, and though he had a sense of humor I do not believe he was ever a very happy man. At times, in camp together, when he did not know he was observed, his face would settle into lines of unspeakable sadness. He had a very striking personal resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, not only in figure but in features. At times on his face there came precisely the same melancholy there was on that of Lincoln.

Camping With Pat Garrett

John Bunyan said when he saw a drunkard pass: "But for God's grace, there goes John Bunyan." Sometimes as I talked with Pat Garrett and we two were alone in camp together and as he put before me in simple candor the whole story of his life I could not help saying to myself: "But for that killing in self-defense on the Texas plains, there goes a leader and a good man."

But Pat had to make a living in the new West. He passed from office to office and reached the collectorship of the port at El Paso, which he administered in absolute honesty. His finances began to fail. I think he saw the old trails fading and the new trail opening up now—the trail into other days and ways. Always sad, he began to be morose. He got in debt and it troubled him as much as it did his creditors. Men who knew him began to say that Pat might go bad—not meaning that he would go dishonest, but that he would go dangerous.

One night when Garrett and I were starting out on a long trip across the old scenes we both had known twenty years earlier we slept in the dooryard of a ranchman known as Wayne Brazell, near the White Sands, west of Tularosa. We threw down our tarpaulins on the ground within twenty feet of where Wayne Brazell and two or three other ranch occupants were sleeping also. I can recall now, though I did not understand it then, that in the morning Brazell looked at me rather curiously—it was an intent sort of look. His face was framed in the window of his house at that time, and I recall now very distinctly the odd and unfriendly expression. At the time it seemed to me only that he was a trifle brusque, not quite hospitable. I recall also that that night Garrett asked me for my six-shooter—he had none with him—and put it into his hand bag at the head of his bed. There was never anything said either by Garrett or by Brazell to indicate any personal feeling. I don't know that there was any. A couple of years

(Concluded on Page 144)

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Because of its double, reinforced construction throughout it does not puncture, and is so guaranteed. For the same reason it is guaranteed to give full standard tire mileage—yet

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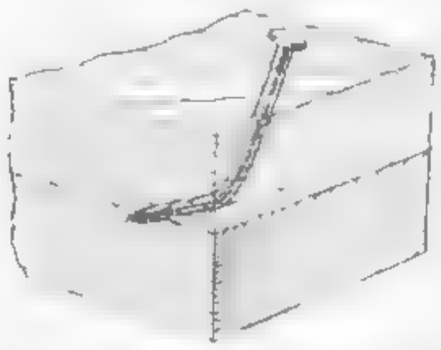
GUARANTEED PUNCTURE-PROOF
COST ONLY HALF AS MUCH AS ORDINARY TIRES OF CORRESPONDING SIZE

The puncture-proof feature is of scarcely less importance than the fifty percent saving in cost. With all motorists absolute freedom from the worry of punctures is an outstanding advantage.



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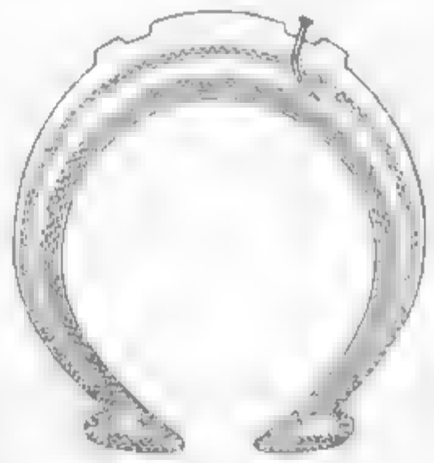
The simple reason Gates construction is puncture-proof is shown in the pictures. Attempt to drive a nail diagonally thru two boards, and the result will be as shown at the left, ninety-nine times in a hundred. On the same principle, and in the same proportion of instances, a sharp object puncturing the outer fabric of the Gates construction passes harmlessly between the two layers of fabric.

Add to these exclusive features the comforts of resiliency and the sturdiness of size and design that double construction produces, and you will understand why more than 1,000,000 motorists all over the country are already using Gates Half-Sole Tires.



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There are 1450 Gates Half-Sole Tire Service Stations ready to serve you. Call on or telephone your local station. A fifty percent saving in cost, with puncture-proof mileage, is worth looking into.

THE GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLO.

Gates Half-Sole Tires *Gates Fabric Tires* *Gates Tested Inner Tubes*

(Concluded from Page 142)

after that I read the news that Wayne Brazell had killed Pat Garrett.

This killing took place on the road between Garrett's ranch house and Las Cruces, on the railway west of there. It was at a point near the Organ Mountains, on the trail which Garrett and I had ridden together on our last trip. The past of that country holds its own counsel as to many things. It would do no good to tell old rumors or to fan old fires.

It was known that Garrett had an opportunity to sell his ranch and that he and Brazell had had trouble over a goat lease, Garrett claiming that Brazell was running more goats on his range than he had a right to do under the lease. It was said that this goat lease held up the consummation of the ranch sale. Before this time Garrett had lost his place as collector of the port at El Paso. At any rate, whatever the motive and whatever the details as to the last scenes, Brazell came into Las Cruces with a man named Adamson, who was a witness of the shooting, and said that he had killed Pat Garrett.

When the coroner went out along the sandy trail into that desert region his party found Pat Garrett lying dead. He had been shot through the back of the head, the bullet coming out just above the left eye; and a second shot was in the chest, ranging backward and upward to the shoulder. Brazell and Adamson swore that Garrett got out of the vehicle with his repeating shotgun in his hands and made a threat that he would put Brazell off the range. The gun was found loaded with number eight shot. I knew this gun myself very well—it was an old affair called a Burgess, a repeating gun of obsolete type. Pat and I would sometimes lug it round to shoot quail along the road.

American Frontiersmen

Brazell was set free. The newspapers called it acquitted—they no longer said came clear. A new day had risen. I mention these things at such length merely to show at first-hand how different was that day. The courts had advanced somewhat since the time the citizens hanged Joel Fowler at Socorro just above on the railway.

The new trail now was lengthening and deepening—the old trails practically were gone. That was less than twenty years ago. One of the gravestones along it—one of a great many here and there—was that of a killer who killed in the name of the law and a man who never broke his word even to an outlaw.

How many men were killed in the century or two of our frontier life in America—that is to say, of those who were killed in personal combat or executed under some form of the law for the crime of homicide? I presume far more than all who were killed in our army in the late war, perhaps twice or thrice as many. The vast number of these events never got into record at all—the process of news gleaning on the border even forty years ago was very inexact. There were scores and hundreds of killings in the southwestern country that never got on the wire at all, never got into history at all. All that faint, vague record has been swept into the oblivion of the past.

Advancing on our new trail, we come back into the country once crossed only by the low-headed trail herds passing north. We are crossing the dead trails of the Arkansas and the Platte and the Missouri, and on every hand there are schools and courthouses, and tree claims are bringing the forests to the short-grass plains, and a new population has come. A new theory of news gathering has developed—and we begin to assemble facts. Successors to the old tenants of this country, we find the Golden Eagle Clothing Store and the phony cow-puncher with the Wild-West costume; we come also in due time to the Wild West of the movies, showing to the excited gaze of an America which now speaks fifty languages the modern idea of what America was when we spoke one language.

The men of the West were by no means demigods. They were American frontiersmen and they went to the frontier because they had to or because they wanted to. They were no better and no worse than the transportation of the day that bore them. They were as good as the old trails; no better. But surely if we go back along any of these trails we find those men.

Did they lie down and die out yonder? Did their blood die with them? When the frontier was wiped out was it really gone? Was there never born at any time in this country an American type? Was there never evolved out of all our strange and stirring events the actual spirit, the actual genius of an American? If we said No to such a question as that we should be admitting the failure of this republic, vaunted so loftily as the maker and the savior of mankind.

There is much to be said in favor of the life in the earlier days of America—very much indeed, though this is not the place to say it. It is more manful of us all to take to-day as we find it and to do what we can toward making to-morrow a better place to live in than to-day. But who is going to do that? Where are we to find the man of deeds? And only a man of deeds will serve. Is he to come from Europe, one of these swarming masses who have brought all these problems to us on the wings of our morning? Is he born now on the Danube or the Dnieper or the Elbe? Or was he born—will he have been born—out of the blood spilled along the Missouri and the Platte and the Arkansas and the Red? Was there no genius of America which grew in that far, sweet land? Was there no imperishable leader born there to marshal us in the weary march on our new, long, hard trail, the trail into the problems of to-morrow?

It is a most curious thing, a study of this evolution of the law, this evolution of what we call civilization. What is the law and what is order? What is the government of a country? What is civilization? At one time a couple of months or so ago they had three governments in Winnipeg—in Canada, whose boast it was that she promptly took the measure of the American bad man in the Yukon days; of the new and phony bad man it might better have been said. In Winnipeg they had the attempted reign of allied labor in a general strike, and they had the attempted continuance of the old forms of civic government, and lastly they had the still more efficient services of the Committee of One Thousand, which, I think, practically was a reincarnation of the old vigilante spirit of the frontier.

The problems of Winnipeg may presently be the problems of New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and Seattle. What is that relative thing called the law? What is that relative thing called civilization? Have we come so far on our new trail after all, and is the spirit of the old trail buried after all? For my own self, I cannot believe that the old love of fair play and right and justice, which I myself have seen spontaneously grow and advance on short-grass soil, is an influence ever meant to die on this continent. We had Bolshevism then—yes, the Bolshevist individual, not the Bolshevist mass. We accounted for him then and we can account for him now, the best and the worst that is in us working lawfully or even lawlessly in accord with principles which date back to the first and original American ark of the covenant.

Speed the Day!

Our new trail now, they say, heads back to Europe—we are losing a certain part of the raw population which brought us our new problems. Perhaps it will run next into Russia; after that into South America; after that into Africa. All along it will rise strange new customs, strange new edifices which we cannot visualize to-day—a civilization which we cannot as yet understand. But perhaps one day we shall understand that at one time in our history—to wit, to-day—we were deluded in the greatest delusion of all times—the transient belief that the mass ever can finally dictate to the individual.

Is it the size of a population which makes that population happy? Is civilization always civilized? Is culture a question of numbers and of the extent of property holdings? Is the genius of an age and a race found in a study of its bank balances and its trade totals and its individual tax lists? Some time when men are working out those problems anew they will call this the age of the Great Delusion; and then they will be running back our trail, as we do those running back into our own earlier days.

For me, as for all those whose term of life was such as was showed them at first-hand some of the great inventions, some of the great phenomena of the past fifty years or more, our last trail begins somewhere out under the blue sky of the short-grass country. There is a little church there, a small structure built of adobe, and in its tiny belfry there is a tiny bell—I myself, with you, have heard it when the purple velvet mantle of the twilight was beginning to fall on the mountainside. A dusty, unpaved road ran by the side of that little church. You and I have been following that road as it deepened and broadened. And see now! This road of civilization and progress has brought us to another church—the ruined Cathedral of Rheims.

You think there are no savages in these days? You are wrong. You think there is no trouble ahead in America? You are wrong. But because there now is peace round the little adobe church on the border we are entitled to believe that there will be peace in Rheims as well. It is the innate and imperishable good in men which alone can establish such a feeling—the good in them and the bravery in them and the insistence on the doctrine of the old American ark of the covenant.

Our pap taught us how to take care of ourselves. Our pap told us we should never take the lie from anybody, never accept an insult. Our pap told us to take and to hold and to keep what we knew to be our own. Now all the bloody incidents of the frontier are but the proving out of a truth, which is that we remembered then and remember now the doctrine pap taught us when we spoke one language. The frontier was not a melting pot—it was an alembic.

So, as I at least fancy, the dominant language in this country after all is the American language and the dominant man in this country after all is going to be the American man. Turbulent? Yes, when the time comes, and dangerous. Yes. Look at Winnipeg and her vigilantes—we taught her that. Resolute? Yes—crowd the American too far and see whether or not he is. Had it been possible to kill out heredity and environment, both of these had by this time been killed by gluttons and cowards. But heredity and environment are difficult to kill and slow to die. We Americans have both The Bolshevists have neither.

The Bolshevists of to-morrow will no more impede the progress of humanity and the advance of fair play and justice than they did along those other trails with which we now are one. The acerb road ahead is long and dusty no doubt and many will hunger and thirst along it—no doubt of that. Graves will arise along it, no doubt. But always in some way the weary multitudes will crowd outward and onward, because it is their fate, the human fate. And always, as it seems to me at least, who even as yourself saw America when it had a language of its own and a meaning of its own and a genius of its own and an identity of its own—here and there there will be leaders along that trail who will speak that same language and represent that same identity—who in short will be American.

Speed the day when we may have more Americans! Speed the day when America will cease to be a place and become a country! Speed the day when we shall again have but one flag and one language—and no more! If our trail into to-morrow does not lead us to those things, then all our old, bold trails were futile and alike our past and our future are wasted and foregone.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 30)

and loosening things in Missouri, for which he sat in the Senate—they could not go on forever with half the best elements in the State disfranchised.

Thus the Liberal Movement of 1872.

Schurz went to Cincinnati elate with hope. He was an idealist—not quite yet a philosopher. He had his friends about him. Sam Bowles—the first newspaper politician of his day, with none of the handicaps carried by Raymond and Forney—a man keen of insight and foresight, fertile of resources, and not afraid—stood foremost among them. Next came Horace White, Doric in his simplicity like a marble shaft, and to the outer eye as cold as marble, but below a man of feelings, conviction and tenacity, a working journalist and a doughty doctrinaire. A little group of such men formed itself about Schurz—then only forty-three years old—to what end? Why, Greeley, Horace Greeley, the bellwether of abolitionism, the king bee of protectionism, the man of fads and the old white hat.

To some of us it was laughable. To Schurz it was tragical. A bridge had to be constructed for him to pass—for retrace his steps he could not—and, partly blindfolded, he had to be backed upon this like a mule aboard a train of cars. I sometimes wonder what might have happened if Schurz had then and there resigned his seat in the Senate, got his brood together and returned to Germany. I dare say he would have been welcomed by Bismarck.

Certainly there was no lodgment for him thenceforward in American politics. The exigencies of 1876–77 made him a provisional place in the Hayes Administration; but, precisely as the Democrats of Missouri could put such a man to no use, the Republicans at large could find no use for him. He seemed a bull in a china shop to the political organization he honored with a preference wholly intellectual, and having no stomach for either extreme, he became a Mugwump.

III

HE WAS a German. He was an artist. By nature a doctrinaire, he had become a philosopher. He could never wholly adjust himself to his environment. He lectured Lincoln, and Lincoln, perceiving his earnest truthfulness and genuine qualities, forgave him his impertinence, nor ceased to regard him with the enduring affection one might have for an ardent, aspiring and lovable boy. He was repellent to Grant, who could not and perhaps did not desire to understand him. To him the Southerners were always the red-faced, swashbuckling slave-drivers he had fancied and pictured them in the days of his abolition oratory. More and more he lived in a rut of his own fancies, wise in books and counsels, hearty in his relations with the few who enjoyed his confidence; to the last a most captivating personality.

Though fastidious Schurz was not intolerant. Yet he was hard to convince—tenacious of his opinions—courteous though insistent in debate. He was a German; a German Herr Doctor of Music, of Letters and of Common Law. During an intimacy of more than thirty years we scarcely ever agreed about any public matter; differing about even the civil service and the tariff. But I admired him hugely and loved him heartily.

I had once a most amusing encounter with him. There was a dinner at Delmonico's, from whose program of postprandial oratory I had purposely caused my own name to be omitted. Indeed, I had laid a wager I very much wished to win that I would not speak. General Grant and I went in together, and during the repast he said that the only five human beings in the world whom he detested were actually here at table.

Of course, Schurz was one of these. He was the last on the list of speakers and, curiously enough—the occasion being the development of the South—and many leading Southerners present—he composed his speech out of an editorial tour de force he was running in the Evening Post on The Homicidal Side of Southern Life. Before he had proceeded half through General Grant, who knew of my wager, said, "You'll lose your bet." When he finished, the call on me was spontaneous and universal. "Now give it to him good," said General Grant.

And I did; I declared—the reporters being long since gone—that there had not been a man killed amiss in Kentucky since the war; that where one had been killed two should have been, and, amid roars of laughter which gave me time to frame some fresh absurdity, I delivered a prose pæan to murder. Nobody seemed more pleased than Schurz himself, and as we came away—General Grant having disappeared—he put his arm about me like a schoolboy and said: "Well, well, I had no idea you were so bloody-minded."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-fifth of a series of articles by Mr Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

Of course, this is not really your job —

Del Monte
FOOD
PRODUCTS

But if it were—

You'd be sure of one thing—to buy foods by brand name—the same as you now buy your cigars and collars.

You know that's the quality way—the sure way—the only way your foods should be bought.

Ask the wife if it's her way.

See if she buys canned fruits and vegetables, for instance, under the guaranteed protection of the DEL MONTE name—the brand that assures her highest quality and finest flavor in more than a hundred delicious varieties.

Ten to one she's more careful than you are—but talk it over with her, anyway.

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FLORENCE

OIL HEATERS

Heat Plus Beauty

MARK well the harmonious beauty of this heater. It's the new Florence, made by Florence craftsmen under the command to do three things supremely well: *First,* to make a heater that gives generous heat. *Secondly,* to make it strong and sturdy. *Thirdly,* to add to it more charm and beauty of line than ever before was given to any heater.

How well they succeeded we leave for you to judge. The picture tells the story better than words. The heater is better than the picture.

You'll be proud to have this heater in your home. It gives generous heat and delights the eye.

The beautifully proportioned fire-bowl finished in durable aluminum bronze has extra radiating surface —this insures extra heat.

Any Florence dealer will gladly show you the sturdy construction of the Florence Oil Heater and answer any questions you wish to ask about it. Made in three beautiful finishes.

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330 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Oil Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Gas Room Heaters

Heat
plus beauty

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 25)

and now at William's statement that he had left the marquise lying unconscious in the lane and gone to the spring, which was some distance down the slope, Diana seemed to see the picture of the peddler standing behind the big chestnut, one hand on the trunk, peering furtively at the marquise as she came tripping down the lane.

Then, as though at a photoplay, there flashed a widely different scene: Mr. Parker bustling up the steps of the terrace, bursting with news of the Stackpole robbery and the chaff directed at William, who had been in the house when it was supposed to have occurred. Still another mental photograph in the optic thalami, the film screen of the brain, and this one far different again, like the foreglimpses of a three-ply drama. This was of the peddler with a locksmith's ring of dummy keys fitting one with swift skill to James' kit bag when one day he had occasion to go to Chicago and could not find his pocket key ring.

These pictures flitted through the girl's head at not as rapidly as they would actually have been shown upon the screen, and as she stood with a rapt face inwardly contemplating them the men stared at her expectantly, not venturing to interrupt because they saw she was deeply plunged in thought. They had not a great while to wait.

"You went to the spring," Diana repeated softly.

William looked at her sharply.

"I did. What's that got to do with it?"

"A great deal. Go on. You went to the spring. What then?"

"I went on the run, let me tell you. She looked as if she were dying or already dead. The beastly spring was full of leaves and muck and I had to scrape them away before I could fill the gourd with muddy water. But muddy water was better than none, I thought, so I filled it and toddled back at my best clip. She was just beginning to show signs of life, so I wet my hanky and flicked her face a little, when she came round all of a hop and opened her beautiful eyes and smiled, apparently none the worse for her nap. I tried to get her to go back to the house, but she refused, so I bided with her until I saw she was quite herself again. Then, as it was plain enough she wanted me to clear out, I cleared. She asked me not to say anything about her having fainted, so I did that too. It was all that beastly snake giving her a jolt when she was feeling rickety. It gave me one, too, for the same reason."

James, who had rather a forensic mind, knit his heavy eyebrows and looked thoughtfully at Diana.

"I think I see your point, Di," said he. "While William was at the spring somebody else might have passed by the marquise. Have you reason to think that anybody did?"

"That's no good," said William. "I may have been out of sight of her for three minutes, not more, and there could not have been anybody nearer than the road, about an eighth of a mile away. There'd have been no time, and, besides, why should anyone have suspected that she was toting a record diamond round with her in that locket? The only sign of life besides ourselves was Clamp, who was thundering over the road but pulled up somewhere, probably to sell some wayfarer a walking stick or parasol. No, you'll have to get me a better alibi than that."

Diana sank into a chair, rested her elbow on the arm, dropped her chin on her cupped hand and did some intensive thinking. William, of course, knew nothing about the peddler, who as the marquise passed had been more than halfway the distance from the road to the lane. He must have seen her coming from afar, stopped his truck and flitted swiftly from tree to tree. Diana knew the peddler to be a person of unusual acumen, a craftsman of extraordinary skill and a tradesman having the entrée to all the surrounding estates. Might he not have picked up this story of the Sultana, seen the marquise in that same *framboise* gown, recognized her coming down the lane and seized the opportunity with his characteristic quick-wittedness? And might not he also have burgled the Stackpoles' safe?

James' incisive voice interrupted her train of thought.

"Pretty serious business," said he.

"Serious, the devil!" snorted Mr. Kirkland. "That is, so far as William is concerned. He did precisely what any gentleman would do under such circumstances. As if anybody would dare so much as hint that a Kirkland could be capable of stealing a diamond from an unconscious woman, and his country's guest at that! Rubbish!"

"Don't bank on any such feudal loyalty in this section, dad," said William. "There are plenty of swine who would like nothing better than to stick it on me—and throw in the Stackpole robbery just to help the thing along. So that was why the pretty lady was always hung with gewgaws like a Christmas tree."

"Yes!" cried Diana passionately. "That was why she wore the wrist thing and the anklet and her dog-collar belt. The watches were dummies—just the faces. They were lockets with springs like a jaw trap and latches that you had to press against something hard to open."

"Where did you get all this, Di?" asked Donald.

"From Gwen. Nobody else knows, so far."

William raised his black eyebrows.

"The Marquise Was So Interested in Watching Clamp Lift That Engine Out and Win His Bet That I Had Every Possible Advantage"

"I suppose Gwen wanted to give me the chance to give back the diamond," said he, "and that when I fail to come across the marquise will set in motion the clumsy machinery of the law."

"Don't be silly," said Diana in a sharp voice. "Your haughty disdain does not impress us one bit. Now tell me something more. Do you know whether or not the Stackpoles have had any work done in or about the house recently? Artisans I mean—plumbers or carpenters, or the like?"

"Not to my knowledge," said William. "Clamp was pottering about doing something to the hot-water pipes when I stopped there early in the week—Tuesday it was—to take Steve Stackpole into town, but our worthy peddler is, of course, beyond suspicion."

A short silence fell. James had sunk back in his chair, staring fixedly ahead of him. The squire, breathing deeply and with a slight wheeze, leaned forward and served himself to a little Scotch. He also had recovered his composure. For all their dissipation the Kirkland men were strong virile types—the hard fibrous sort, black-haired, granite-eyed, lean and muscular, with high features which were rather grim even in their moments of relaxation. Yet they were visionary too. No doubt there was a dash of Pict blood in their ancient ancestry, for even to-day they retained a certain wildness of look and character, that of the savage rather than the profligate, and they were possessed of a clannishness that could not be ruptured by any family quarrel. They were of the kind occasionally encountered in which disputes seem to promote the desire for physical propinquity rather than separation.

But when it came to a family menace they possessed the cohesion of a bowlder, and this trait was generally recognized. In the present case there was no question of William's possible guilt. They merely rallied, back to back, to repel a possible attack upon the family honor.

James, the most analytic mind, was the first to break the short silence.

"When did this fool of a marquise first miss her accursed diamond?" he asked.

"A little before midnight," said Diana. "She was standing at the end of the terrace toying with the locket when she noticed that it felt curiously light. So she slipped inside and opened it and found that the diamond was gone. That knocked her out, of course. Everybody thought that she had been taken ill again, but there was a feeling of mystery about the business and it broke up the party. Gwen sent for me to meet her in the Temple d'Amour, and told me all she knew. She thought that William ought to know."

"Did she suspect William herself?" asked James.

"Of course not! She loves William dearly."

"Was anybody else alone with the marquise?"

"The Melton girl went over in the woods to join her and they came back together a little later. But it is not probable that the marquise fainted again, and Gwen says that the latch of the locket was so stiff that one could not open it in one's fingers. She tried herself. In that case it would have been practically impossible to have managed it while the marquise was wearing it."

"Who is this girl, anyhow?" said James. "And what do you actually know about the De Vallignacs?"

"They are all right," said William. "Nothing phony about them. When I was over there one day the count showed me a lot of their papers. She is Russian and he's from the Midi. She did a lot of Russian relief work and after the smash-up in her own country served in France. The beautiful Patricia appears to have been a sort of propagandist."

"Were there any strangers at the dance?"

"No," answered Diana. "Just our set here and some of their usual guests. The marquise danced only three or four times and spent most of the evening sitting on the terrace."

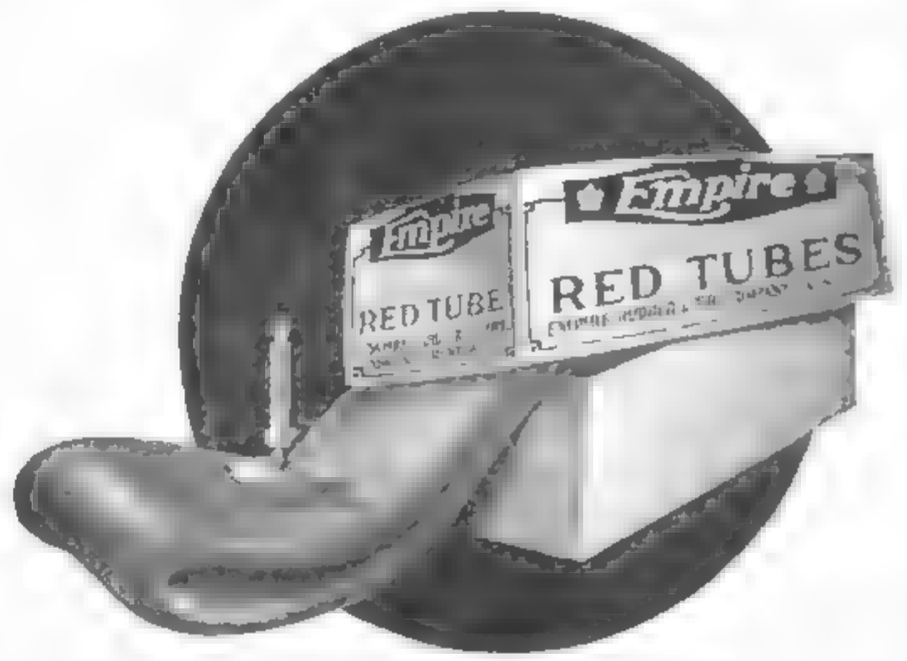
"Blacker and blacker," said William.

"Rot!" growled his father.

Another silence fell. Diana's mind was working rapidly. So far as William was concerned, the knowledge that he had gone to the spring brought her infinite relief, yet filled her with an overwhelming despair; for she didn't see now who other than the

(Continued on Page 149)

Empire Red Tubes
last as long as the average car itself



"the proof of the pudding"

One of the lessons a business firm has to learn is to judge its success not by the compliments it gets, but by the complaints it gets. But when the compliments come all the time, with a complaint only once in a dog's age, you rather feel like telling the world about it. That is the excuse for printing below a few of the letters received at the factory of the Empire Rubber and Tire Company, at Trenton, N. J., which go to prove the truth of the oft-repeated statement "Empire Red Tubes last as long as the average car itself."

"Just a word on your Red Tubes. I have used nothing but Empires for the past four years. At present I have two Empire Red Tubes that have gone over 45,000 miles; one of them has twenty-five patches on it, but is still on the job, well earning its name 'wear longest.'"

C. E. RETEAU, Newark, N. J.

"In September, 1913, I put an Empire Red Tube in a 35 x 4 casing. The tube has been used daily since that date, carrying at all times from 60 to 75 pounds of air under a car weighing 2640 pounds unloaded. It has run in all kinds of weather for almost 5½ years, and today it is on the right front wheel, with 70 pounds of air pressure in it. It is some tube."

J. F. PARDUE, Alvarado, Texas

"If you have a salesman in this territory, will you have him call on us the first time he is in this vicinity. Occasionally we run across an Empire Red Tube to be vulcanized, and we always find that they will stand more curing and vulcanizing in one place, without injury to the tube, than any tube we have ever run across."

McKINLEY & FAIRCHILD, Auburn, N. Y.

"Mr. E. L. Forslund, who has charge of the Prest-O-Lite Service Station, for the Madrid Auto Company, made a rubber apron to use in his battery work from a 34 x 4 Empire Red Tube. The mark A. E. is on the apron, and shows the tube was made in October, 1912. The rubber is still in perfect condition and does not show any 'checking.' Mr. Forslund says Empire Red Tubes wear almost forever."

M. O. COOLEY

"For a number of years, when changing regular Ford wheels over to Baker Demountable Wheels and Rims, we have also changed the tires and tubes. About a year ago we began using Empire Tubes exclusively. So far we have used over 4,000 of them, and the way they have stood up is simply remarkable."

O. J. IPSEN, 250 West 54th St., New York, N. Y.

"We have sold Empire Red Tubes for five (5) years, and in all that time have sent in only two for adjustment. They are the best we have ever sold. Many Empire Red Tubes we sold five years ago are still in service."

IVER IVERSON, Jewell, Iowa

"I have two Empire Red Tubes that have been in service over a period of five years and are still in good condition."

A. D. THOMAS, Detroit, Mich.

"Since I have undertaken to push your line, would say that I have sold several thousand Empire Red Tubes with not a single complaint."

RUDOLPH HENSCHEL, 1675 Broadway, New York

"We have sold Empire Tubes for the past five years, and know from experience that they certainly do 'last as long as the average car itself.' Quite a few Empire Red Tubes that we sold five years ago are still in use, although the cars that they originally supported have been junked."

C. H. JOHNSTON, Oskaloosa, Iowa

"William Anderson recently purchased an Empire Red Tube which he used in a new 30 x 3½ tire on his Ford. This casing rolled off the rim twice, releasing the tube with about fifty-five pounds air pressure in it. The tube enlarged to the size of a man's body, not in one spot, but evenly all around. It did not blow out and is still in service as good as new."

R. T. SIMPSON, Litchfield, Mich.

"I have in my possession a 32 x 3½ Empire Red Tube that I used for about six years. The tube was finally disposed of as equipment on a car sold second hand. After the present owner had let it hang in his barn about a year, he brought it in to see if it was any good. I find the stock is just exactly as good as when I purchased the tube."

C. C. WOODMANSEE, Marshalltown, Iowa

"How about that Empire shoe and tube? I expected to mount it on the 'southeast wheel' tonight. My reason for selecting an Empire was based upon the wonderful service I am getting from an Empire Red Tube. This tube has been in almost constant use for over four years. It has had two large blowouts vulcanized and a number of small punctures patched. I had occasion to repair it a few days ago, and the rubber was apparently as full of life as any new tube I have ever seen."

CHAS. M. SWART, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Continued from Page 147)

peddler could possibly be guilty of the theft. The peddler must have had ample time to slip over to where the marquise lay unconscious and steal the jewel. She knew nothing of his antecedents. Perhaps he was a skilled cracksman and his peculiar commerce merely a blind for more sinister operations. He had free run of the countryside and its rich houses, in most of which at various times he had done some work of repair.

Diana had read in fiction of this type of criminal individuals possessed of courage and charm, and even an oblique sense of chivalry, who were nevertheless obsessed with the insistent idea of theft. She now felt it her imperative duty to tell what she had seen, and yet for some reason she withheld this knowledge. The man had saved her life and that of James. His forceful personality had invaded her sympathies, wakened something in her which had been dormant until his advent. The depth of her obligation to him made her feel that even if he were the thief she owed it to him to hold her tongue for the moment and not denounce him until he had been given opportunity to make restitution. It was probable, she thought, that on learning what she knew he might do this and then discontinue his operations in that vicinity.

And as these thoughts were whirling in her brain they heard through the profound silence which had fallen the staccato exhaust of a motorcycle rapidly approaching. It stopped outside the gate, sputtered a little, grew louder, appeared to be coming up the drive. The heads of the men rose like those of wild animals at sound of the hunter. William laughed.

"On with the dance," said he. "Here comes the bull."

The noise stopped abruptly. Then to their intense astonishment there came from without the lilt of a little song, a familiar little song which unconsciously they had come to associate with help in time of need.

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

x

"UPON my word," said James, "the god from the machine."

"That confounded peddler," snorted Mr. Kirkland. "Now what in blazes does he want?"

The front door was open and they heard a sharp rap.

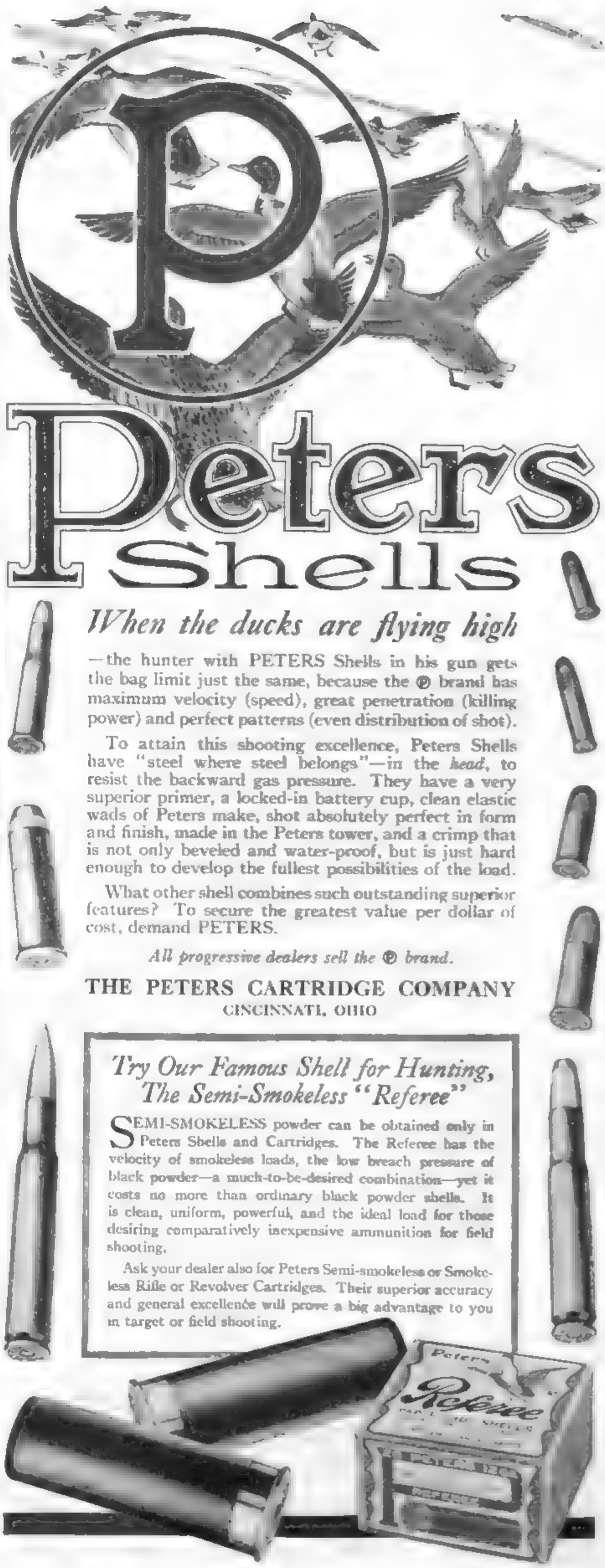
"Come in, Clamp!" called James.

The peddler entered. As usual he was in his blue denim, which seemed always fresh and spotless no matter how grimy the task on which he happened to be engaged. But this time it was supplemented by a pair of short black-leather gaiters such as French postmen and messengers are wont to wear.

He stood for a moment looking at them with a smile, his twinkling gray eyes passing from face to face. As they rested on Diana, who had turned very white, they seemed to flash a question, then to soften, and at some quality in their gray depths or perhaps due to a wireless projected directly from his mental centers to hers, all suspicion of his guilt was dissipated, leaving her strangely confused and bewildered.

Mr. Kirkland twisted about in his chair and glared at the peddler ferociously. But as his look met the smiling, steady gaze its hostility disintegrated, the angry purple of his face slowly faded, leaving it merely that of a much perplexed old gentleman.

Standing in the Doorway Diana Stared at William, Scarcely Able to Speak



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To attain this shooting excellence, Peters Shells have "steel where steel belongs"—in the *head*, to resist the backward gas pressure. They have a very superior primer, a locked-in battery cup, clean elastic wads of Peters make, shot absolutely perfect in form and finish, made in the Peters tower, and a crimp that is not only beveled and water-proof, but is just hard enough to develop the fullest possibilities of the load.

What other shell combines such outstanding superior features? To secure the greatest value per dollar of cost, demand PETERS.

All progressive dealers sell the Ⓟ brand.

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Try Our Famous Shell for Hunting, The Semi-Smokeless "Referee"

SEMI-SMOKELESS powder can be obtained only in Peters Shells and Cartridges. The Referee has the velocity of smokeless loads, the low breach pressure of black powder—a much-to-be-desired combination—yet it costs no more than ordinary black powder shells. It is clean, uniform, powerful, and the ideal load for those desiring comparatively inexpensive ammunition for field shooting.

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Cut on fashionable lines. Built for serviceability. Comfortably warm because of the splendid Patrick Cloth.

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Patrick Products are easily identified by the Patrick label. Look for it on Greatcoat, Mackinaw, Sweater, Cap Blanket, Robe or Stocking.

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Two books free—our catalog and our book by Elbert Hubbard, "Bigger Than Weather."

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
No. 2 Avenue A Duluth, Minnesota

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

"Well, Clamp," he demanded, "what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"My professional calling, sir," replied the peddler, "which is to fill the need of the needy."

James gave a short laugh.

"Then you've come to the right place," said he. "Look here, Clamp, not long ago you hauled two members of this family out of a mighty bad fix by means of a rope and a stump puller. If you've got any kind of newfangled device to pry us out of the hole we're in at this moment, now's your chance to strike a good bargain."

"Sir," said the peddler, "in the argot of the country, you have said it. I have in mind the words of the ancient Polish folk-song:

"Oh, that I had the wings of a wild goose!
I would fly to Silesia,
I would sit on a fence in Silesia ——"

"What devilish gibberish is that?" demanded the squire.

"I was referring in metaphor to the hydroplane, which in a few minutes' work I can make ready to take the air."

"And what in thunder has the hydroplane got to do with it?"

"Pause to reflect, sir. If the hydroplane could fly—and I can guarantee the hydroplane to fly—then Mr. William, a late U. S. Army aviator, might fly, if not to Silesia perhaps to Bermuda or some part of the coast which is remote."

"So you've heard about the rape of the Sultana," said William, "and have apparently come with the idea of assisting me to beat it while the beating's good."

"Far be it from me to give advice, sir. All I have to offer is opportunity."

Diana felt the blood surging into her head. In that moment she was quite capable of slaying this cunning trickster as he stood. The ruse seemed plain to her. The peddler had evidently come to urge that William avail himself of the hydroplane as a means of escape, thus exposing him to the full fire of suspicion which otherwise might possibly be directed against himself. And while the law was searching William, possibly lost in mid-ocean through the mechanical guile of the skilled mechanic, the peddler would have ample time to disappear.

"You slippery faker!" cried Diana, so furiously that the men bounded up in their chairs. "So that's your game, is it? James—William—grab that crook! He's the wretch that stole the Sultana and looted the Stackpoles' safe, and now he's trying to make William the goat."

But her brothers were too astonished to obey, while as for the peddler he turned his head and looked at the raging beauty with an expression so penetrating and yet withal of such singular sweetness that in spite of her conviction of his guilt and cunning Diana was suddenly abashed. She sank back in the big armchair and covered her face with her hands.

"Patience, Miss Kirkland," said the peddler, "is a virtue actually possessed by none, and desired by very few. But Epictetus maintains that that which we do not desire we already possess. Therefore I pray you now make an attempt to exercise it for at least a few brief minutes."

Diana's eyes flamed at him, but she did not answer. William laughed, while Mr. Kirkland passed his hand across his face and stared at the peddler with a dazed expression. For there was this quality about the latter, as those coming in contact with him had already learned, that his neophilosophic preambles possessed invariably some astute reason, and that having got his system rid of them something of value would be forthcoming.

So they held their peace and the peddler, fixing them in turn with his hypnotic gaze, said in his habitually cheerful voice: "A celebrated British jurist has proved to the satisfaction of his fellow countrymen that circumstantial evidence is the only actual evidence that exists. For instance, ten men may swear that they saw a rabbit run across the snow-covered lawn, while one small child might assert that it was not a rabbit but a cat. If, then, on inspection the tracks are shown to be unmistakably those of a cat, the fact becomes incontestable that it was a cat and not a rabbit.

"Again, ten men may swear that they saw the accused shoot from his window at a neighbor likewise visible in his own window, while said accused maintains that what he shot at was not his neighbor but a screech owl upon a limb, the neighbor being hidden from his view by intervening foliage, an apparently slim pretext. But if on investigation they find a newly killed screech owl under the tree, then the proof is incontrovertible that he did actually shoot at the screech owl."

"For heaven's sake," growled James, "get down to brass tacks!"

"Quite so, sir. In the case of the Stackpole burglary three men—the butler, the valet and the chauffeur—are willing to swear that Mr. William was alone in the smoking room, where the safe is impaneled, for at least an hour, while waiting for Mr. Stackpole ——"

Four chairs creaked and groaned as four strong bodies lunged suddenly forward. William alone did not stir.

"The plot thickens," said he lightly; "go on."

"Also," continued the peddler, "three persons, one of them a maid, are ready to take oath that Mr. William, while stopping the night at Mr. White's, left his bedroom at about two o'clock and slipped quietly downstairs, when on returning he mistook his bedroom for one adjacent, which was occupied by a lady guest."

This time the four chairs did not creak, but that of William did.

"Help!" he gasped. "Has there been a burglary there too?"

"There has, sir; that of the safe. Those acquainted with Mr. William's habits can understand that he went down in search of alcoholic refreshment and had no designs on the safe or Miss Melton."

"What was the Melton girl doing there?" growled James.

William sighed.

"She had been dining there and when it came time to leave we got that rip-snorting thunderstorm. The soft and tender lady has a constitutional dread of thunderstorms, so they bedded her down for the night. Where and when did you get all this stuff, Clamp?"

"Well, sir, we peddlers in our errant *métier* become possessed of many of the intimate affairs of the community, like the seamstress who sews out, or the butcher boy, the barber, the expressman; especially where we combine the trade of tinker with our other calling. We learn to distinguish the sheep from the goats, and in this particular instance, where the evidence is direct rather than circumstantial, you will pardon my presumption in stating that Mr. William is the potential goat."

"Goat!" said William. "Well, rather! What with the loot of the Sultana coming on top of this yegg stuff and my advertising a financial embarrassment which led to my selling the booze, backed by a statement that I contemplated quitting the country, I'm the regular original shaggy Rocky Mountain billy. Got a stump puller in your kit that will drag me out of this, friend peddler? 'Cause if you have I'll take a leaf out of Brother James' book. Booze got James chasing squirrels in the tree top, and booze got me into this purée, and if you can dig up something in your wagon to snake me out of it, so help me, James, I'll follow your example!"

"Can do!" said the peddler cheerfully. "That, then, shall be considered your side of the bet. For my part, if I fail I agree to assume the full responsibility for this and the other crime, of which as yet I assume you to be in ignorance, and which is likewise one probably to be charged to Mr. William's account."

A succession of blows may have one of two effects: either gradually to deaden and render plastic or to break their objective asunder.

In this case the immediate effect was the former. The Kirklands, father, sons and daughter, sat in a sort of paralysis, staring dazedly at the peddler, who regarded each in turn, eyes twinkling, lips parted in a dazzling smile.

"Are you aware, Miss Kirkland, and you, gentlemen, that your own antiquated and inefficient safe is at this moment empty as the saloon bars will be to-morrow?"—he glanced at the clock—"or, to be up to date, to-day."

The walls of the big room were heavy, else they might have been drawn inward by the suction of five lusty pairs of lungs. Then James leaped up and rushed to the ancient safe. The peddler raised a warning hand.

"Easy does it, sir," said he. "Remember the cunning little whorls and tourbillions of finger prints."

Mr. Kirkland sat up very stiff and straight.

(Continued on Page 153)

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is a product of industrial Democracy—never of Child Labor. We have no strikes or lockouts.

The right hosiery for all the family —for every season—for work, dress, or play

HOSIERY for every one in the family. Hosiery that is made thick and warm for winter — and light and cool for summer, but always of honest wearing value—and always good-looking.

Durable-DURHAM is the hosiery of the American family because every pair has real value. Longer wear at reasonable cost means true economy. Not only in the money saved—but the time that is saved in less darning.

Right now, thousands of men and women are buying Durable-DURHAM fleecy-lined hosiery for the cold winter months. Every pair is full of warmth and full of wear. The thick, soft fleecy lining keeps in the warmth and keeps out cold. This hosiery is comfortable to wear—and has a fine appearance.

The strong reinforcing at point of greatest strain gives extra months of wear to Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Styles for men and women include all fashionable colors and come in all weights from sheer lisle to the heavy fleecy-lined hosiery for coldest weather.

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Ask for Durable-DURHAM Hosiery and look for the trade mark ticket on each pair. Your dealer should have Durable-DURHAM. If you do not find it, please write to our sales department, 88 Leonard Street, New York, giving us the name of your dealer.

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Sales Offices: 88 Leonard Street, New York

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For Men, Women and Children—Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

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SPECIAL CONVEYOR BELTING

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The Koehring Mixer Loader

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Sand and gravel are shoveled into hoppers which are movable on tracks along the length of the frame, and which are adjustable to measure aggregate according to capacity of mixer and specified proportion of sand and gravel.

Lever control releases aggregate to 22-inch Gilmer belt, moving 450 feet per minute.

This machine cuts out all wheelers, and delivers aggregate from any point within 60 feet of the mixer.

Manufactured by the

Koehring Machine Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of concrete mixers, loaders and grading machines

Saves Seven Men

The Koehring Mixer Loader with its Gilmer Solid Woven Belt saves the labor of seven men.

With satisfactory operation entirely dependent upon the service given by a belt, no wonder the Koehring Company went into the conveyor belting question in a thorough and exhaustive manner.

They found, as have many other manufacturers, that Gilmer Solid Woven Conveyor Belting is entirely different from all other kinds of belting.

The Koehring Machine Company have adopted Gilmer Solid Woven Conveyor Belting because it gives dependable service over a surprisingly long period of time. That is the best reason for your getting in touch with us at belting service headquarters, —if you use conveyor belting as equipment on your finished product or in your factory operations.

The harder your conveyor belting problem the more it will interest us.

Get all the information about conveyor belting it is possible to obtain. For until you have investigated Gilmer Solid Woven Conveyor Belting your information is not complete. Write today.

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Tacony, Phila., Pa.

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BRANCH OFFICES
Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee
Export office: 136 Liberty St., New York

(Continued from Page 150)

"James," said he—and there was a certain dignity in the old man's voice—"open that safe!"

James twirled the combination and swung open the door. Papers and silver plate were apparently undisturbed.

"Key, dad," said he quietly.

Mr. Kirkland slipped the ring from his chain and tossed it to him. James unlocked the inner compartment. Money and the splendid family jewels were gone.

"Empty as interplanetary space," said William.

In the astonished silence all eyes turned to the peddler, and it seemed to Diana that his tanned face held a peculiar glow and that there was a strange light in his clear gray eyes. William rose to his feet.

"Well, family," said he, "what do you think of me now? Pretty straight case of a black sheep, *n'est-ce-pas?* And I can tell you something more. You knew that I was hard up, but you didn't know that in the last few months I've frittered away the bulk of my inheritance. That's why I sold the booze. Now you've heard what Clamp has said, and you've already learned that Clamp knows what he's talking about, for all his hot air. The Stackpole house, the Whites, the Sultana, and now our own till. For all you know there may be other jobs so far unreported. I've been living pretty well all over the community in the last fortnight. What's the verdict?"

There was a growl such as might come from a bear pit at feeding time.

"Don't be an idiot, my boy!" snapped the squire.

"You're hysterical, William," from James.

"Are you trying to make us cry, brother dear," asked Donald mockingly.

"Never mind the inheritance, William," said David. "I guess we can manage to patch you up between us."

Diana sprang to her feet, threw her arms round William's neck and kissed his lean cheek, then turned and stared at the peddler defiantly. But it was not an aggressive defiance; in fact, her intention of the moment was to make an imperative demand that he drop all circumlocution and extricate William immediately from the tangle in which he had got so curiously involved. Her mind was hopelessly confused at being jerked abruptly from one conclusion to another, and it seemed now probable to her that the actual thief might as yet be wholly unsuspected. She knew that William was not such, no longer believed the peddler guilty, and doubted that Patricia could have managed the robbery, even if the girl was actually a criminal, which seemed most improbable.

But at something which now shone from the face of the peddler she checked the hot peremptory words that had risen to her lips. As his thoughtful eyes took estimate of this stormy family, of which the unabating domestic discord was the joke of the community, they seemed to soften, to glisten, while their expression grew infinitely kind. He stood squarely on his feet, his heavy arms hanging with that angle of the elbow which tells of tonic muscular contraction, while his great breadth of shoulder gave him the appearance of some friendly troll or genie. Their eyes met and Diana felt as though a searchlight, a radiograph had flashed its signal into hers. Then he spoke, and his voice vibrated through the room like the low opening chords of an organ.

"So much for the direct evidence," said he. "Remains the circumstantial. That is in my own possession. We peddlers go up and down, here and there, back and forth, to and from. We see and hear and think about our friends and clients, and often even feel for them in their distress. We have known each other for but little space of actual time, but during this epoch it has been my privilege to render you an important service, and yours to renew a great deal of my lost faith in the trueness and loyalty of human nature.

"Direct or circumstantial, there is no evidence, no accusation which can break through the rampart of such fidelity as is here. Nothing could make you possibly lose your faith in the son and brother caught apparently in the toils. But because it might bring you worry and unhappiness I shall tell you this: He stands in no danger of arrest or indictment. Evil influences of which you know nothing are working in this community, and when the time comes they shall be curtailed. For the present you must take my word for this. Do not worry, do not vex yourselves. The real evidence, which is the circumstantial, is not yet in. All in good time. So carry on as usual and do not fret. Sleep in peace. Bear in mind that I have never failed my word. And so, good night."

He seemed to drift out of their range of vision, his wide bulk to dissolve in the murk behind him. Perhaps some vibrant resonance of the deep voice or a sudden relief in the tension of their taut nerves may have blurred their sight. Whatever the cause, when they looked more intently he was gone.

But as they sat there, thrilled, bewildered, almost awed, the night breeze wafted in the lilt of his little song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

XI

LÉONTINE threw back her head and blew a thin column of smoke into the still night air. Stephan drummed softly on the railing with his pointed finger tips, and looked out across the dark water in the general direction of the continent of Europe, where at that moment he most fervently wished himself. His cigar glowed and faded in pulsating beats, as though some luminous part of his organism.

Patricia, among the cushions of the hammock bench, sat with one leg under her and the tip of a pink slipper slightly swaying the suspended couch. She was trying to see Léontine's face through the velvet darkness and listening as might a daughter to reminiscences edged with the counsel of wide experience as they flowed smoothly from the older woman's lips.

"Ivan always maintained," said Léontine, "that the success of a criminal organization depended greatly on its principals assuming that the conduct of its affairs was entirely justified if illegal."

"Like many a promoting concern," said Stephan.

"Precisely. He would never let any of us admit the loss of *amour propre* merely because we happened to be thieves, nor to think of ourselves as belonging to a degraded criminal class. He insisted that we live and act precisely as though still belonging to the *haut monde*."

Stephan nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "Nothing made Ivan so angry as to have any of his principals forget their manners."

"Rather more than that," said Léontine. "He even justified his own transactions by acts of sincere benevolence. He supported a little private home for tubercular children at Berck. He was well-born, a scholar, a man of heart, and a master thief. And though he never actually shrank from that last word he claimed that the predatory instinct was a predominant one in the majority of mankind, restrained in most cases through fear of the law and lack of finesse. He held that anybody who would try to get something for nothing or even more for a thing than it was worth must be not only a thief at heart but a hypocrite into the bargain."

"That was not Maître Chu-Chu's point of view," murmured Stephan.

"By no means. Chu-Chu never advanced any. Having neither conscience nor scruple he did not bother to justify himself. Besides, he was bloodthirsty. He liked to kill. He was a big-game hunter, and one of his favorite sports was to take part in a Masai lion hunt, where the beast is encircled by men armed only with assagai, who close in upon it, the one at whom the lion springs receiving it upon his spear. He liked also to stalk and make his kill by stealth."

Léontine inhaled her cigarette deeply and appeared to reflect.

"Ivan detested the vulgar idea of a band of robbers where a spirit of socialism obtained and denied that being associated in crime broke down social barriers. From his worst Apache even to Chu-Chu himself, nobody could approach him informally, and woe to the person who attempted familiarity on the ground of common outlawry. His organization was like that of some very rich, powerful, dishonest financier, in whose office everybody knows him to be a bandit but accords him absolute respect. He was invariably formal, even with me, and never came to my little house in Ranelagh without first sending to ask permission. Our lives were precisely those of people in high society. His chauffeur was one of his expert cracksmen and served him precisely as Prince Orloff was served

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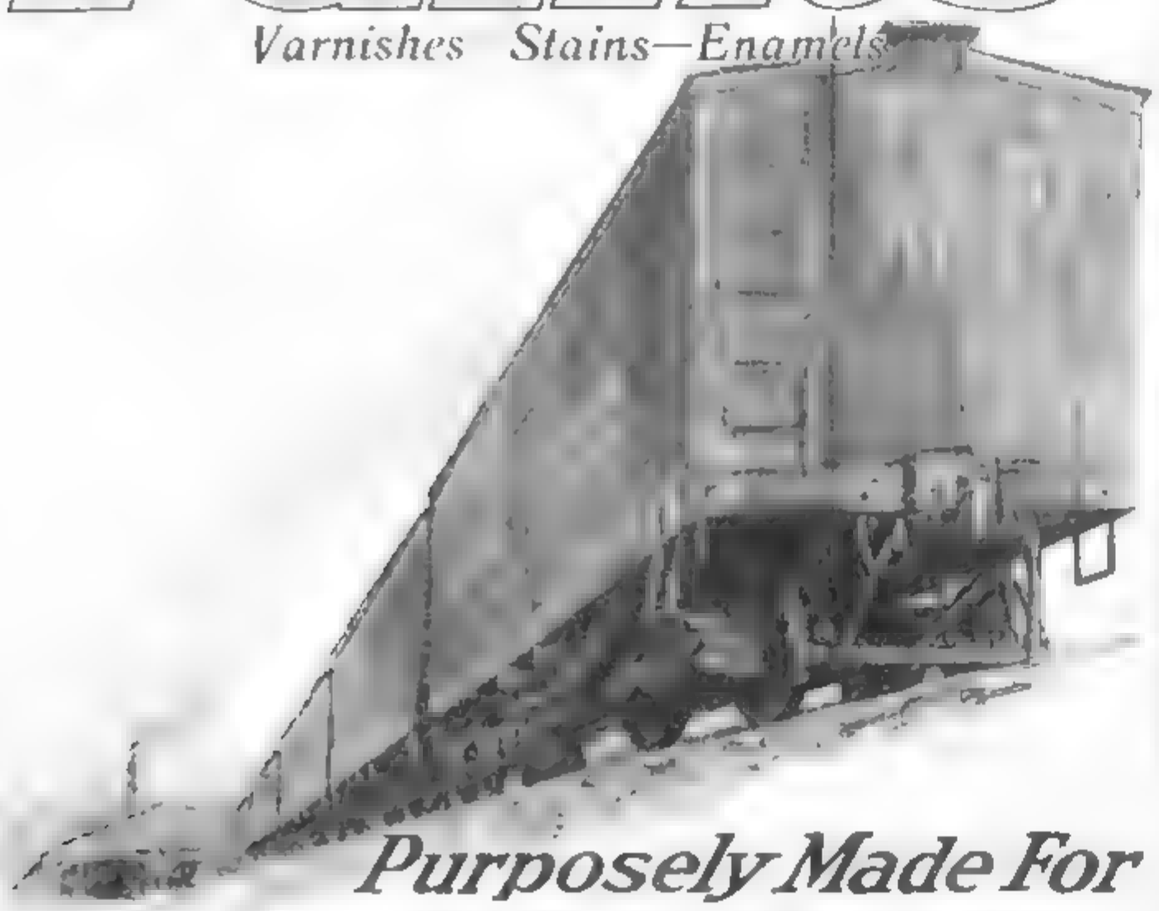

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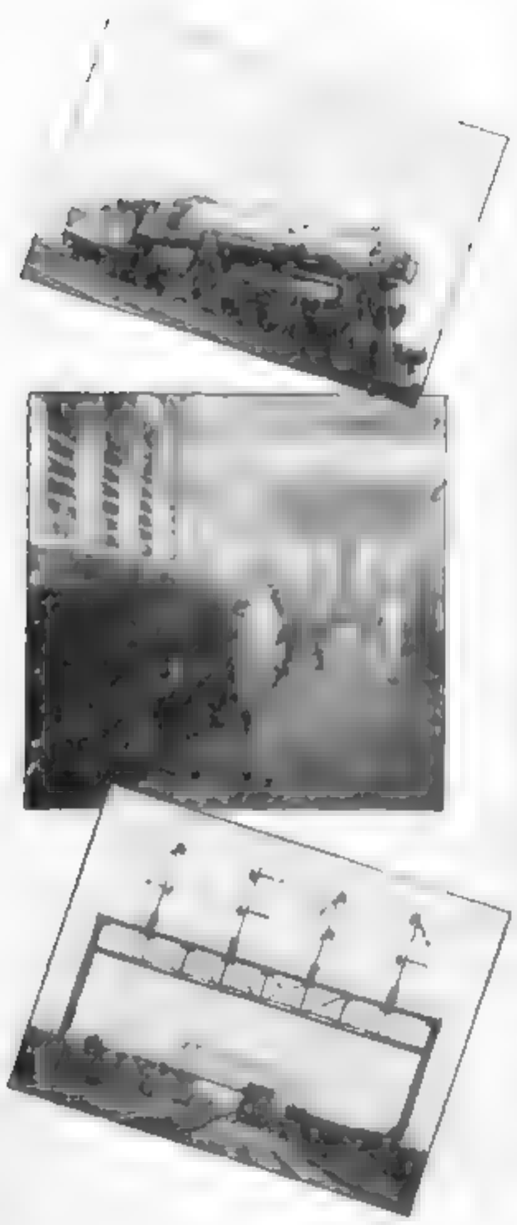

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Purposely Made For Every Purpose

by his. Our parties were always gay, of course, but there was never anything vulgar, and any of the band who forgot himself was not invited again."

"Precisely as we have it here," said Patricia. "Jean would never think of taking liberties, though he cracked the Whites' safe; nor Demitri nor Marie nor Francisco, who have also done their bits."

"Ivan was right," said Léontine. "Our servants are expert thieves, but they are also servants. They know perfectly well that the slightest lack of respect would cost them their highly paid places, and that they would never get very far without our direction."

"It's the only method," said Stephan, "because in that way we run no danger of being seized *in flagrante delicto*. They would not dare play us false even if caught, because they know that for one thing the fund would not protect them to its utmost legally, and that for another they would not live long afterward. In the old days several of our men who were nabbed and whom in spite of our fund we were unable to protect took their sentences without a murmur. One of them was Gentleman Joe, an American who afterward came to Paris, married Dominica Meduna and retired from criminal life. Even Chu-Chu would not have harmed him, though he hated renegades worse than he did the police."

"Chu-Chu usually left a dead man behind him when he did a job," said Léontine.

"Don't you think," asked Patricia in her limpid voice, "that there may be times when that is almost unavoidable for the safety of the crowd?"

"Are you thinking of young Kirkland?" Léontine asked.

"Yes. So far we have managed wonderfully. In any country but America he would have been indicted long ago; especially in France, where the accused has to prove his innocence. I counted on the marquise swearing out a warrant for him after what I told her, but for some reason the silly little fool does not seem to want to do so."

"Do you think she can possibly suspect you, Patricia?"

"No. You've seen me bend a five-franc piece in my fingers, Léontine, but I can tell you that it took every grain of my strength to open that locket, and my thumb is very painful yet. Then she was so interested, as they all were, in watching Clamp lift that engine out and win his bet with Gerald Metcalf that I had every possible advantage."

"You took an awful chance," said Stephan.

"Well, it was worth it. Still, I never would have done so if she hadn't told me about having fainted in the woods. Then I knew that I should have to act quickly, so I did not let her out of my sight until we went down to the boathouse. You see, I knew that she had not opened the locket and discovered her loss and must surely lay it to William. Then the conditions were perfect, because I was standing behind her on a beam with my arm over her shoulder to steady myself, and if she had discovered what I was up to I could have seemed to lose my balance and grab instinctively at the chain. Their chaffing of William helped, and my leading the conversation back to it in her presence."

"It is evident," said Stephan, "that Patricia is a true artist. She will go far."

"I wish I were going far immediately," Patricia answered. "I don't believe that she will tell Baron Rosenthal, because she will be ashamed to let him know that she has lost the Sultana so soon after it was restored to her. But even if she should there is nothing he can do. He may suspect me, but he has no proof that I drugged the Karakoff girl or that we knew where the Sultana was. When they found that I had really sent back the smuggled loot there was nothing more to say. The embassy had to vouch for me, and so did the Sûreté."

"You are a very clever little girl," said Stephan. "Not one worker in a thousand would have done that."

"Zut! What did it amount to? A lot of rubbish for which we could not have got twenty thousand; to say nothing of the risk. Do you think I was going to take a chance on spoiling everything when I knew that Léontine and you were coming and bringing with you some of your old crowd? It has worked out better than I had hoped, thanks to that fool, William Kirkland, and his gadding about. All we've had to do has been to follow him and arrange to pull off the job in the house where he happened to be."

"If only the marquise would prefer a charge against him our position would be invulnerable," said Léontine. "I can't understand why she does not. She scarcely knows the man. I suppose, though, it's the code of the old French nobility. She is the Metcalfs' guest, and she knows that Gwendolyn is in love with William Kirkland."

"Yes," said Patricia; "and the worst of it is her lips will remain sealed. The best thing we can do now is to get out of the country with what we've got."

"Patience, my dear," said Léontine. "To leave in a hurry might be fatal. What worries me is the *butin* over there in the water. It is safe enough, I suppose, but sometimes I think that hidden treasure has some peculiar magnetic quality."

"A telepathic current from the mind of the hider to that of the seeker," Stephan suggested. "You make me nervous, but I don't see how anyone could possibly find it. Jean put it down at low tide in half a meter of water."

"Léontine is getting soft as the result of her war work," said Patricia. "She was always something of a sentimentalist, whereas I am a ——"

"Fairy," said Stephan lightly. "Soulless but mortal ——"

The next moment he gave a gasp of pain, for the girl reached out one long and beautifully rounded arm, her hand closed across the back of his, and it seemed to him as though a jaw trap had snapped shut upon it. He could feel the bones grinding together, thought they would be crushed. Then the grip was released, and even in the dark he saw the glow of Patricia's tawny eyes and the malicious upward curve of one side of her wide mouth.

"That will do from you, Stephan," said she. "You know perfectly well that I dislike any reference to my peculiar ancestry."

"Sapristi!" growled Stephan. "But you have broken my hand. Where do you get such diabolic strength?"

"Perhaps from the source you refer to. Well, about young Kirkland. You must acknowledge, Léontine, that he would be of inestimable value to us, dead—by his own hand."

There was a moment's silence. Léontine's great eyes burned at Patricia through the murk as though she were trying to fathom how much of bravado and how much of real intention lay behind the limpid voice. They were sitting under the awning rigged out over the roof of the boathouse, which had been furnished with rugs and wicker chairs and hammock bench as a kiosk for tea and after-dinner coffee.

"You see," said Patricia, "we have it managed so that everybody looks at him askance, and he knows it and no longer goes about at all, while pride keeps him from leaving the place—or possibly the fear of arrest. Now if he were to shoot himself or hang himself or poison or drown or otherwise kill himself it would be taken as direct evidence of his guilt and that he felt the net drawing in round him."

"It would not be easy to manage," said Stephan. "I doubt if any of our people would be willing to tackle it."

"Of course not!" said Patricia. "Nor have we any right to ask them to. '*Chacun a son métier*'—and theirs is not assassination. They are experts in their line, which is skilled housebreaking and safe opening, and would be sure to bungle the attempt."

"I hope you don't want me to do it," growled Stephan.

Patricia's low, mocking laugh was anything but flattering to a student and disciple of Chu-Chu le Tondeur.

"No fear, Stephan."

"Then whom?" Léontine asked sharply. "I must admit I'm not at all in favor of the idea."

"You don't forbid it?" Patricia asked.

"Yes; on the whole I do. Easing rich people of their surplus wealth is one thing, and killing quite another. Ivan and I always hated Chu-Chu's way of working, and my ideas have grown even more averse to it. Besides, it is unnecessary. Put it out of your mind, my dear. Well, it is late and I'm going to bed." She rose. "Good night."

She went down the steps and entered the house. Patricia turned to Stephan.

"Léontine's qualms will be her ruin some day, just as Ivan's were his," said she. "Don't you see, Stephan, how very much it would be to our advantage if

(Continued on Page 157)

Headed South—Jack Frost!

Will he get you, or will you get 10-rib warmth?

NATURE is a gay deceiver. She's lulling you into a false security with her soft balmy days. Watch out! Up around Baffin Bay the ice is forming every night. Nippy Northland mornings are heading South.

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We asked Miss S . . . . . an expert on domestic affairs, how to properly wash Mayo Underwear. Her "recipe" follows: "Use warm water in which a good neutral soap has been dissolved and lathered. Squeeze the lather in and out of the fabric—for 5 min. Rinse in clear tepid water. Then run through the wringer flat, being careful not to let the garment get bunched."

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Rely On Me

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HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL
DROP FORGING PLANT
IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 154)

William Kirkland were thought to have committed suicide—how absolutely secure it would make our position? I had hoped that he might leave, but it is evident that he has no such intention. These Kirklands are proud, stubborn fools. But if he were thought to have killed himself, that would be even better. One would argue that he must have felt himself lost."

"Sapristi! I believe you—but I do not like it."

"Why not? Surely you haven't any of Léontine's scruples?"

"Of course not! But the risk is too great. He should appear to have hanged himself. A pistol shot would bring people to the place and cause immediate inquiry, which might be fatal to us; and if he were to be knocked in the head and thrown into the water the autopsy would show that he had not drowned."

Patricia nodded.

"It must be done at night and on the premises," said she. "A tap on the head which should leave no mark, then string him up from a low bough which he might have reached to attach the cord by standing on a box or something."

"That, also, is no good," said Stephan. "Aside from the risk of the attempt, an expert autopsy would show that the act was not suicide. I know something about such things. There would be an extravasation of blood in the brain, and an examination of the lungs and heart would show that he had not died of asphyxiation. There would be something to indicate that it was not suicide but murder. I doubt that you could kill him in any way at all and fool modern science into pronouncing it suicide. It would then become obvious what the motive of the crime had been, and our position would be really precarious, which at this moment it is not."

Patricia did not immediately answer. She swung herself gently to and fro. There was a late moon, and its light, striking up from the platinum sheen of the water, accentuated the elfishness of her face and its inhuman malice. Hardened as Stephan was, it seemed to him incredible that this young and sylphlike creature could be possessed of so cool and ruthless and diabolic a mind. From her physical appearance, elusive smile and purling voice one might have thought her a mischievous schoolgirl planning some prank on her instructress. To and fro she swung, the toe of her slipper weaving little cabalistic signs while her fantastic brain took up and rejected plans of subtle murder, a good deal as might the schoolgirl plot the classic practical joke of putting ferric chloride in the water pitcher and tannic-acid powder on the towel, to combine and precipitate as ink on the face of the prospective victim. Then suddenly she clapped her palms softly together with a little cry of satisfaction:

"I've got it!"

"What, then?"

"I shall not tell you. I'm afraid you might try to discourage me. It is a perfect plan and one to which none of your objections can apply. But to carry it out I must know something of his habits. That swaggering sister of his scarcely speaks to anybody now. Listen, Stephan—you will have to help me. You are on good terms with the Kirklands. I want you to drop in there to-morrow and if you can manage it to get me one of the thick silk cords that loop back those ugly old-fashioned portières in the drawing-room."

Stephan raised his black eyebrows.

"That gives your plan away," said he. "*La garrotte!*" He shook his head. "The man is powerful."

"Zut! Once passing the cord, a slip of a girl could strangle a stevedore; and I am no weakling, as perhaps you may admit."

"To my sorrow."

"But I must know something of his habits."

Stephan shrugged.

"That is not easy under the circumstances, and being such people as they are it is not probable that they would discuss them with anybody, especially a recent acquaintance."

Patricia continued swinging to and fro, and it seemed to Stephan, watching the pale oval of her face, that some unholy light glowed from the dark grottoes of her eyes. Disciple of Chu-Chu's as he was, a shudder rippled through him, but then he had never known Chu-Chu to take any such pains in the plotting of a murder. In fact, this arch criminal rarely plotted one at all. He made his kill as occasion offered.

So Stephan watched this silky spider as she wove her web, wishing but not quite daring to veto the attempt. For though possessed of his share of criminal courage he had rather the heart of an Apache than the bloodthirstiness of his late master. And as he watched, the rhythmic swaying ceased and Patricia leaned forward.

"I've got it!" said she. "I'll pump the peddler."

"The peddler?"

"Yes—Clamp. He should be passing here in a day or two. We'll make a job for him and while he's working I'll engage him in conversation. He goes to the Kirklands' frequently. I think the girl has a penchant for him and the man is clever enough to work it to his advantage. You know when we passed the other day we saw her hiding behind his van."

"A good idea!" said Stephan. "That idiot would rather talk than make a sale."

Patricia rose, raised her bare arms above her head and stretched her lithe body in a curiously feral way. "Very well," said she, "then I shall count on you to get me the cord. Don't tell Léontine. She will be glad enough when the job is done and we can go aboard the yacht and get off for South America."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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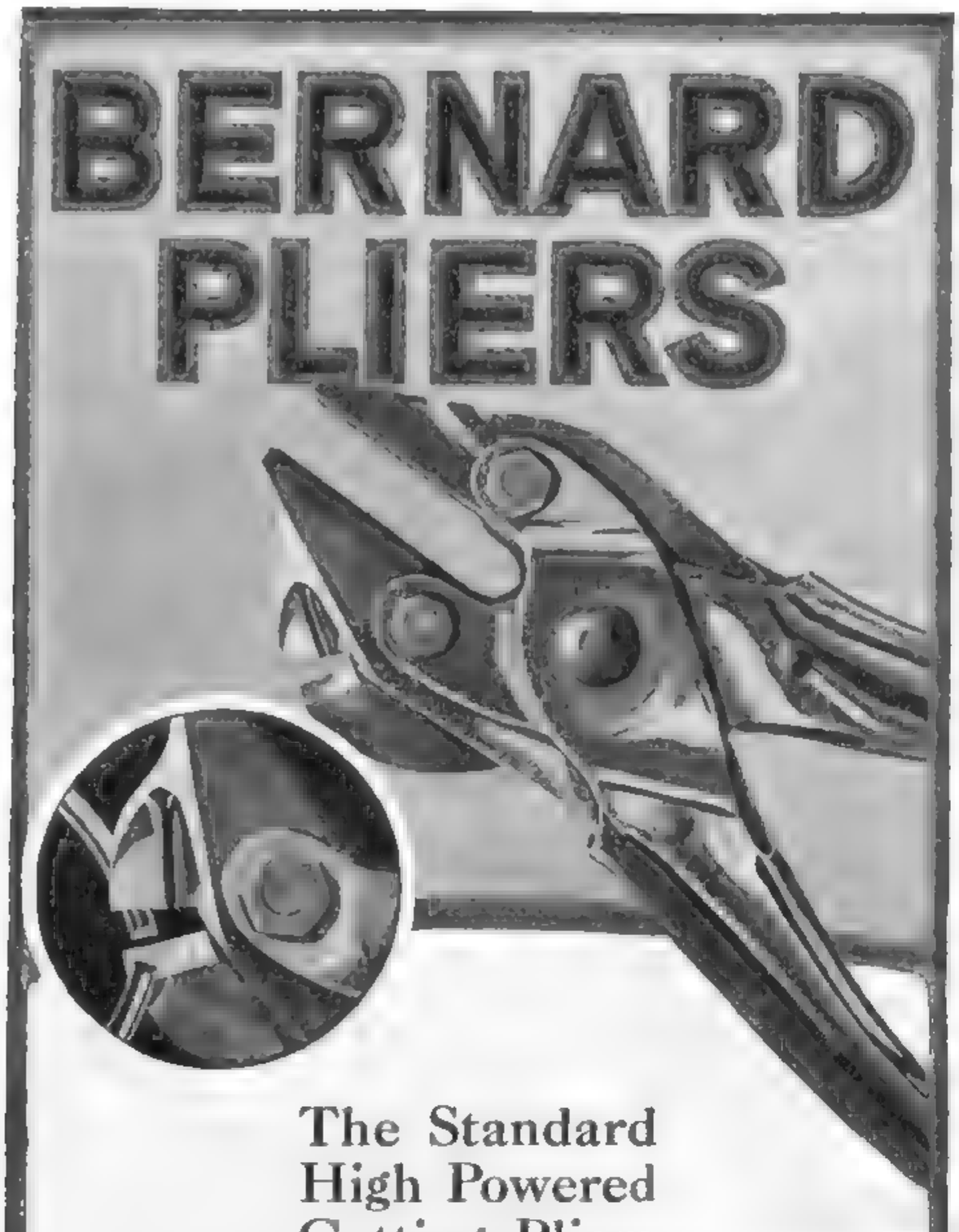

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TALE THAT IS TOLD

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and British colonies in Africa and British colonies in America, with the Asiatic Mohammedan policy of England, made necessary by British colonies in Asia and Africa, forced Great Britain to be most particular. Yet as a matter of fact, Great Britain came nearer than any other country to understanding America's aspiration for the League of Nations. France wanted protection from Germany; France wanted a superstate, a superarmy of a million men, and a supergeneral staff. And she wanted a neutral zone—a neutral country along the Rhine; and she wanted the Saar Valley outright and all sorts of material guaranties that the League of Nations would furnish her. Italy wanted the old Roman Empire, which first of all included the Dalmatian coast. And Japan wanted China—and China wanted to be let alone. Belgium wanted money from Germany—lots of money; and so did France for that matter, and neither could have it immediately, for Germany didn't have it—and Germany will not have it for years. And before March at the conference table everyone knew that France and Belgium were unhappy.

Now, with France and Belgium unhappy and England uneasy and Italy and Japan pushy and shovy, it was no place for a preacher's son. And there sat Woodrow Wilson, an unhappy little man with a noble idea stirring in his bosom—all dressed up and no place to go. He had great power. He had stirred the common people of Europe as no one has stirred them since Peter the Hermit. Yet the rulers of the actual governments of Europe held him in low esteem, and the American reporters were clamoring at him for the draft of the League of Nations—and he didn't have any draft.

Lord Cecil's Announcement

In 1916 the English elder statesmen, Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Parmoor and Lord Reading, had taken up the matter of a League of Nations with Colonel House, who took it up with President Wilson. A British draft was sent to the United States. It was read by Colonel House and by the President, each of whom sat down and knocked out an American expression of a League of Nations. Each put it in his desk among his private papers and then each forgot it when America got into the war.

And in Paris, though the newspaper correspondents were invited to read and discuss the French draft of the League of Nations and twice were invited to discuss the British draft of the League of Nations prepared by Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts, we never could get hold of the American draft. At the conference in Secretary Lansing's room every morning, regularly—like an order of the day—we asked and kept asking for the American draft. No commissioner had seen it; no one knew whether there was such a draft. Mr. Lansing at one time ventured to suggest that there might possibly be a draft later on, but the American draft never appeared. Neither did the President ever appear to the newspaper men except once. Then he talked very amiably about nothing in particular—and took the ship for home. That was in February. The preliminary form of the covenant had been adopted. We did not know what part of it was his, but we were given to understand that much of the language of the various sections—and particularly Article Ten—was of his drafting.

We had a curious impression of the President as being a lonely man. No one knew much about him, least of all his commissioners—excepting Colonel House at times. Often in our conference with the commissioners we would ask for the most obvious information—news from their own committees—and they couldn't supply it. It was a one-man commission.

"Ask the President," Mr. Lansing would always respond when we talked about the American covenant, about the American disposition, about the American feeling concerning any point supposed to be under consideration in the growth of the league covenant.

Yet each of the commissioners had his job to do and his particular interest in the business of the day. General Bliss was more interested in progressive disarmament than in anything else. Commissioner White was vastly occupied in the diplomatic phases of the situation. When the French protested that Germany was sending men of lower rank to receive the terms of the Peace Conference, Commissioner White was exceedingly perturbed, for he knew that when the French carried the point and insulted the Germans by making them send men of higher rank, men of higher rank might not be put aside without discussion and that a debate would follow the high-and-mighty attitude of the French. And Commissioner White was right—the debate did follow.

If the French had allowed Germany to send messenger boys instead of worrying at the insult of messenger boys, peace might have come a month earlier. Secretary Lansing seemed almost as solitary as the President, for he evidently didn't have the President's confidence very much and was unsure about his goings and his comings.

In fact, no one in the commission was sure of anything. While the President was absent in America the whole American commission agreed with the other peace commissioners that there should be two documents—a treaty and a league covenant. The American commissioners sent Colonel House down to Brest to notify the President what they had done. The matter was signed, sealed and delivered. It took the President three minutes on Friday at Brest to annul the whole agreement between his commissioners and the Peace Conference and to declare that there would be one document and only one.

Saturday morning the French, feeling that they could win the President over, announced that there would be two documents.

Saturday night Colonel House told us that there would be one document.

Sunday morning the French again insisted that there would be two—and then a funny thing happened.

Tuesday we American newspaper men were all summoned to meet Lord Robert Cecil and discuss his later draft of the League of Nations. We went up to the Hotel Astoria, the British headquarters, where we found Lord Robert—a tall, Lincoln-faced, raw-boned, highly cultivated, rather sophisticated person—who innocently discussed the various phases of the league without telling us why he called us.

Then some inquisitive reporter said: "What about separating the covenant and the treaty?"

Without batting an eye or moving a muscle of his fine sensitive face Lord Robert Cecil said: "I am authorized to say on behalf of the British delegation that there will be but one document."

Loyal Colonel House

Then we knew the purpose of the meeting. In some horse trade or other back of the scenes in the secret place of the most high the President had made some sort of a dicker with the British to desert the French in the matter of the two documents, and the announcement was made in that way. After that the French never squeaked again about the separation of the league and the treaty. Probably Colonel House put the deal through.

Colonel House has one strong quality which ties him to the President with ribs of steel. Colonel House is loyal. The President requires loyalty. He can get along without friendship and he can get along without talent—he can get along without many qualities of heart and mind in his associates, but he demands loyalty, and Colonel House always will be loyal. He is the world's best compromiser. "Give us this day our daily compromise" is his morning prayer. At one time he compromised the Fiume thing with the Italians, and the President kicked it over, issued his famous letter, and for a few weeks Colonel House was in outer darkness. The light of the Face was turned from him. But it returned and in due course—always to find the loyal heart of Colonel House busy in the President's behalf.

Colonel House, by the way, always was candid, truthful and well-informed in his relations with the newspaper men. Every evening at six o'clock he gathered ten or a dozen about him and told them the truth about the day's work—the exact truth, the

(Continued on Page 161)

"The drink of intellectuals"

COFFEE

About the middle of the 17th century coffee was introduced into England, and almost immediately—"Coffee houses became news-centers, where the intelligent men of the times gathered to learn of happenings, literary and political, and to discuss public affairs. Here daily gathered the wits, poets, essayists, statesmen, and philosophers."

TO-DAY, wherever there are good homes and good housewives,—there is *coffee*. It provides a cheerful "Good morning" to millions of Americans. It may properly be called the "universal drink."

Who among us can find words fittingly to portray the extreme *goodness* of coffee,—its fragrance, its aroma,—its appealingly piquant and appetizing flavor? Nothing in the world is like it!

It is the only flavor that is pleasing to *everybody*. It has won the heart of a big nation,—it has become a part of the daily life of millions of devotees. Truly—a grand good gift of Nature!

And now, coffee is destined to play a still greater part in our national life. No other beverage has the wonderful aroma, the smacking goodness, the charm and the appeal that coffee has.

It is the festive drink, the cheerful drink, the friendly drink, the family drink—the healthful drink.

Coffee—*the universal drink*

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(Continued from Page 158)

whole truth and nothing but the truth, indicating what might wisely be printed, and no one ever betrayed his confidence. He was not always in agreement with the President, but he always was able to explain and defend the President. And he was always running presidential errands and doing them well.

After loyalty, competence is Colonel House's second virtue. It is easy to understand how he holds favor with Woodrow Wilson. There is not the friendship between the men that there was between Hanna and McKinley. One doesn't feel the friendly relation. When McKinley died Hanna was deeply moved—he wept. It is hardly probable that any tears would ever be shed or any emotional rise would be perceptible as a result of the relations between Wilson and House. Yet, probably House has more influence with Wilson than Hanna had with McKinley, even though House is not so strong a man as Hanna was.

The newspaper men, however, did not get their best impressions of the President from Colonel House, but from Ray Stannard Baker, who had charge of publicity for the American Peace Commission. There can be no doubt that Mr. Baker was closer to the President than any other man in the Peace Conference. He was with him every day and clearly had his confidence, and we reporters had access to Baker every hour of the working day. And we felt that Baker was upon better terms with the President than any other man in Paris. He came more nearly being intimate, if such a phrase may ever be used about as remote a man as Woodrow Wilson. And it is to the President's everlasting credit that the intimacy, or such a substitute for intimacy as could exist between the President and the chief of publicity, left Mr. Baker unshaken in his faith in Woodrow Wilson, the man.

Baker is no courtier. He owed the President nothing, he asked the President nothing—and served him well. He was with him daily—sometimes many times daily—during the whole ordeal in Europe, and kept faith in Wilson, the man. During the days when the President was fighting a lone fight—and there were many of those days after he returned to Paris from America in March—Baker gave us the impression that the President was a rather sad, disillusioned but determined man. And for days before the Shantung thing took place some of us who knew Baker well could not help but feel that the President was in his Gethsemane. He had allowed himself to be outplayed and euchred into a place where he had to do what he thought was a wise thing, even though it was a wrong thing. And his perturbation was reflected in Baker's face.

"The Moving Finger Having Writ"

We newspaper men felt that behind the everlasting screen which hid the great drama from us a tragedy was passing, and it was none the less poignant for us because we could not see the actors or hear their words.

Yet the President, who was naturally our source of biggest news, was most human, for all his vagueness and remoteness. He made most human mistakes and he added to the gayety of the cynical group of the American newspaper correspondents one day by taking his pen in hand and writing the following exquisitely characteristic letter to Frank Simonds:

"*My dear Mr. Simonds:* I must not allow the rush of these days to prevent my turning aside at least for a moment to express my very deep appreciation of the fine support you are giving to the things that are worth while in this great settlement we are trying to effect. Your approval and support are of the greatest service and I do not want to wait any longer to let you know that I am sincerely grateful."

Now if there was one man in our group who took a fiendish delight in knocking the President, that man was Frank Simonds. He didn't agree with anything the President was doing or trying to do. He didn't believe in the League of Nations, he didn't believe in a conciliatory peace. He didn't believe in the President's absent-minded way of "thinking without words" on international matters. Simonds is a Yankee materialist. And whatever persuaded the President to write the letter that he did was beyond the imagination of the boys in the press room.

Simonds was writing for a hundred American newspapers through a syndicate. And a few days after he had the letter from the President, comes this cable from his syndicate:

"Canadian papers angry at your attacks on Lloyd George, Democratic papers denouncing your abuse of Wilson."

The cable indicated that the Republican papers also were angry about something—I forget what.

Simonds showed the cable to his fellow workers and with it showed the President's letter; and there was a sound of revelry by night. Simonds promptly cabled back the President's indorsement and it in turn was telegraphed back to the Democratic papers, which were told that if Simonds' attitude satisfied the President it ought to satisfy Southern Democrats. And then cables began dropping into the President's office asking him why in the name of all the gods at once he had written the Simonds letter. And he didn't know why, so he tried to get it back. But "the moving finger having writ," he was unable to recall it.

The truth is that we reporters had our class consciousness. When our masters wrote or cabled their unhappiness at our policy we sought the companionship of our kind, displayed the cables and damned the owners and after having clanked our chains we merrily went on as before. We were absolutely independent. We organized as American newspaper men and twice threatened—by all the polite implications known to the craft—to strike and send no news if the Peace Conference ignored our demands, and each time we carried our point; once when we demanded open sessions and got the letter but not the spirit, and again in April, when we asked that the press be admitted to the room where the Germans received the peace treaty. And we made our demands not as requests, but as formal demands after the conference had resolved on another policy and openly announced it. But after our demands the conference reversed itself.

The Lucky Five

And in these matters the American reporters took the lead and sometimes went quite alone—to the consternation and horror of the European press. When we won the European press jeered at the conference. But we won, because that group of seventy-five American reporters more or less were free men, representing an essentially free press—probably the freest press in the world.

When we were admitted to the room where the Germans heard their fate five reporters from each nationality were chosen. We picked two of our five men by lot and assigned the remaining three allotted to us to the three press associations. The two men were Richard Oulahan of the New York Times and Hayden of the Detroit News. They were in honor bound not to cable their own newspapers that they were in the room and were required to come to the meeting of the other American reporters and tell their story before writing the account of the reception of the treaty for their own newspapers. The two reporters faithfully performed their obligations and gave us such a detailed account of what happened in the room where the Germans received the treaty that no one in America knew at the time that but five men from the American press were allowed in the room. Probably the Detroit News and the New York Times have been too honorable to brag about it. Our newspapers have rather few rules of ethics, but what they have are well kept.

The thing that held us together chiefly probably was a good camaraderie. Every day we rounded up in a press room, where Ray Stannard Baker presided. In this room we found all the official communications from the conference and from various branches of the conference. Here were the typed copies of speeches or orders, of all sorts of aspirations of all sorts of groups and cliques and cabals, dumped upon the press of the world—the largest chunk of "as follows" stuff that ever was assembled. Daily in this room we met and exchanged views—for the most part, there was not enough difference in our views for any great exchange. There was a gorgeous unanimity about our commission from America. We all realized that it was top-heavy.

Other nations had sent their best—three and four and five of them. England's

Quaker Flour

A Million Now Enjoy It

Yes, We Make Flour

The Quaker Oats Company is making a Flour. It's a super-grade Flour, as you'll expect—made for the millions who love Quaker quality.

This is the Story

We have for decades made superlative cereal foods. The lovers of good things the world over enjoy them.

We felt that these folks would also like a premier grade of Flour. So we built a model mill, and told our experts to create the finest Flour that science could produce.

Then They Did This:

They fixed a standard by which they use only one-half of the wheat kernel.

They installed a laboratory and a bakery in the mill, to watch the Flour constantly by analyses and tests.

In the course of time they thus attained an extraordinary Flour.

Women Welcomed It

Never before has a flour, we think, received such royal welcome.

As soon as grocers stocked it housewives by the thousands bought it. And they learned how flours can differ.

Users told others, and now a million folks enjoy it. Four great mills make it, and their daily capacity is 10,000 barrels.

Ask your grocer for a sack. Have him get it if he lacks it. Quaker Flour is the sort of flour you want.

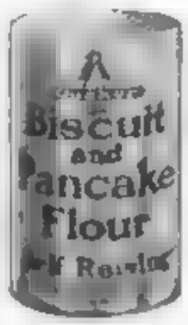
The Quaker Oats Company

Mills at Akron, Ohio; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills, to conform to Government requirements, we use more than one-half of the wheat kernel

1237

Quaker Biscuit Flour



A special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It is self-raising. The sealed round packages with tops keep it ever-fresh.

Use Quaker Biscuit Flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc. In such foods it excels bread flour.

Quaker Farina

A fancy Farina without a fancy price. It is inner wheat—the choicest 50 per cent—in granulated form. A finer grade is impossible. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. The granulations add enticements to such foods.

It works for you but feeds itself—

it's safety-sealed

New Parker Patent Clip Held in Place Like a Washer 25c

20,000 dealers sell Parker Fountain Pens

PARKER PEN COMPANY
Janesville Wisconsin
New York Retail and Service Store, Singer Building

delegation was splendidly balanced. No one man ever spoke for them. Italy had three big men, and France also had a fine delegation. Our delegation was eleven thousand strong—two figures and three ciphers.

But we reporters also knew why it was that our delegation was weak. It was weak because of the strength of the President. He is big as an individual, but not large as a teamworker. He could not have functioned with Taft, Root and Roosevelt—and the British delegation was manned by such a British group.

President Wilson cannot endure personal criticism or strong personal opposition. He likes intellectual men and feminine women—never masculine men and brainy women. You must approach him on tiptoe and with courtesy. The man who walks into the presidential presence on his heels with a protruding jaw has a scant welcome at the White House—and the President could not stomach him in France. We knew this, talked of it at our newspaper headquarters, and nevertheless all of us were for the President. He inspired our respect, even if he did not give us his confidence.

For no one could see the President at the Peace Conference without being impressed first of all by his sincerity; second by his fundamental wisdom—wisdom deeper than common shrewdness, more profound even than the practical thing called sagacity; and third even his enemies had to admit that he was courageous. But it was a public kind of courage.

We used to have an Emporia statesman who would agree to anything in conference up in Room 473 of the hotel just before the convention met and we thought we had him. But the old rooster would get into the convention and exhibit a degree of moral rectitude and moral courage that was surprising. We used to call him Old Fly-the-Coop

Well, Wilson was like that. He was of no first importance in conference. As a member of the Committee of Five or of the Council of Ten he was no stronger than the others. But with the people, in his public utterances, he was splendid. And he had curious ebbs and flows of popularity. In December he was at high tide. He could have overturned every government in Europe by waving his hand. This is no figure of speech. It is literally true, and apparently some of the ruling samurai thought he was going to do it.

Almost Teddiferous

Clémenceau sneered at Wilson in public and snapped at him in private. The British High Command in politics had to acquire a taste for him and it puckered their mouths a bit. But they did acquire it. In Italy they put it up on him. Much of the ovation President Wilson got in Italy was staged. The socialists were sincere. But take them from the mobs that greeted him and the rest was claque—claque intended to wheedle him out of certain Fiume ideas which the fine Italian hand had felt upon his person as they were kissing him at the station.

And the President was fooled by it. He almost forgot himself and had a good time. He was as natural and happy in Italy as he is at a theater in Washington. He stood up in his box one Sunday evening—and he a Presbyterian, but we do certainly go the gaits when we get away from the old home town—well, he stood up in his box one Sunday evening at Milan and led the orchestra at the opera. More than that, he threw kisses—Mrs. Wilson was there so it was all right except for that Sunday part—threw kisses at the crowd. He was all but Teddiferous in his conduct. For the tide of glory was washing in and it gave him thrills as it lapped the back of his neck and set him teetering. But it went out with a swish—this tide of glory—and when he went home in February the European press handed him his hat with rather too much enthusiasm. There was an apocryphal story in press headquarters that the Old Man—curiously we called him the Old Man, though some of us were not so much younger—had served notice on the French that if they did not quit snapping at him through their press he would take his conference to London. Probably it was not true—this story of the turning worm—but the fact that the story carried the words "his conference" is the significant thing about it. Everyone recognized that it was, after all, an American show. For we were Scotty from the Mohave Desert in Europe, scattering our money about, riding into cafés on horseback, lighting our cigars with hundred-dollar bills and inviting Europe to come up and have one on us. So it really was the President's conference. Every European nation was borrowing from us, and your Uncle Sam was a bully boy with a glass eye over there, even when the French press—which is a government-subsidized press—was jeering openly at the President and his lofty dreams.

In passing, it must be said that our European experience was the old, old experience of a man who had five dollars and a good friend and when he lent the five dollars to his good friend both were gone! America is the world's hated creditor now, and we can hear all the mean things of ourselves that our souls need by listening round the corners in Europe.

But to return to the President: When he came back to Europe in March only the plug-hat crowd met him at the station—the pallbearers as it were. And he had the distinguished humiliation of hearing the French press patronize him. It was awful! He knew it! And he knew that the American newspaper men knew it. The situation was slimy with embarrassment. So he sat down at the conference table again, rather wearily, certainly disillusioned, and yet not much wiser than he was a few weeks before, for the game had been set up against him.

A Sad Business

All the dirty work that had been held in abeyance during the first two months of the conference—more or less out of politeness—was done while the President was in America; and the players sat waiting for his return. He was no match for the crowd he faced at that table. He was not thinking in their terms. He did not understand them; they had no time to bother with him. It was as if a man sat down at a card-table with players he scarcely knew, with cards he could not comprehend, playing a game whose rules were beyond him and who was playing for different stakes from the others. Then came the message sending for the George Washington, and so low was the Wilson stock that the British carelessly—or deliberately—let the message repose two days in London in transmission, so that when it was announced in Paris it was denied in Washington for the very good reason that it had not arrived in Washington. After that the Fiume gesture was made by the Italians and the Japanese forced Shantung upon the President. It was sad business!

But the newspaper men were anything but sad: the French saw to it that the American newspaper men had something to think of besides their wrongs. All up and down the battlefields they took us in special trains, in big comfortable motor cars and stuffed us with rich food the while. There were banquets and luncheons and breakfasts of ceremony. One night Frank Simonds had to stand up and make a speech to a French governor of Lorraine—or possibly Alsace—at that time of night and stage of the water one never can be sure which—and Simonds used his purest Bostonese three-X special Down East lingo, scintillating like a vinegar cruet in a country hotel. And up gets the governor and bops at Mr. Simonds in purest Alsace. And as the French applauded Simonds we applauded the Frenchman, while the blue Alsatian Mountains sang together for joy!

It is only fair to say that the next day down in Colmar I stood up and made a speech at a luncheon to General Gouraud which he did not understand, and he made a speech at me which I did not understand, so we shook hands warmly and smiled as intelligently as if both of us did not know we were a brace of lying hypocrites for pretending to comprehend one another. I know I said that the Germans seemed to have won the war, and told a story about a Kansas politician which was funny enough in Kansas but which must have been weird in Lorraine. But each of us had his crowd with him, and the general might even have attacked the sacred Bull Moose platform in his speech to me, or questioned the divinity of the inspiration of prohibition for all I knew, and for all I could have done about it.

The Italians took a trainload of American newspaper men down to the Dalmatian coast and filled them up with sweet champagne, so that they came home vowing awful oaths to wrest Dalmatia from the tyrant's hand—all but Lawrence Abbott,

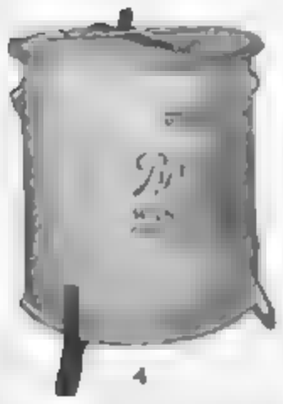
(Concluded on Page 185)

2

Guardene Soda and Acid Fire Extinguisher—required in many risks by insurance and other regulations. 24 inches high.

3

Guardene Pump Tank. Capacity 5 gallons. A powerful pump will throw a stream 50 feet. Inside coated with asphaltum. Can be furnished with a non-freezing solution. 27 inches high.



4

Pyrene Oily Waste Can. 13 to 20½ inches high.

Guardene 21-gal. Soda and Acid Chemical Engine. Expressly designed for factory use. Can be moved through narrow aisles and operated in confined spaces.

(Photo. by Social Press Assn., New York)

1

Pyrene Fire Extinguisher, effective on all kinds of fires, particularly gasoline and oil

Pyrene Fire Fighting Devices Prevent Big Fires

October 9th is National Fire Prevention Day, when every American citizen is expected to do his part to eliminate unnecessary fire hazards.

In spite of all precautions fires will occur—in 1918, $300,000,000 property loss and 15,000 lives.

Cut down this loss.

Here are five great aids:

1. Pyrene 1 quart Fire Extinguisher.
2. Guardene Soda and Acid Fire Extinguisher.
3. Guardene Pump Tank.
4. Pyrene Oily Waste Can.
5. Guardene Chemical Engine.

Each one is an enemy of fire—each designed for the single purpose of cutting down the great fire loss every year.

Your home, your car, your boat, your factory—the railroad coach or the street car in which you ride, anywhere, anything that can burn should be protected by one or more of these five great aids.

They are Pyrene guaranteed

Write for Fire Prevention Booklet and Catalog

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO.
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York

CHICAGO KANSAS CITY
SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA

Pyrene Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal, P. Q.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

This record has been approved and autographed by Tom Brown for the original Six Brown Brothers.

Get this Emerson Six Brown Brothers record today

THE Six Brown Brothers, known to fame, have joined our growing ranks—we called them on the Saxo-"phone", and said, "Your merry pranks made one big hit—no doubt of it!—with Freddie Stone in "Chin Chin." We want you now to play for *us*—to say *No* would be sin-sin!"

And they said they would!

This is the first of our Six Brown Brothers records. Get this 10-inch Emerson today. You can almost feel the individuality of these famous laugh-makers. And how you can dance to it.

Emerson takes the latest songs and dances the day they become hits and brings them out on the instant—a quick flowing, year-round stream of the music eight out of ten Americans love to hum and whistle.

Ask your dealer to play the latest Emerson hits for you—without charge. If the record bears the Emerson label you will be listening to a hit the country will soon be dancing to and singing.

Emerson Records

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Inc.

Makers of large-size Gold Seal Records

DEALERS tired of not having on hand what people want, and when they want it, and at the right price, are invited to get in touch with our head office, 3 West 35th Street, New York.

No. 1055
Carolina Sunshine Waltz
Saxophone Sextette
By the Six Brown Brothers

Peter Gink One-Step
Saxophone Sextette
By the Six Brown Brothers

PLAY ON ALL PHONOGRAPHS—NO ATTACHMENTS

Emerson Records

(Concluded from Page 162)

who did not drink, and therefore took the Italian end of it and was as cross as a bear for weeks after with the boys in the press room. Walter Weyl—also a virtuous soul—reacted similarly.

Italy some day will wake up to the evils of drink!

But of course we all have our idiosyncrasies. The French must have regarded us American newspaper men as queer fish. We did not respond reasonably to any sort of treatment, good or bad—though they rarely tried bad treatment on us. They garroted us with kindness; gave us concerts—good concerts, as, for instance, Mozart Quartet, evenings with French folk song, banquets with exquisite chamber music afterward which presumed highly upon our musical taste and otherwise insidiously flattered us. Moreover they housed us at a gilded palace built by a French Rufus Wallingford who had a seven-devil lust for nude women, so he had them carved in storied urn and animated bust all over the house, in statues and basreliefs and gargoyles. And so animated and universal were those aforesaid busts that the impious American reporters called the place of our official entertainment The House of a Thousand Mammals, only they did not use the word mammals; instead they chose what the Colonel would call the short and ugly word!

And if we had our idiosyncrasies and the French and Italians had theirs, so had the English theirs. The world does not know—but it may just as well be printed here for the first time—that the reason why the Council of Ten was cut down to The Five was that Lloyd George talked too much when there were ten about. Ten did not mean just ten. Ten men, ten plenipotentiaries and from two to four heralds, outriders, stenos and retainers, so that when the Ten sat during January and February there was an audience of forty or more, and that was too much for a man of an oratorical temperament. Lloyd George could not "take it or let it alone." He took it, and hours were spent listening to him scrunch his heel on the neck of tyrants. And the French had to say something, and so did the Italians—so time got cheap and the audience had to be barred.

No Chatterbox

Whatever our other faults—and, of course, they were many and obvious—it could not be said that we talked too much in the conference. Our President is anything but a chatterbox, and we had no man on the delegation much more loquacious than an Indian—and here is another idiosyncrasy that escaped the cable. The President had a curious penchant or feeling or hunch or craving or what you will in favor of the number Thirteen. He had it always for his motor-car tag in some combination and he liked to conjure with the calendar to make things come out on the thirteenth—that may have caused the others some irritation, but he did not talk them stiff.

He really did not talk enough in the conference probably; or at least we reporters felt that he was not talking sufficiently in the indicative and imperative moods. He was forever snooping about in the subjunctive, depleting the force and emphasis of his remarks, with "maya" and "mights" and "possiblys" and "perhapses." The reporters believed that the situation required large jagged red damns, but he did not give a damn—at least he seemed never to in public, and so no mellow traditions cluster about our President; such, for instance, as cling about the memory of Foch, who broke out one day in the Council of Five with a barrage of French profanity and declared they could not make him a letter box. They wanted him to go to Poland and tell the Polish generals how to fight the Bolsheviks or some neighboring cattle who were horning down the boundaries made and established by the conference.

Lloyd George had his moments of emotion. Once he told M. Clémenceau in the presence of Klotz, the French Minister of Finance, that the financial history of France was as dark a chapter in the history of the war as the deeds of Lenine and Trotzky, alluding, of course, to the French refusal to clap an income and inheritance tax on their rich and their war profiteers to pay the expenses of the war. At another time Premier Hughes of Australia, who dearly desired the German colonies in the Pacific, stalked majestically out of the conference, with attendants and the secretaries streaming after him wringing their hands, because he had to forgo his wish.

The Center of Interest

Hughes, by the way, is a fine old colonial piece—solid mahogany—deaf as a post, smart as a Yankee horse trader and much more than nine-tenths honest. He and Lord Northcliffe hatched up a great scheme for a preferential tariff for Great Britain and her colonies. Their idea was to put a high tariff wall round England with holes for her colonies. It was a fine talking point for the colonies, but British labor, which has rather a low opinion of the British colonies, regarding them as soft snaps for second sons, would have none of the preferential imperial tariff; so it fell by the wayside.

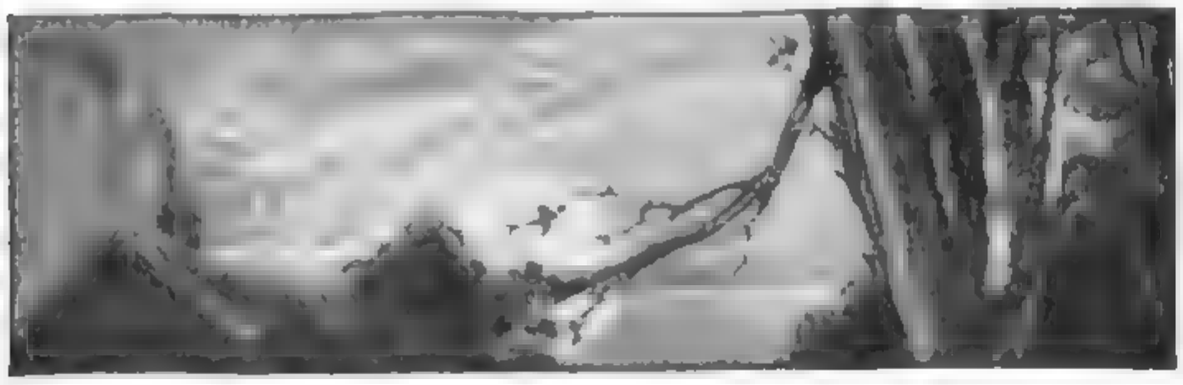
Now all these things were gossip—not news—and we could not burden the cables with them. Perhaps they are not worth telling even now, as fond recollection recalls them to view. But history may need a bit here or a bit there to piece out the puzzle of the conference. It is indeed a tale that is told—this conference story—and yet even though but a tale which we little understood who told it, still it was the story of the greatest event in history for two thousand years.

No battle upon this planet ever was so important as that queer, wild, often stupid, generally meaningless succession of events which led up to the formation of the League of Nations.

This particular league may fail—probably will fail—but it is the real beginning of an understanding which shall unite the world in peace. Yet it was not well staged. It was as sordid as a state political convention and miserably like one—this great Peace Conference. The real interest was not on the floor of the convention, but in Room 305 of the Crillon—Colonel House's room. He might well have been the railroad attorney bossing the nomination and vetoing the highbrow stuff in the platform. The delegates were forever whispering about—nothing important, but just using stage whispers to talk about the weather.

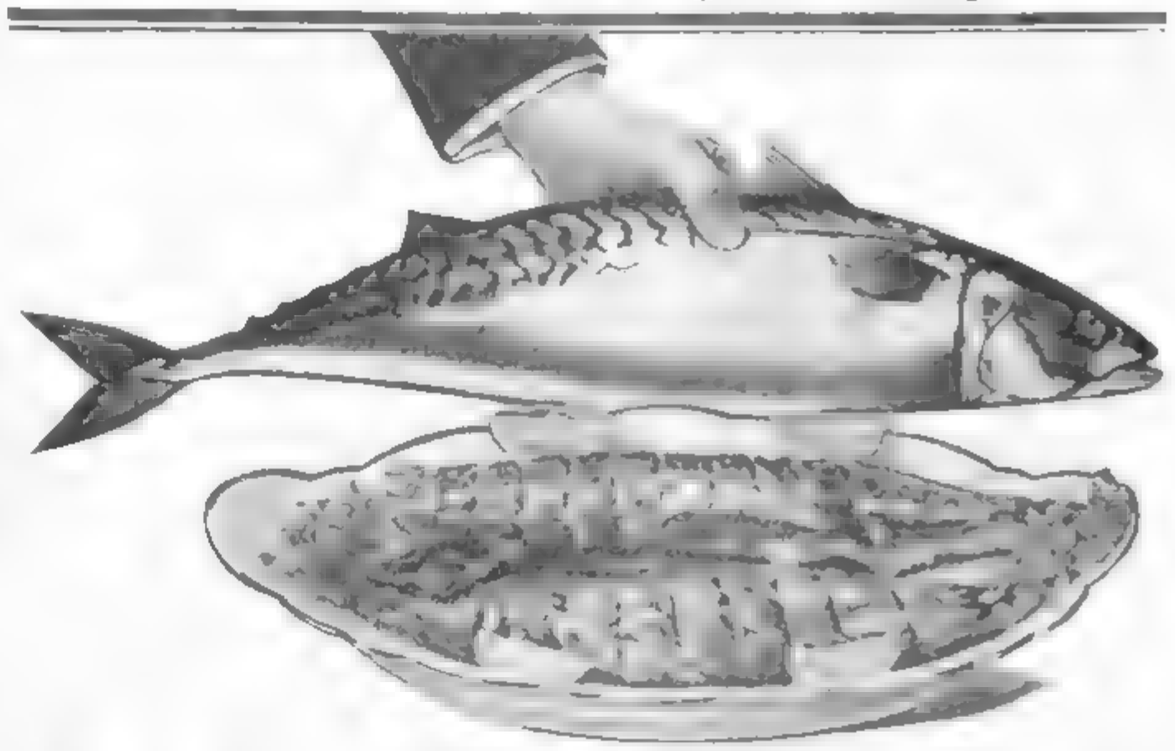
We reporters were forever putting two and two together to make six, squeezing significance out of the fact that Bonar Law and Wilson conferred or that House and Lloyd George met after dinner or that the Rhenish-Republic idea was traded off for the French-Anglo-American treaty.

Yet out of the whole swapping compromising deal in chips and whetstones, in geography and boundaries and trade circles, the purpose of humanity did rise, did find an expression—not clear, not very wise or brave, but definite and sure enough to be unmistakably there—the purpose deep in the human heart to abolish sooner or later and then forever the vast organized business of human butchery and lust called war. That even we of the cynical profession saw and respected and tried feebly to interpret. And now that it is a part of history, now that it is a tale that is told—this Peace Conference—possibly we who tried to tell it may find that our unrelated scraps, our hodge-podge of gossip and misinformation, may furnish the jewels from which the basic of history shall be pictured by some artist in another day.



Salt Mackerel

Direct from the fishing boats to you



The Best *Fish* Meal *Ever!*

Try this fat, juicy mackerel AT MY EXPENSE

Folks, here's a real treat from Gloucester. A pail of fat, newly-packed mackerel especially selected for their color and flavor. You will surely relish these temptingly-good fish. These Davis' mackerel are yours to try, on request. Send no money—I'll forward the fish on approval and take all the risk myself.

Frank E. Davis.
President

It Takes a Fisherman to Pick Out Good Fish

For generations back my people were fish-folks—the early settlers of Gloucester. I used to go to sea in my father's vessel after the mackerel. Little did I think then that what I learned about fish was ever going to be of real value to my friends or to me in a business way. If I hadn't learned what I did at sea the "Davis Folks" all over America would not write me as they do today: "Mr. Davis, we cannot get mackerel anywhere like yours." I've built up business with 100,000 homes. It's a joy to do business with home folks and to hold their confidence and good-will.

Our Own Home Kind

In those fishing days, father naturally picked out the best mackerel to take home for winter. We picked out the plump ones. I came to know them at a glance. The meat when broiled is very tender and juicy. I sent friends some of my fish. And what they said about them made me realize how hard it is for people away from the seashore to get the *right kind* of fish. The secret is picking 'em out. The kind of mackerel father taught me to select for our winter's supply are the kind I will send to you. We clean and trim them of heads and tails and send full net weight of clear fish.

Fall Mackerel—Fat and Tender

Fall mackerel are the best eating fish. They're fat in the Fall, like a Turkey fattened for Thanksgiving. Most of the fish your dealer can buy are caught during the spring and summer when they are spawning and are, therefore, dry and tasteless. I have all I can do to supply my home customers without selling dealers. You can trade with me just as you do with your home grocer or butcher. And everything I send, delivered right to your door, by express or parcel post, is sent subject to your complete satisfaction or you do not pay for it. Is there any squarer way to do business than that? For 34 years this has been my steadfast policy.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Mail the coupon today and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 lbs. net weight of the clear fish, each fish weighing from 1¼ lbs. to 1½ lbs., all charges prepaid, east of Kansas, so that your family will have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then, if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense. If you are pleased with them, and I'm sure you will be, send me $4.90. At the same time ask for descriptive list of Davis' fish. Sold only direct—never to dealers. Mail the coupon now, with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Right from the fishing boats to you.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.,
258 Central Wharf,
Gloucester, Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co., 258 Cen'l Wh'f, Gloucester, Mass.

Yes, your mackerel are worth trying, anyhow. Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing ten pounds net weight of Davis' mackerel from 1¼ to 1½ lbs. each. If after trying a fish, I don't care for them, I'll return the rest at your expense and not owe you anything. Otherwise I'll send you $4.90 in 10 days.

Name_____

Street

City _____ State

Business or reference

When a Man finds a Towel that *Dries*—

"WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN— SAME OLD SCRATCHY TOWELS. I WISH THE COMPANY—
—WOULD THINK A LITTLE MORE ABOUT US EMPLOYEES! HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? SCOTTISSUE?
SEEN 'EM ADVERTISED— SOFT, WHITE AND SAY— THEY DRY!!
LET'S SEE HOW THEY GO ON THE FACE — OH BOY! SOFT AS SILK
REMEMBER THOSE OLD YELLOW THINGS? THEY WOULDN'T DRY ANY MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER—
HEY JACK— WE'VE GOT SCOTTISSUE TOWELS NOW!"

—you can't satisfy him with imitations.

Scottissue Towel

is the original—
the kind that
Dries—

Write us for a test installation

"For Use Once By One User"

Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa.

New York Chicago
San Francisco

Scottissue Products for Personal Hygiene.

BWANA POOR

(Continued from Page 42)

This threat was greeted with a sustained roar of laughter along the table, through which Bwana Poor reiterated with increasing uncertainty: "I will! I will! In half a mo' I will!" Until at last he, too, to save his dignity, joined the majority. Afterward he strode off with Motley to the beach, arguing bitterly.

In the season the great gathering place at Durban is along the beach.

Magnificent hotels occupy the terraces behind it. A beach drive skirts it. There are tea houses, bathing pavilions, thousands of canopied chairs, band stands, little shops characteristic of watering places, and a promenade. Along this trail I camped with many friends.

I gorged myself with delicious cakes, white rolls and sweet drinks on sale in the tea places; and my eyes were never tired watching the spectacle of fair women, pink-and-white of complexion, with sparkling eyes and dressed with the cool bright freshness of American girls. More fascinating even than these for a while were the plump roly-poly little children—scampering about, tumbling in the sands, shrieking in the waves, their little pink bodies all smiles and dimples. Not having seen such marvels for a matter of years, they appeared as awe-inspiring revelations, filling us with a mingled sensation of gentleness and devotion. A happy young mother and child seemed to us the perfection of God's grace, and settled completely and forever any doubt we may have had as to a man's sacrifice in time of war.

The light in Bwana Poor's eyes as he watched the procession was like a beacon, blazing with joy and inspiration as it fell upon the mothers and their children. He took to himself in imagination some reflection of the happiness that seemed to be theirs. As for Motley, he regarded this side of the show as a matter of course; but the humor in him turned caustic and his eyes at times smoldered dangerously.

One day as we lolled in chairs by the beach drive I happened indifferently to mention the name of a young English officer whom we both had known. I wanted to know what had become of him.

"Oh, he's done for!" said Motley.

"Killed?"

"No."

"He didn't get into trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no! He went out clean enough."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, they say he has leprosy. They sent him off to the island, anyway. There's glory and honor and a brave man's end for you!"

As he pronounced these words Motley's expression underwent a remarkable change. Then he leaped from his chair and proceeded to walk with calm and affected deliberation across the drive directly in the path of a magnificent red roadster that came bowling rapidly and smoothly toward us. It was impossible for the driver to swerve aside; he was obliged to bring his machine to an abrupt halt, while Motley, hardly a foot from the fender, continued to stroll nonchalantly on his way, apparently utterly indifferent to the presence of the car, though we knew well enough that his ears were keen for the slightest expression of invective from the driver and his whole soul ready on the instant to resent it.

I was exasperated, because any accident to Motley under the circumstances was bound to precipitate an unpleasant situation involving us all; and then I noticed on the other side of the road Bwana Poor, half raised from his chair, his sun-bleached eyes fixed on the driver with terrible intensity, his body rigid, poised ready to spring.

The moment passed. The car resumed its way, the driver staring straight ahead, very pale but with a sneering smile and an expression of supreme contempt on his countenance. It was my first chance to observe him.

To judge by report, however, Motley's opinion of him was substantially correct. My own emotion, with the picture fresh in mind of a comrade living-dead with leprosy as his sacrifice for his country, was one of utter repugnance. Lolling back, in a soft linen suit, his neatly cropped head bared to the sun, he presented a picture of one of those good-looking youths whose superficial attractiveness has been enhanced by a piquant suggestion of dissipation. Normally, women were interested in him, but under the circumstances men in khaki loathed him. Under the protection of their arms he lived in peace with plenty at his disposal and preyed upon their precious ones left to the loyal protection of those few whom necessity or duty obliged to remain at home. He was notorious in the city and a fixture on the promenade.

That night at mess the subject—strangely enough—was not mentioned, because the volatile Motley, struck by a new and stirring topic, had already almost forgotten the incident. More significant and entertaining to him was the fact that he had discovered Bwana Poor on the promenade chatting amiably, radiant of face and oblivious of all the world, with a charming and interested young mother, while on his lank knee he dandled her grimy and grinning offspring, a sardonic youth of four.

Bwana Poor stammered his indignation, but he could not deny the charge, and there was something in his countenance indicating that the mild impeachment did not wholly displease him.

Thenceforth he frankly devoted himself to the mother and her family; and in the process he underwent a marvelous change. He became actually smart in his appearance; he walked with a spring and his manner was confident and blithe. Someone overheard a stranger inquire: "Who is the swanky officer?" And the retelling of the remark called forth all Motley's rhetorical riches. Bwana Poor tried his best to appear solemnly indignant; but as a matter of fact his countenance beamed.

Playing the rôle of paterfamilias became him wonderfully.

He disported his lank figure in the waves, holding the howling youth by one hand, while he explained to the giggling mother the nature of small boys. He fed the boy bloated cream cakes and other gooey messes and led him about with sticky things in his pocket. If the boy wanted to ride the donkeys he rode; if the mother expressed a preference for a touring car she had the satisfaction of knowing that she, too, would ride, so long as Bwana Poor's rupees could be converted.

He took her to dinner, and bought choice seats for her at the theater, all the time treating her with a tender and gallant courtesy and suffering with exquisite happiness the extremely personal and brutal attentions of her offspring.

Answering a quip of Motley's one night, Bwana Poor looked at him with a whimsical expression and said:

"What are you talkin' about? It won't be long before you're leading one of your own."

"Please God!" said Motley lightly. "And there's still hope for you too, Bwana."

Bwana Poor flushed slowly and looked exceedingly self-conscious.

"Well, I'm not so sure," he said doubtfully. "But it must be rather fine to have a family of your own, eh?"

Several nights later I met Bwana Poor near one of the band stands, with his sardonic protégé bawling aloud for entertainment while my friend looked about with the distraught and harried air of a loving and abused parent. Not fancying the sardonic one, I edged away with a casual greeting.

"Have you seen the lady?" asked Bwana Poor hopefully. "I must have missed her. We were to meet here, you see; and the kid and I have been waiting for an hour and a half. Dashed silly, I call it!"

I hadn't seen her; but I promised to look.

Later I ran into Motley and I repeated the question. The storm signals promptly flew, and he answered with a query:

"Have you seen Bwana Poor?"

"I have! He's got the kid and he's patiently waiting for the mother—feeling like a grandmother and acting like an ass."

Motley looked at me a trifle too steadily.

"The mother's out riding," he said, "in the red roadster."

"Well?"

Motley was pale with rage. He stammered in his efforts to explain his feelings.

"Have you heard," I interrupted cynically, "that the transport is expected to leave in a day or two and we may go aboard to-morrow?"

He looked at me with intense disgust.

"Yank," he said, "you disappoint me. You're a machine. You may be a soldier,

(Concluded on Page 169)

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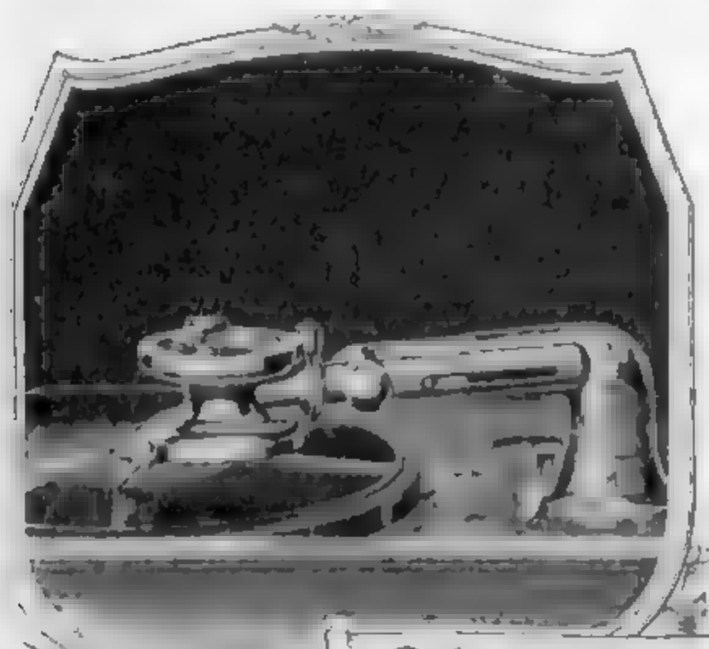

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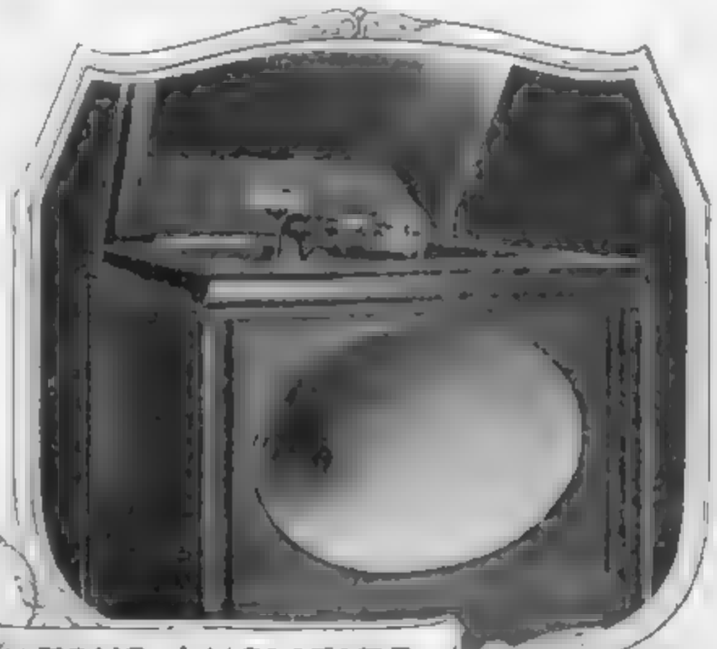

The TONE AMPLIFIER

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 166)

but there's something lacking. I can't leave this town, knowing that swine can do as he pleases here and no one with guts to stop it!"

"The war's not over," I reminded him. "They may want you in France. Fellows like that don't count, anyway."

"But someone's got to smash the swine," he insisted.

"Bwana Poor was right," I said. "If you get mixed up with him you'll be held over. That means you'll never get home! I tell you he's not worth it. Leave him to some local chap; someone will take care of him in time."

"But he's got Bwana Poor's girl!" shouted Motley. "Damn it all, Yank, can't you see it's the first bit of genuine domestic happiness that's come into that man's life for seventeen years? He's as guileless and happy as a pup. And this—this ——"

"What about me?" said Bwana Poor harshly from out the darkness.

We were silent for a moment, surprised, trying to assume an air of unconcern. But it was plain that Bwana Poor had heard and understood. With affected sarcasm Motley quickly exclaimed:

"You dashed suspicious beggar! You're always poking that long nose of yours into places where it doesn't belong."

"Never mind my nose!"

"Well, don't get it into trouble! Where's the brat? Have you thrown it overboard where it belongs? Of all the unprepossessing young devils! No wonder you like monkeys—if that's the gauge by which you judge youth and innocence."

"What were you saying about me?" persisted Bwana Poor, striding forward, his tall figure stiff with attention.

"Nothing to flatter you, you blinkin' ostrich," said Motley. "Run along and buy some sweets for the baby."

"Look here!" said Bwana Poor savagely. "If you make any trouble with that silly slacker I'll poke you in the nose—I will!"

"Never mind my nose! Get back to the family!"

"The family's riding. I heard you the first time," said Bwana Poor with an assumed air of indifference. "And it's none of your damned business!"

With similar recriminations we then parted, Motley ferociously determined to find the slacker and massacre him. He felt that it was his last chance. It was plain that the determination had become an obsession—that nothing could satisfy him until he had gripped the slacker in his hands. No lure I held out could lead him toward camp. I determined, therefore, to stick to him to keep him out of trouble—if possible. But I had no luck; he slipped me in a dark crowd and I could not locate him again.

After searching vainly for several hours, therefore, there seemed nothing for me to do but return to camp, get my belongings together and prepare for embarkation in the morning. It was long past midnight when Motley came in, dark and furious. He had not been able to find the slacker and his disappointment was genuine. This disappointment became a profanely expressed anxiety when he found that Bwana Poor had not returned to his quarters.

We did not see Bwana Poor again in fact until morning, when an orderly came looking for him with a note from the adjutant, asking his presence in the orderly room.

I only caught a fleeting glimpse of him as he stalked by, lank, defiant and with an air of triumph about him that was rendered somewhat dubious by the fact of a dim, streaming eye and a raw patch on his nose.

I was too late to get first-hand information; but in a few minutes the news got about that Bwana Poor had intercepted the slacker in his red car; had awkwardly but promptly found cause for a quarrel and proceeded to beat him up so badly that he had been obliged to take himself off to a hospital to have his face rearranged.

The general attitude of the camp toward Bwana Poor was one of surprise, pride, admiration and commiseration. His act, unfortunately for him, had been ill-timed. The order was out for embarkation and the adjutant had been compelled reluctantly, at the request of the civil officials, to withdraw Bwana Poor's authorization until an inquiry had been held over the assault.

Acquittal was certain; but it was also certain to us that before another transport called Bwana Poor would be recalled to duty on the coast. His vision of home would not now be realized. After his seventeen-year absence he faced the prospect of returning to the wilds again, his hopes unrealized, his aspirations unfulfilled, his dreams—still dreams!

In the hurry and confusion of departure I had only a moment in which to see him. It was too late to abuse him and useless to condole. Therefore I congratulated him, but I asked for an explanation.

"Yank," he said diffidently, avoiding my eyes and wiping his dim and streaming orb, "you don't know men as well as I. If Motley had laid his hands on that slacker last night he would have killed him. When he lets go of himself he loses all control. I couldn't kill him, because I'm not so strong. Besides, if Motley had got into trouble what would have happened about his marriage? He probably would have been sent up the coast again, anyway, and never have the chance again to go home to his girl."

"And you?" I interrupted.

"Well, you know, it doesn't matter much with me, Yank. I feel like a mongrel puppy dog in these civilized cities. I don't understand their codes or conventions, I'm afraid. I want to please people; I want to be friendly; I want to be domestic; but I'm dashed if I know how!"

As the transport swung away from the quay, the cargo of khaki, convinced that at last we were bound for Europe, broke forth in shouts, whistles and hoarse words of parting. A siren roared farewell, bugles blew; and we knew that we were off, destined once more, if we missed the menace of the sea, to gaze upon the white cliffs of Dover, the rolling downs of Sussex and—if the spirit led us—to visit again the green orchard-clad hills of glorious Devon!

Among the few sentries, officials and privileged visitors on the bare quay, standing silent and apart, was Bwana Poor.

Motley, standing gloomily by my side, directed my attention to him. Slim, rigid, unyielding, his long, guileless countenance turned up to us, the wind ruffling the wisp of hair on his forehead, his topee held aloft to wave us farewell, he seemed to me suddenly to become clothed in a glamour of romance and chivalry.

"Talk about our great statesmen and viceroys and our ancient laws!" said Motley bitterly. "But there is the kind of man who builds our blinkin' empire!"

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 15)

store in the town of Kennebunk, Maine, when he wasn't running the British and the Indians round the rugged Maine scenery. It has the fairy stories whipped to a light froth. Right at the top of the very first page appears the absorbing statement: "Eliab Stevens, Dr. To 1 pr. Morocco shoes, 84 cents." And right under it is the thrilling bit: "Capt. Elisha Chadbourn, Dr. To 6 doz. Eggs, 75 cts." And piling sensation on sensation, the third paragraph reads: "Noah Shackford, Dr. To ½ pt. N. E. Rum, 7 cts. Drank in store."

Morocco shoes eighty-four cents! Be still, my fluttering heart, be still! And one half pint of fragrant old New England rum, straight from the heart of Medford, Massachusetts, for seven cents! I swoon! Who cares where it was drank, so long as the dranker got it for seven cents? Seven cents for half a pint of New England rum! Twenty-eight cents for a quart! And eighty-four cents for a pair of shoes or three quarts of rum! To say nothing of six dozen eggs, freshly abstracted from under startled Maine hens, for the staggering sum of seventy-five cents, or twelve and one-half cents the dozen! Who cares to listen to such trite and commonplace twaddle as the fairy godmother's adventures in getting a coach and four out of a pumpkin, and some rats, when one can read real red-blooded stuff about Eliab Stevens getting a pair of Morocco shoes out of eighty-four cents? My little leather-covered daybook may be a trifle shorter on love interest than Cinderella or Beauty and the Beast, but it possesses infinitely more excitement and much more of the surprise element. Oh, much!

Goose at Four Cents a Pound

The book has an insidious attraction for me. When I receive dispatches from New York stating that a half portion of chicken salad is bringing a dollar and eighty-five cents in an unpretentious hostelry, or that one-hundred-dollar apartments are now renting for four hundred dollars, or that a stylish dressmaker is gouging one hundred and forty dollars out of her clients for a sheek little street dress made out of potato sacking, or that the price of babies' rattles is up three hundred per cent, I reach for my daybook for 1824 and lose myself in its yellowed pages.

It was late in October, 1824, that Mr. Jacob Littlefield, Dr., came into my forbear's Kennebunk emporium. He was feeling generous that day, the crops having been safely garnered, so he cut loose and blew himself to five and one-half yards of factory sheeting, a gill of rum—which he sopped up then and there—half a pound of Souchong tea, a pound of coffee, two pounds of sugar, a pair of firedogs, a five-and-one-half-pound chicken, three gallons of New England rum, a gallon of molasses, twelve and a half pounds of flour, eleven and three-quarter pounds of lamb, thirteen cents' worth of unnamed sundries and a final snort of rum at four cents to give him strength to carry away his purchases—and the grand total for the entire debauch of buying came to six dollars and four cents. I haven't figured up what the same supplies would come to to-day, but it's almost a foregone conclusion that one would have to plaster a mortgage on the old homestead if he wanted to pay for them all at one time.

And on the last Saturday in October, 1824, the Widow Nason, Dr., stopped in and got a twelve-and-three-quarter-pound goose for Sunday dinner. It set her back fifty-one cents. There, I maintain, is an incident which casts the average flight of fancy into dense shade—not to say outer darkness. We who have to disgorge more than sixty cents for five pounds of dog biscuit are in an excellent position to understand how absorbed one can become in reading of the purchase of an obese goose for the half of a dollar plus one cent. Absorbing? It's more than that. It is overpowering and even soul-subduing.

The book is like a drug which numbs one's brain and lulls one into hazy dreams in which golden visions come and go. Witness the following: On November 1, 1824, the bracing cold of early autumn had evidently set in, for Mr. Daniel Shackley, Dr., wandered in and accumulated in rapid succession a glass of brandy at four cents, another glass of brandy at four cents, a gill of New England rum at four cents and two gills of New England rum at eight cents; so that for a total expenditure of twenty cents Mr. Daniel Shackley, Dr., was able to go home in a rosy glow, stepping high and probably hoping that an Indian would jump out at him so that he could lay him low with one fell punch on the nose. I tear myself from that book with the utmost difficulty, and my mind constantly reverts to those generous shots of rum at four cents the shot. Hi ho!

While I am one who always rises to his feet and whistles shrilly and stamps wildly on the floor and shouts "Yes! Yes!" when a beautiful actress advances to the footlights and says in a lovely tremulous voice: "Do you believe in fairies? Oh, say that you believe in fairies!"—while in the abstract I believe in them, I realize to the full that the most delightful features of the fairy tales are gone from us never to return. None of us will ever see the Slave of the Lamp, or eighty-four-cent shoes, or the dark-blue jinni in turban and short pants who could be summoned by a brief round of applause, or goose at four cents a pound, or the witch who rode on an eight-cylinder broomstick and put a curse on the child when she failed to receive an engraved invitation to the christening, or fresh eggs at twelve cents a dozen, or the enchanted princess who couldn't wake up until the handsome prince administered a soul kiss. I do not look for a fairy godmother to pop up through the floor and provide me with a ravishing stenographer when I am in despair because of a broken typewriter.

None the less I do look for a return to the prices which existed in our fair nation before William Hohenzollern of Amerongen became obsessed with the grotesque notion that he could knock the rest of the world flat on its back and kick it boorishly in the face. It is true that some of our leading thinkers and political economists issue oppressive melancholy statements which cast a ghastly dark-green haze over the outlook. None the less I refuse to despair.

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale has recently stated despondently that the present generation will probably see little reduction in prices because of the inflation of gold and silver.

J. Ogden Armour on the other hand blames everything on the permanently increased cost of labor, and high taxation.

Everybody Hueing and Crying

John Hays Hammond says morosely that it is all due to the retardation of business, which is being retarded because we are hoping for or fearing lower prices, but that whatever happens we can return neither to prewar conditions nor to prewar prices.

The attorney-general says hopefully that the packers are the fiends in human shape who are responsible for all our agonies, and he is preparing to let the packers have it right where Mrs. Van Astor wears her pearls.

The railroad brotherhoods figure that everything will be all right if they can get more money out of the Government and let the Government get it by increasing the debts of the taxpayers.

Congress has accused the President of being to blame because he went off to Europe with Colonel House and left this country twiddling its thumbs.

The President says that Congress did it all because it spent its time emitting large and windy gusts of talk but failed to take any measures that would help matters.

John J. Glump, the well-known taxpayer and private citizen, says frankly that if the butcher and the grocer would be satisfied with a reasonable profit instead of soaking him three cents more every time they are soaked one cent more the murky atmosphere would rapidly unmurk.

Among the other causes to which the high cost of everything is ascribed are the improper ratio of money to commodities, Postmaster-General Burleson, the hoarding of foodstuffs, the scarcity of fertilizer, increased freight charges, the Democratic Party, the greedy farmer, the stoppage of immigration, overindulgence in automobiles and movies, the Army, the Navy, the lack of sufficient industries, the creation of new industries, the urgent demand for building and construction of every sort and the scarcity of fish off the Atlantic Coast.

So far nobody has mentioned the seventeen-year locusts, the cucumber blight, the

(Continued on Page 173)

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Yet very often he fails to apply his business training to questions of personal policy. Often he fails to make a will. He sometimes boasts of disregarding doctor's instructions. Frequently he carries inadequate insurance and—he usually regards the possibility of a personal fire loss as so remote that he postpones the small investment necessary to provide his home and his car with first-aid fire-fighting equipment.

And the strangest part of it is that usually both truck and car owner *are the same business man.*

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Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 170)

influenza, the presence of white corpuscles in the blood, the fondness of womenfolk for going without underskirts, the large number of stray cats, the squash-borer, or the increase in the number of good roads as being at the bottom of the high cost of living; but everybody is becoming so fretful and scattering his accusations so loosely that it is only a question of time before most—if not all—of them will be obliged to shoulder the blame temporarily.

But for me there is a great deal of hope in the deafening hue and cry that is being raised over the high cost of living and in the apparent inability of anyone to press his finger firmly and accurately on the reason for it. I have inclined my ear carefully to the hue and cry, first concentrating on the hue and then concentrating on the cry, and I have read with great care all the wordy explanations that have been made as to why everything costs from three to ten times as much as it ought. All that I have got out of either the hues, the cries or the explanations is a headache and a fixed belief that few of the huers and criers know what they are talking about.

The time that I have spent in contemplating the hues and what not might have been spent to better advantage in laboring industriously so that the high cost of everything would have appeared a trifle less high to me by reason of my increased earnings. And in that there coyly lurks a thought for those who spend all their spare moments in thinking about striking or in talking about striking or in getting ready to strike or in actually indulging in that popular pastime. I touch only lightly on this subject because I do not care to get myself mixed up in any labor disputes and stop a brick by getting the side of my head against it as it hurtles through the air. But the thought is there, and if any strikers—prospective or otherwise—care to avail themselves of it they may do so; and it won't be necessary for them to mention my name or to give me any credit. They needn't consider me at all. The world is too full of bricks for me to claim any consideration in such a matter.

The Lobster-Lurer's Scheme

The fact remains, however, that if people are unable to agree on the exact reason for excessive living costs there will some day arise a prophet who will discover it. And since everyone is advancing a solution for our troubles one is justified in thinking that the discovery will occur soon. What boots it that all the offered solutions are such as to make a horse burst into raucous and ribald laughter? What boots it, I repeat? It doesn't boot anything. Not a boot, nor yet the half of a boot, nor even the least portion of a boot—such as a boot lace. Everyone is trying and if enough people try sufficiently hard and for a sufficient length of time at anything the bystanders are bound to witness some interesting and exciting action.

I have stopped reading the solutions which are advanced by legislators and other persons who are expected to do the correct thing. In a crisis the day is usually saved by someone who was never heard of except by his immediate family and the people to whom he owed money. When prominent politicians make the welkin ring with statements that there wouldn't be any high prices in this country if it weren't for the foul, grasping, greedy packers, and I then turn over to page four of my newspaper and read that the price on silk stockings that used to sell for one dollar in 1916 will hereafter be three dollars and fifty cents and that the fetching undershirt or underdrawers which fetched twenty-five cents three years ago will henceforth fetch seventy-five cents, I realize that the welkin is being rung in vain. What have the packers to do with silk stockings—except to wear them? And can the packers affect the price of knit underwear? Echo, I do not hesitate to say, answers "Knit!"

When I wish to be cheered up I wander over to our local post office just before the ten-seventeen mail comes in and incline my ear to the ingenious remedies for oppressive living costs which are tossed off by the most advanced thinkers of the neighborhood. They spend their days luring the wily lobster from the vasty deep or coaxing the succulent potato from the darkest recesses of the old ten-acre lot, so they have plenty of time to meditate on men and things. Their remedies cheer me, not because they are any more valuable than those proposed by the professional thinkers in Washington but because they show that everybody with a brain in his head, or even a remnant of a brain, is mulling over the same problem.

For the space of two days the post office was in a turmoil of excitement over a remedy evolved by one of our most prominent lobster-lurers. It had the advantage of being simple but elegant. All it required was that the Government should pass laws fixing the price of everything at the spot where it stands to-day and then decree that every one-dollar bill should be exchanged for a two-dollar bill at the nearest bank. Wages by law would be exactly doubled. Everyone, as I say, was all excited over this proposition, and there was even a movement on foot to take up a collection so that the father of the great plan could be sent to Washington to lay his scheme before the President and Congress.

But eventually someone made the horrible discovery that a one-dollar bill, manipulated with any degree of skill, could easily be made the sole support of an entire family, for if it were changed at the bank for a two-dollar bill and then changed outside for two ones and the two ones were changed at the bank for two twos and the two twos were changed outside for four ones —— But I need not continue. Nobody bothered to hunt for further flaws in the scheme. That one flaw was a great plenty.

Local Lights That are Put Out

Then another of our local lights, who has the reputation of being not quite right in his head, held the center of interest for another day or two with an even simpler remedy. His scheme was to have the nation divided into two great classes—producers and nonproducers. On a given date all the nonproducers were to be given a powerful sleeping potion which would put them to sleep for two months. While they were asleep all the producers were to go on producing, with the result that the country would be plentifully supplied with a full stock of everything and prices would consequently drop back where they belonged. For a time it was thought that the originator of this scheme had been severely maligned by being considered not quite right in his head, and that he was really a genius; and much conversation was had anent the close relationship between the peculiarities of insanity and the peculiarities of genius. Then there was an awakening, for the people who were most enthusiastic over the scheme suddenly discovered that they were the ones who would have to lap up the sleeping potion and pass into a silence for two months. The scheme died a quick and violent death, marked by strong convulsions, and its author, instead of being viewed as not quite right in his head, was looked on as being a menace to the community.

On another occasion the postmaster, while browsing through his favorite hammock literature—the encyclopedia—ran across an account of the old sumptuary laws which limited or regulated the private expenditures of the citizens of a community. He was greatly intrigued by reading how the Lacedæmonians were obliged to keep down expenses by not being allowed to own a house or furniture which had been built with more elaborate implements than an ax, a saw and a jackknife; and how during the Tokugawa period in Japan every detail of a man's life was regulated down to the least particular—from the length of his mustache down to the cost of his wife's face powder or the price of his child's teething ring. He was on the verge of coming out strong for sumptuary laws until his wife reminded him caustically of the deafening roar which he had emitted when the National Prohibition Law was passed, and stated emphatically that she didn't propose to have anyone tell her how much she was to pay for her face powder, her side combs or anything else. Thus the sumptuary-law movement was severely nipped—not to say chewed—in the bud.

This country is full of people who possess great inventiveness and striking originality of thought. When the country is in danger or when large rewards are offered they can be depended on to produce inventions which will counteract any little thing like a submarine menace, poison gas, the lack of dyes or German secret agents. The high cost of living is only one of many problems which have disturbed this nation. I am inclined to think that if the Government should make a sporting or patriotic problem out of it results would materialize with

Why suffer from callouses on the soles of your feet?
See how the bones in your foot, just back of the toes, should form an arch across the ball of the foot. If this arch, in your foot, breaks down—the undue pressure makes the callous on the sole.
Get Wizard Foot Relief
By individual adjustment of soft leather inserts in overlapping pockets, the Wizard method restores your out-of-place foot bones to normal location. All pain stops and gradually the callous disappears.
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Wizard Foot Relief Experts are at shoe and department stores everywhere. Also at surgical supply houses. Ask for Wizard Foot Relief.
Write us for Wizard Foot Relief Booklet and names of your local Wizard dealers.
Wizard Foot Appliance Co., 1884 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.
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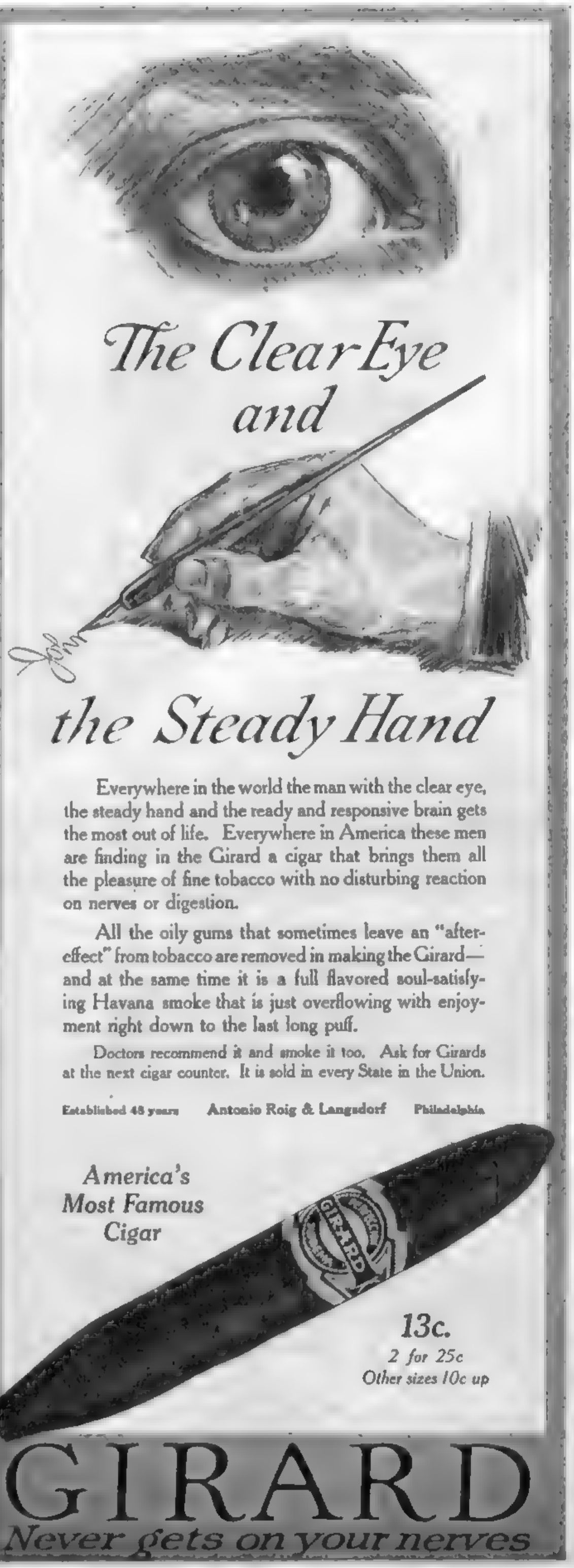
Adjustable Foot Appliances



Everywhere in the world the man with the clear eye, the steady hand and the ready and responsive brain gets the most out of life. Everywhere in America these men are finding in the Girard a cigar that brings them all the pleasure of fine tobacco with no disturbing reaction on nerves or digestion.

All the oily gums that sometimes leave an "after-effect" from tobacco are removed in making the Girard—and at the same time it is a full flavored soul-satisfying Havana smoke that is just overflowing with enjoyment right down to the last long puff.

Doctors recommend it and smoke it too. Ask for Girards at the next cigar counter. It is sold in every State in the Union.

Established 48 years Antonio Roig & Langsdorf Philadelphia

America's Most Famous Cigar

13c.
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GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

such velocity that the Government's head would swim—allowing of course that the present Government has any sort of head at all.

There is always a solution for every problem—with the possible exception of the whys and wherefores which lead a chicken to cross the road. There was the celebrated problem of flying, over which numerous hardy spirits mulled for centuries while pessimistic souls stood afar off slapping their thighs and roaring with laughter at the piquant antics of the silly parties who actually believed that a man could contrive a machine which would fly in any direction other than straight down like a stone.

There was the baffling problem which confronted Archimedes. You probably recall it. King Hiero of Syracuse one day purchased a solid gold crown, nicely carved and blocked according to the *dernier cri* in crowns. After he had got it home and posed in front of the mirror a few times the horrible thought crept over him that the crown dealer might have charged him for a solid gold crown and handed him one which was partly brass. So greatly did this suspicion disturb him that he called in his friend Archimedes, who had achieved a wide reputation as a lightning calculator and a snappy inventor, and instructed him to find out whether the crown was solid gold without denting it, bending it, scraping it, cutting any pieces out of it or otherwise damaging it so that its value would be impaired.

This problem was considered by all hands to be one that would give Archimedes something to think about for some time to come, and large numbers of his friends lay awake nights wondering whether he would escape from his dilemma by blowing out the gas or by taking a header into the harbor. Individuals of great judgment and perspicacity went so far as to predict that even if Archimedes lived to grow a twenty-foot beard he would still be about seven thousand miles from the solution of the problem.

Archimedes fretted and stewed over the problem until his tongue was furry and his brain felt like a hot mince pie and he had to go downtown for a Turkish bath to tone up his system. He was crawling into the bathtub when his busy brain took note of the manner in which the water rose as he lowered himself.

Instantly the solution of the problem burst on him with a dizzying impact. All that he needed to do was to weigh the crown, get a piece of gold weighing exactly as much and put each of them into a bowl filled with water. If the crown was gold they would both displace the same amount of water. But if the crown had alloy in it it would displace less water than the piece of gold.

I would dearly love to recount for the sake of pessimistic individuals who think that the high-cost-of-living problem cannot be solved a few of the staggering problems which have confronted humanity. It will be remembered that some of the master intellects of Spain were utterly baffled by the problem of how to make an egg stand on end until Columbus gently crushed one end of the egg against the table and left it standing proudly on the crushed spot. And there were the intriguing and apparently unsolvable problems of how to discover gunpowder and the North Pole and steam engines and sleeping cars and sewing machines and permanent waves and—— But the hour is late and my time is limited—applause and glad cries.

All problems, I repeat, can be solved, and though such renowned students and experts as Theodore Vail, Otto Kahn, General Goethals and others declare firmly and resonantly that nothing can be done during the next ten years to solve this particularly oppressive and wearisome problem of living costs, I venture to cast aspersions on their declaration. What are a few aspersions to me? Nothing whatever, and I reck not where I cast them. Not a reck!

If everybody in these United States makes up his mind that the problem must be solved immediately, if not sooner, then out of the wilds of far New Jersey or from a humble Riverside Drive apartment or from the Kansas whisker belt or the California cafeteria zone will come an unknown party—some simple and unpretentious yokel—with the solution unostentatiously tucked away in the northeast pocket of his vest. The magnates who said it couldn't be done will grow red in the face with laughter at the ignorant impudence of the conceited fellow, and the legislators who have investigated in vain will whoop so merrily that their legislative string ties will loosen up and fall away from their collars. But the problem will be solved.

High prices may be due to the creation of new industries, to profiteering, to Bolshevism, to an overaccumulation of ozone in the ether, to an overaccumulation of deadwood in the Administration, to daylight saving, to Prohibition, to a distortion of the tontine principle, to trade-unionism, to the preponderance of atmosphere over the hemisphere, to a lack of credit coöperation and to any or all of the other things on which deep thinkers with high glossy foreheads blame the high prices. I don't know and I don't care. I only know that prices are some seven miles too high and that it won't be long before someone discovers the real reason for it and produces a business-like and effective remedy. When that delightful day arrives the cause of high prices, be it profiteers or trade-unionism or what not, will do well to hunt its hole and pull the hole in after it, for the world is going to be a very unhealthy place for it to live in.

I wish that Rodin were still alive. It would be gratifying to have him sculp a statue of The Thinker, roused from his brown study, feverishly pounding the cause for the high cost of living over the head with an expression of ferocity and a large nubbin-studded club, and then to have the statue placed prominently in every grocery store, Grange, pacifist's home, butcher shop, clothing emporium and civic center as a warning to all interested parties that it must never happen again.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

rotation of the record mark in the date squares notes the status of the work and makes it easy to follow or look up each event in the progress of the work.

Let us now assume that we want to adapt the chart to the needs of a manufacturing concern. All that is necessary is to alter the meaning of each of the eight different positions of the record mark. In doing this we might arrange the legend as follows: 1. Order dated. 2. Order received. 3. Drawings begun. 4. Drawings to shop. 5. Shopwork finished. 6. Material delivered to shipping room. 7. Material shipped. 8. Correspondence in regard to matter.

If a publisher or editor desired to apply this chart to his work a simple legend might be arranged along these lines: 1. Manuscript received. 2. Manuscript to editor. 3. Corrected copy to compositor. 4. Galleys received. 5. Article made up. 6. Proof pages received. 7. Final pages approved. 8. Article published.

In some cases the editor might find it advisable to record more than eight stages of progress, and this can be done by adding additional phases through simply marking along the halves of the vertical and horizontal sides of the square. Or if he desires to include the date of payment for the contribution he might originate a new symbol by drawing a small circle about the central dot.

In case work is carried over from one month to the next it is not necessary to start a new data sheet. The entry may be made in the usual way in a date square by simply adding an abbreviation of the name of the new month. If the one using the chart has agreed to make delivery on a definite day this fact may be indicated by a dotted line in the square corresponding to the promised date.

When the promise is fulfilled the dotted line is drawn in solid; if the agreement is not carried out the chart will evidence the error in estimate.

When this method of recording the progress of a matter of business is employed the record is compact, permanent, definite and complete. The progress-of-work board with its many pegs and blocks can be discarded. Instant and reliable answers can be given to any inquiry. The total time consumed by the operatives in finishing any job is shown by a glance at the sheet, and the efficiencies of various employees or departments can be quickly compared.

WHITE 2-TON TRUCKS

YEARS before the Great War brought the White 2-ton Truck into military prominence, it had a position in *commercial* service unequaled by any 2-ton truck in America.

It won that position simply by *everywhere* doing the most work for the least money. This is a question not merely of fuel, oil and repairs, important as these are, but also of the factor so often overlooked—*volume of work done.* Keeping everlastingly at it means a big saving in haulage cost. 100,000, 200,000 and even 300,000 miles are not uncommon for White Trucks.

It was just this dependability in action which enabled entire transport formations in the French Army, equipped exclusively with White Trucks, to win the Croix de Guerre, and made White 1½ 2-ton Trucks the Class A standard in the United States Army.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

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and Eliminates Trial Balance Troubles

THE best demonstration of Elliott-Fisher's value to Maxwell Motor Company, Inc., is the money it saves over previous methods—$100,000 and more yearly.

The disbursements for the seven Maxwell plants and the Chalmers plant, operated by the same organization, are made at the General Offices in Detroit. Before the Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System was installed, thirty clerks were required, using nineteen ledgers, and the annual loss through forfeited discounts was over $100,000.

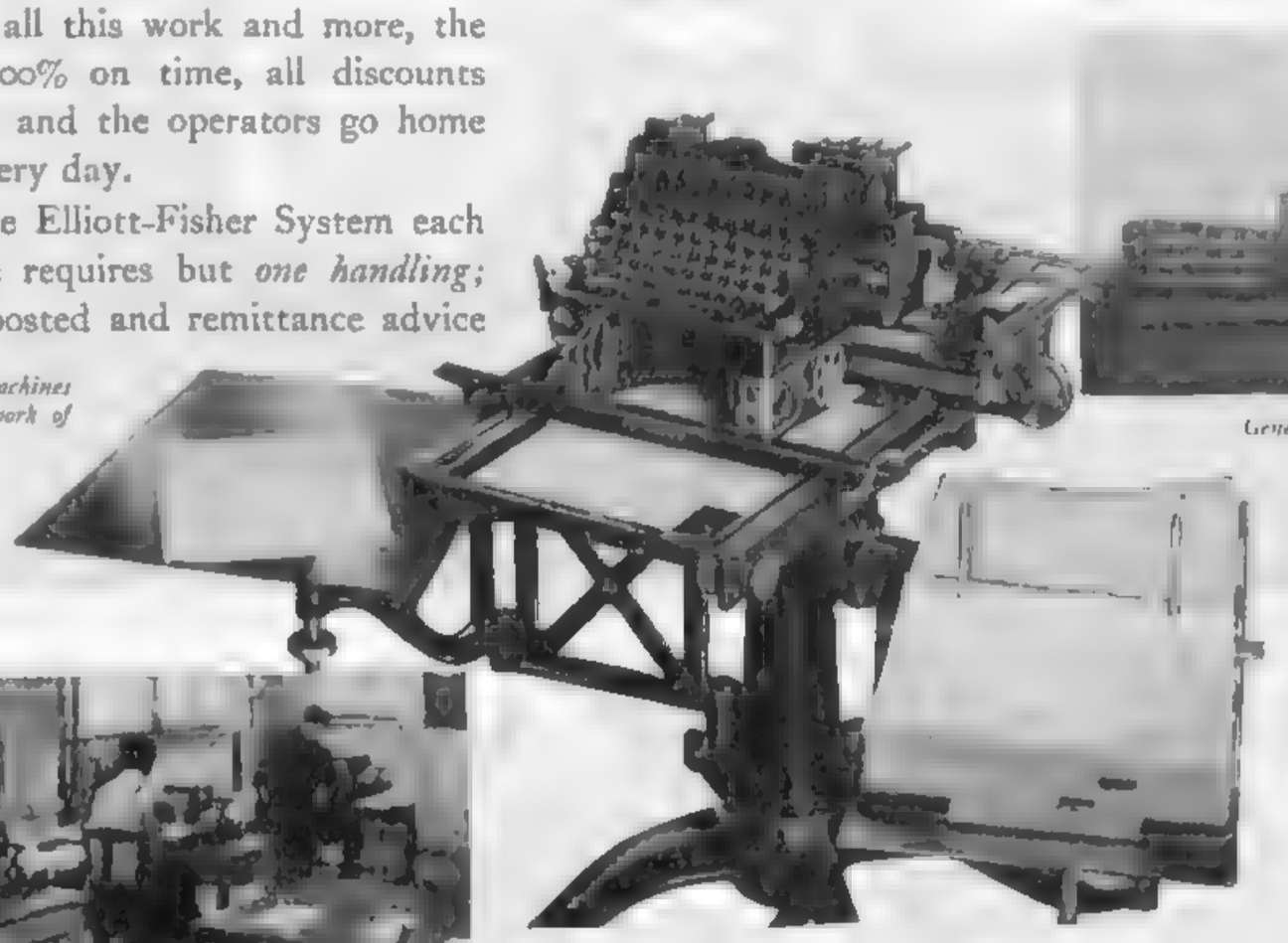
Today, three Elliott-Fisher operators are doing all this work and more, the work is 100% on time, all discounts are taken, and the operators go home at 4:45 every day.

With the Elliott-Fisher System each remittance requires but *one handling;* ledger is posted and remittance advice written at *one operation.* Accounts are always in balance and each day's postings are proved that day. A trial balance is a simple matter of adding proved totals—two hours' work. Checked invoices may be from one to thirty days arriving from the different plants—the remittances are mailed in time for discounting just the same.

Elliott-Fisher Flat Writing makes this possible. It gives great facility in handling forms, no matter how dissimilar their sizes and shapes; assures perfect registration and clear carbon copies; permits the use of card, loose-leaf, and bound books.

Elliott-Fisher is adaptable to all types of accounting and general office work—billing, order writing, recording, stock keeping, all with machine accuracy. "One operation" reduces the human element to a minimum.

There is an Elliott-Fisher System for every selling and serving organization, large or small; it will save and serve for your business. We have booklets describing most types of installations—write for the one that fits your need. Better, have one of our representatives call and show in detail what Elliott-Fisher can mean to you.



Three of these machines are doing the work of thirty clerks

General Offices of Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit

Elliott-Fisher installation in Accounts Payable Department of Maxwell Motor Co., Inc. Accounts totalling over $4,000,000.00 a month are handled here.

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Harrisburg, Pa.

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Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

SHALL WE HAND BACK OUR NEW INDUSTRIES TO GERMANY?

(Continued from Page 14)

of dyestuffs now made up and waiting in Germany and other countries will be at once dumped on the American market if bars are not put up against it. If the dumping is allowed probably ninety per cent of the war-born industries will die. Mr. Longworth's proposal would change the present law in two respects: It a little more than doubles existing duties, and strikes out the provision that the duties shall be reduced yearly by twenty per cent for five years. Congress is being urged to go beyond this and lay a total prohibition upon imports except under license.

Before the war Germany dominated the world market in dyestuffs. Every country was dependent upon her. The few American factories were little more than assembling plants, as they were almost entirely dependent on so-called "intermediates" imported from Germany. The artificial dyes brought into the United States annually were valued at between nine and ten million dollars. Even after the war began and until March, 1915, the United States received nearly its normal supply of dyes under an arrangement that permitted cotton to go into Germany in exchange.

Women may remember how at about that time there came a great change in the designs of all printed cloths, especially in calico and gingham. By printing a small design on a white background the looms could be kept busy and the public supplied the normal quantities of calico with a relatively small consumption of dye. Gingham mills reduced the proportion of colored yarns used and light shades became common.

There was an acute shortage of dyestuffs in the middle of 1916 and the closing down of many textile mills was only narrowly averted. The immediate problem was to secure a large output as soon as possible to save the textile industry from disaster. Cost of production and even quality were minor considerations. Money was spent freely. Soon there came a steady improvement in the quality, uniformity and variety of the dyes being made in the United States, and an increase in quantity. The needs of the woolen mills were met better than the needs of the cotton mills. The development of cotton dyes did not progress satisfactorily. Indigo, the most important cotton dye, was being made at the rate of only a small percentage of the normal consumption. Whole groups of dyes of the highest quality, and the fast vat dyes—derived from anthracene and carbazol—were not being produced at all.

Making Headway

When we entered the war it brought about another upset in the industry. The army demanded an unending supply of khaki dyes for uniforms, shirts, tents and putties. There was a corresponding decrease in the colors ordinarily used for civilian purposes. The close connection between explosives and dyes was brought home to the domestic industry. Toluol, acetic acid, wood alcohol, chlorine, caustic soda and ammonia were commandeered by the military authorities. Toluol is the essential raw material for scores of dyes, and unfortunately for the dyeing industry the supply was inadequate even for military requirements.

The draft made it difficult to secure and retain enough men. The success of the industry when foreign competition must be met again will depend in large degree on the number of trained and experienced men available. The competitive strength of this new industry in the coming year or two will also be dependent on writing off the abnormal construction costs due to the war, the cost of experiments and the inevitable mistakes that have been made.

The period since the armistice has been one of readjustment and preparation for the period of competition that is to follow. Efforts are being made to cut costs of production and to improve the quality and variety of products. We cannot yet make all of the dyes that the Germans made. Some of the dyes that we do make are not so good as those we obtained from them before the war. The research staffs of the new industries working with the chemists in American universities have a cloud of problems before them in the development of new types of dyes to replace dyes now in use. Not until the success of the American industry is at least equal to the current success of our chief foreign rivals can it be regarded as safely established. Much work is to be done yet along these lines.

One tremendously helpful thing has been done: All the German dye and chemical patents and trade-marks in this country were seized by the Government. They have been transferred in a block to a company organized for the purpose and known as the Chemical Foundation. This new corporation will grant licenses under its patents to all responsible American applicants on the same terms. Thus foreign-owned patents will no longer hinder the development of American industry. These patents will be utilized to prevent or control the importation of products they cover. The significance of this action to the domestic dye and synthetic drug industries cannot be overestimated. Important dyes not yet being made in the United States are controlled by these patents. The most dangerous weakness of the American industry has been buttressed. Dye and drug manufacturers here in the United States can now go ahead amply protected against destructive competition from foreign rivals whose long experience and powerful organization gave them a great advantage.

Optical Glass

Except as regards dyestuffs the conditions in the American chemical industry are not bad. The manufacture of acids and heavy chemicals is well established on a profitable basis and was so even before the war. But in medicinals very little real American manufacture existed. Most of the coal-tar derivatives came from Germany.

The making of chemicals is, however, not an experimental industry, but it has developed unevenly and not enough attention has been given to make it occupy its proper relative position. The manufacture of finished products has been in great measure left in foreign hands. We normally imported about fifty-five hundred natural and manufactured articles in the chemical trade, most of which could be produced in the United States.

The making of optical glass is another essential industry that the German was allowed entirely to absorb. When England went to war she found that she did not have nearly enough field glasses for her officers. Battalions going to the Front would put want ads in the newspapers asking for the loan or gift of glasses. The daughter of Field Marshal Lord Roberts effected a little organization that pleaded all over Great Britain for the loan of glasses. Everybody who was at the Front in the early days, and even up to the very end, will remember how eagerly German prisoners and old enemy positions were searched for field glasses. The Germans had plenty of glasses, and good ones too.

The Germans developed twenty-eight new kinds of optical glass, and one of them we now use entirely for range finders and for gun sights in our navy. To-day American optical-glass makers are making instruments for the army that will photograph the flight of a cannon ball. Early in the war the shutting out of German imports and the necessities of the Allied governments exhausted the supply of optical glass in the United States. In 1917 scientists of the Carnegie Institution and the United States Bureau of Standards coöperated with four American manufacturers and succeeded in producing optical glass which met the requirements of the army and navy. These manufacturers have built factories for the production of the glass required for domestic consumption, but the industry is not yet able to supply all the grades and kinds of glass for which there is a demand.

The new industry in the United States has the materials, the scientific knowledge, the equipment and the capacity to compete with some of the best products of the foreign manufacturer. Germany has been shut out of our market. It was not until

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"What you get for what you pay" in buying shoes was never more important than it is to-day. Make your slacking dollar do its full duty by buying reliable quality only. Ralstons afford the utmost in style, comfort and wear, the always-reasonable price considered.
The careful fit of a Ralston agent will make your satisfaction complete. Write for name of dealer in your neighborhood and for the Ralston Style Book.
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after five years of research and experiment that the Jena works of Germany developed twenty-eight new kinds of optical glass. This firm had the advantage of twenty-five years' experience and in its own field was practically without a competitor. It is not reasonable to expect that American manufacturers and scientists could, in less than three years, do more than they have done to attain the required standards of knowledge and efficiency to meet the demands of domestic consumption and the attack of expert foreign competition.

Chemical-glass utensils are essential for the chemical control of a number of industries. The chemical departments of universities and other educational institutions use large quantities of this ware in their courses of instruction. Prior to 1915 practically all chemical glassware was imported, mainly from Germany and Austria. Since that time it has been established as a new industry in the United States. What is known as factory-blown ware, such as flasks, beakers, tubing and blanks, is now being made in seven old-established glass factories. Other sorts of chemical-glass apparatus are being made in upward of ten shops.

Scientific tests made by the Bureau of Standards in 1918 established that the flasks and beakers made in the principal American factories equaled in all cases and surpassed in some the best qualities of imported ware. Not only are our American factories now fully supplying the domestic demand but last year they exported chemical glassware valued at $180,000 to more than seventeen foreign countries. Canada, Cuba, Mexico and China were the destinations of more than half of the total exports. Before the war we imported nearly $200,000,000 of this chemical glassware every year.

The vice president of a glass factory at Rochester, Pennsylvania, told the Tariff Commission recently: "The German manufacturers had the materials, they had the skilled labor, and they had the jump on us in producing this ware. We are getting the jump on them now because they are eliminated entirely. It remains to be seen what the effect of the war will be from the labor standpoint and as to whether or not they will overtake us in manufacturing after the war. Of course we do not know. The reason they had the advantage then was that the American factories could not compete. We have now proved that we can make a high-quality laboratory ware at reasonable prices.

"To a certain extent there was a special prestige for German chemical ware in this country which had to be overcome. Many of the chemists were German. This ware did not all come from Germany; some of it came from Austria. I know of only one factory in the United States that made any headway prior to the war, and it made only a few articles, chiefly used by the drug trade. I imagine we spent $10,000 before we were able to produce any glass."

Increasing Glass Exports

Generally speaking in nearly all classes and grades of glassware the finer qualities have hitherto been manufactured in Europe and the cruder kinds in the United States. An investigation made in 1916 by a governmental agency in 245 glass factories manufacturing ten different classes of ware and including all glass products revealed that only a few of the largest companies had employed a chemist, that the application of chemical principles had been neglected, and that the most important detail of successful manufacturing—a scientific knowledge of the glass itself—was lacking. Since the outbreak of the war in Europe there have come into existence in the United States twelve separate branches of the glass industry for the manufacture of the following articles hitherto not made commercially in this country: Optical glass, laboratory glass, glass-gauge tubing, watch crystals, glazing glass, oven glass, glass brick, siphon bottles, photographic glass, first-quality picture glass and glass for spectacles.

Exports have increased almost incredibly. The increase of 1917 over 1914 of window and plate glass, bottles, cut glass, table ware and lighting ware was 263 per cent. This was brought about by the destructive effect of the war upon the glass industries of Belgium and France. Whether our domestic glass makers can hold this trade after the war will depend upon how cheaply they can sell their product. Before the war the foreign makers could deliver nearly every sort of commonly used glass article in this country, and pay the duty, cheaper than our manufacturers could produce it.

As interesting a thing as has happened in this country since the war began has been the revolutionary change in the making of surgical instruments. The industry, or more precisely the craft—for it is almost a profession—has had novel and curious things done to it. The twin gods of American manufacturers are standardization and quantity production. Both of these have been imposed upon the makers of surgical instruments.

Before the war the industry was run in this country on old-fashioned lines. The makers were in close personal touch with their clientele. The manufacturer often sold his own product at retail. The typical shop employed from twenty-five to fifty workmen. It takes from two to five years to make a good surgical-instrument maker. An infinite variety of types of instruments is made. The number seems limited only by the inventive ingenuity of the surgeons.

Surgical Instruments

A good surgeon has somewhat the temperament of an artist. He has to do extremely delicate and difficult work; in most cases he develops an individual technic; he therefore insists upon having tools that exactly suit his fancy. The makers and retailers of instruments were always eager and willing to cater to the surgeon's wishes. One of the large importing houses claimed to be prepared to supply any one of ten thousand different kinds of surgical instruments. Retail dealers carry in stock from six thousand to seventy-five hundred different types. Most of these were invented by American surgeons but were imported from Germany prior to the war. Indeed the superiority of American designs was so evident that their use had become common in foreign countries as well as in the United States. American surgeons have shown the same invention and originality for which American machinists and tool designers have long been famous. Thus the trade was in the curious position of being supplied for the most part with German tools largely of American design. The number of American surgeons who got their training in Germany helped to give the German instrument makers their international repute. German instruments had a prestige that counted for much. The German workman was skilled and worked for extremely low wages.

That was the situation in 1914 when war began. One of the first things the Germans did was to lay an embargo on the exportation of surgical instruments. Her army needed all that could be made at home. Germany had also supplied England and France, so that as soon as the German supply stopped the American makers found themselves facing not only the home demand but frantic inquiries from the Allied governments. How quickly they responded is indicated by the increase in their labor force from 958 workmen in 1914 to 2128 in 1918 and the expansion of their annual output of less than $1,400,000 in 1914 to more than $5,000,000 last year.

The first thing they did was to obtain a standard list of instruments for use in the army and navy. The object was to eliminate superfluous types of instruments and to reduce the number of designs and patterns. The list as finally prepared contained less than 800 items as compared with the 7000 designs and patterns of surgical instruments in continuous demand by civilian practitioners. The great and increasing demand for thousands of each item on this list warranted the introduction of quantity-production methods. The first step was a systematic mobilization of manufacturing resources. All the firms pooled their resources. They divided contracts, each firm selecting from the standard list certain items which it was best equipped to produce. Numbers of small shops came into existence. Cutlery makers and jewelry makers found they could make surgical instruments. Men who knew how to make fine tools were given intensive training and taught how to make surgeons' tools. Machine methods were devised and introduced.

As a result many complex and delicate instruments are now being made in the United States by automatic machinery, tended by partly skilled labor, some of which were not made here at all before the war and others only in small quantities by expensive hand processes.

(Concluded on Page 181)

Get Her This Washer

There would be more electric washing machines if men had to do the washing.

If you don't believe it, do a wash. Bend over a wash tub and rub out a basket full of clothes.

Then put a batch of clothes into the cylinder of a Gainaday and watch its electric power do a *better job in one-third the time.* Feed a few things through the electric wringer, which swings to any position, and imagine how much more time your wife would have for the better things and more strength to enjoy them if she had such a sturdy helper.

Let us send our folder, "For an Easier and Shorter Washday," and give you the name of the nearest Gainaday dealer.

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Washer Wringer

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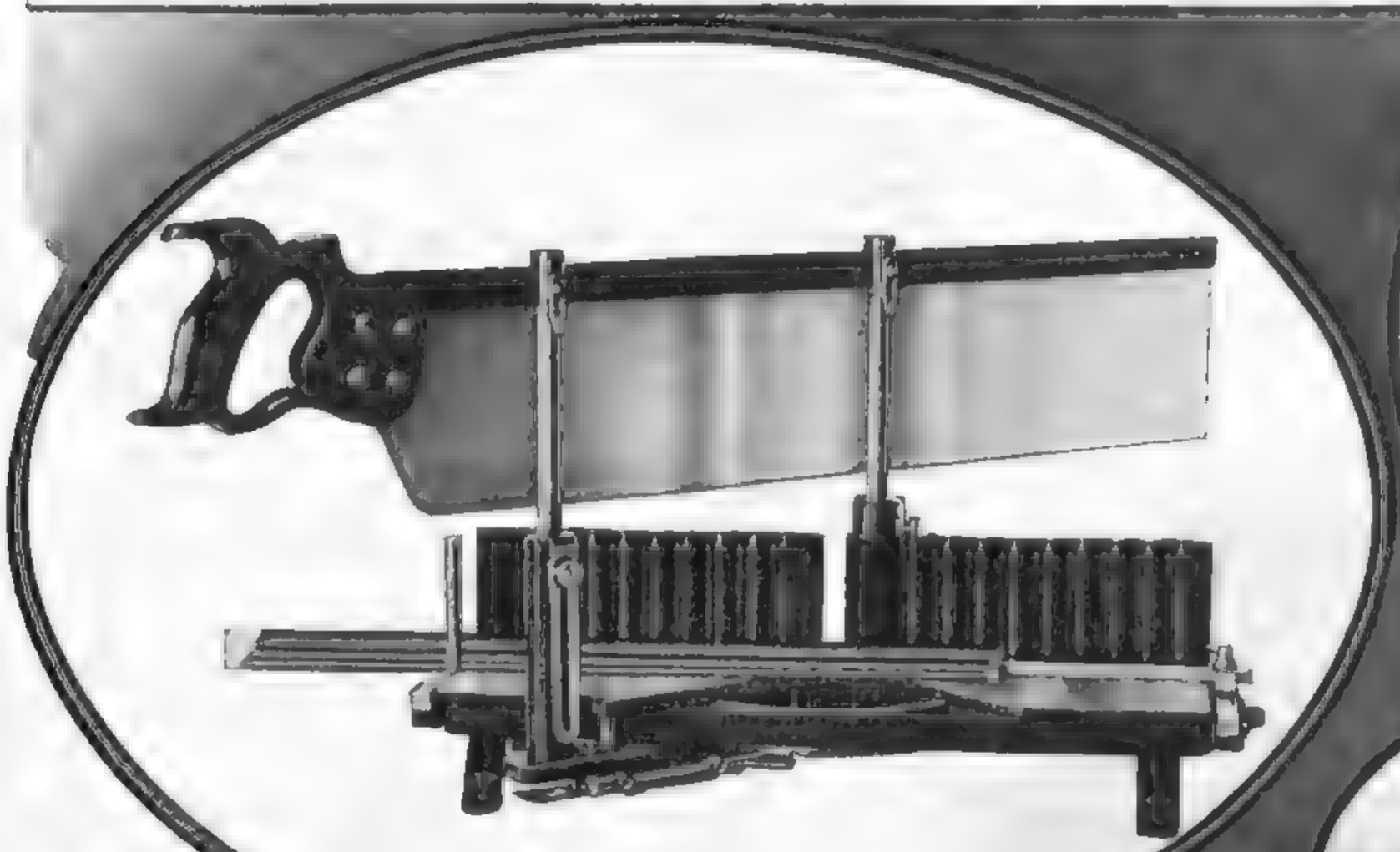
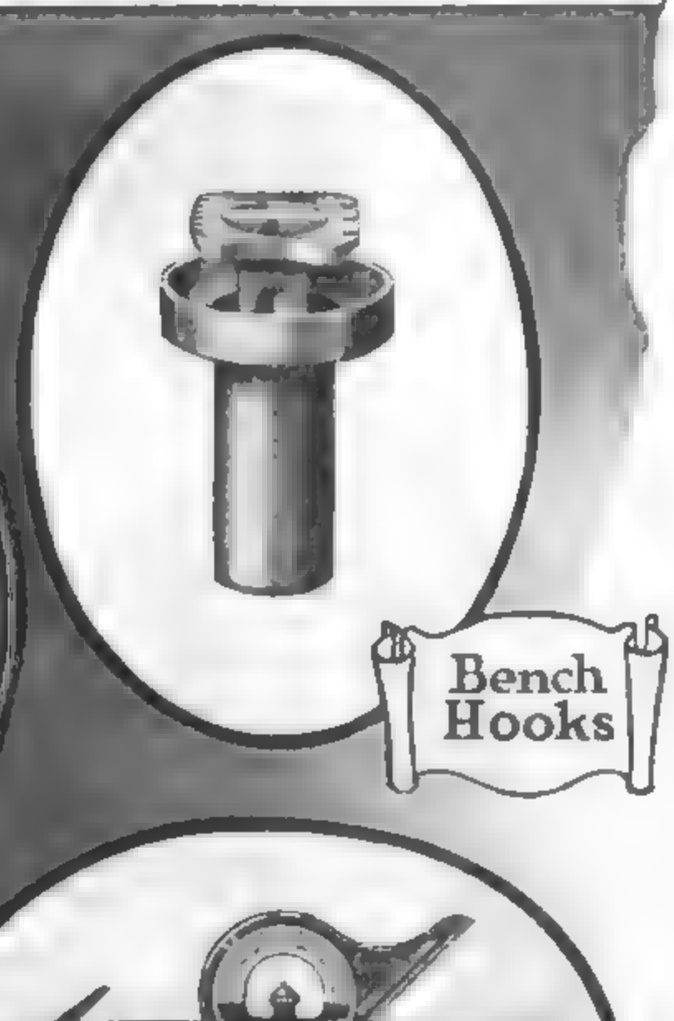
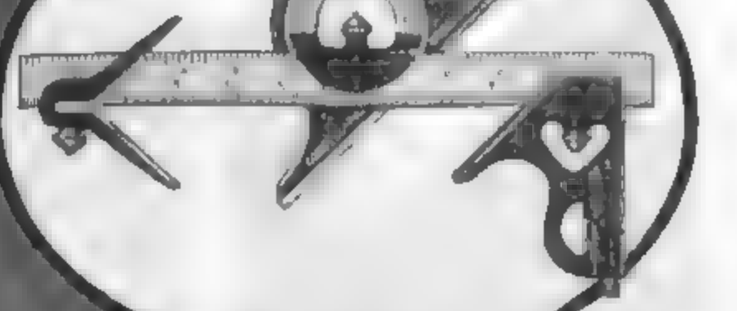
1500 GOOD TOOLS

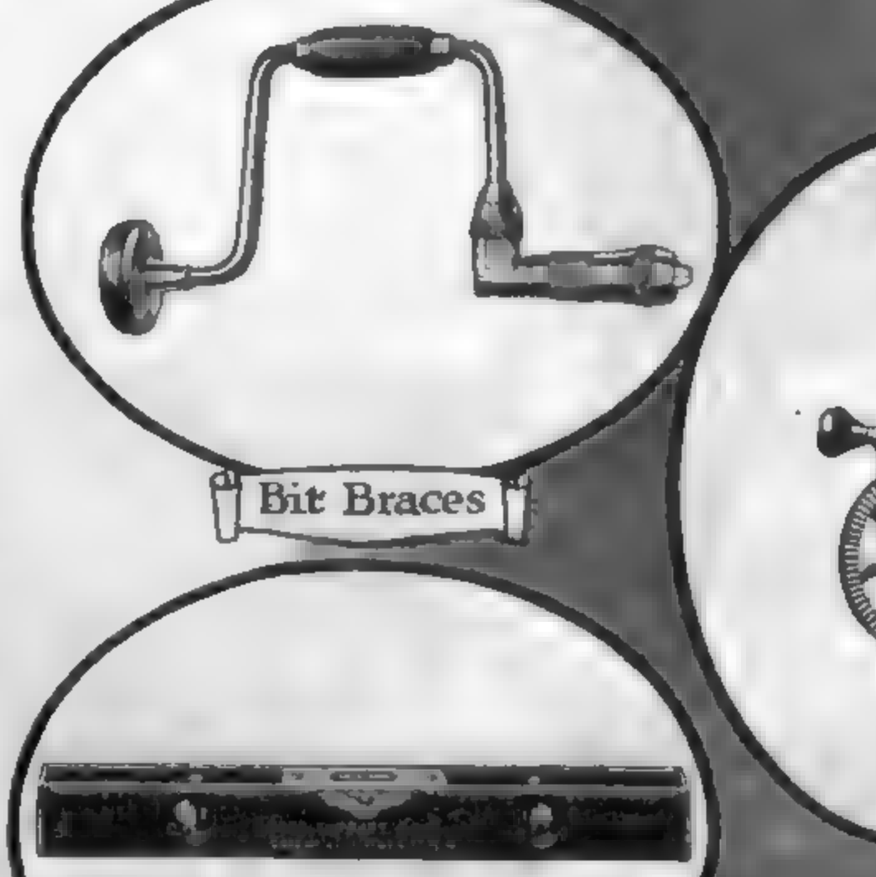




Bench Hooks



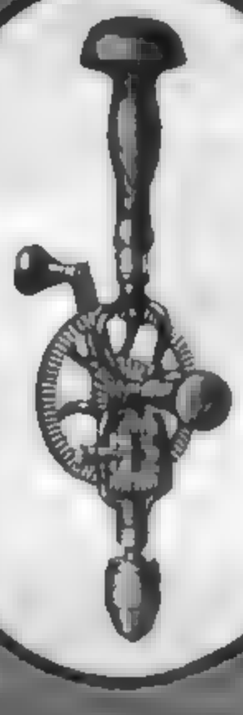
Mitre Boxes

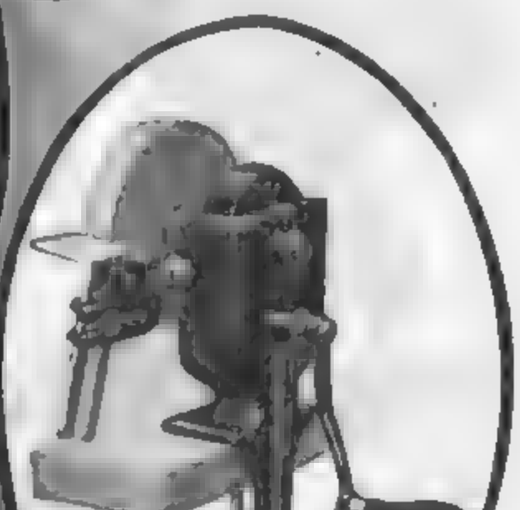


Combination Squares

Bit Braces

Hand Drills





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Bench Grinders

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They represent the highest examples of the toolsmith's art. Every detail of their construction is perfect. Each has the individuality in finish for which our tools have become famous the world over.

You can be sure of a tool with our name on it.

Write for the interesting little booklet,
"The House That Jack Fixed"

GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY
Toolsmiths
GREENFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

GOODELL PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths*, Greenfield, Mass. U S A.

(Concluded from Page 178)

Specific instances are found in the Gigli saw, the ophthalmoscope, the adenotome, and the Kollmann dilator. The Gigli saw is a band of twisted steel used for skull operations. Before the war it was imported from Germany, where it was manufactured by skilled hand labor. Ophthalmoscopes at the beginning of the war were imported at a cost of $25 each; now, by the use of quantity methods, they are being turned out in this country at $5 each. The adenotome was produced in this country before the war by skilled workmen who could make about one dozen instruments a week. Now by the aid of machinery two partly skilled workmen are making five dozen a week.

The Kollmann dilator is one of the complex and delicately constructed instruments used by surgeons. It is composed of about one hundred parts, some of them almost microscopic in size. They are being made by a machine. Instead of the old method of hand production, in which each instrument had an individual character, they are now all exactly alike.

No doubt is expressed that American firms will be in a better condition to meet foreign competition when Germany seeks to resume her export business than they were in 1914. The various economies of large-scale production have been secured. More than double the number of skilled workmen are available. The standardized list of instruments will no longer suffice, but thousands of surgeons will have become accustomed to these standardized tools in army hospitals. Nevertheless the instrument makers expect a strong reaction toward diversification of types and patterns. If it becomes too strong some of the quantity production methods will have to be abandoned. It is an opinion generally held by the trade that German competition for a number of years will be weak. It is known that a lack of skilled workers has been severely felt by German manufacturers. The men who are left will not work so cheaply as they did before the war. The American manufacturers seem to feel that they will hold what they have got.

In prewar times practically all knitting-machine needles were made in Germany and the United States, but the American manufacturers did not begin even to supply the domestic demand. All the countries where knit goods are made had to buy their needles in Germany. The United States bought more than any of the others. The Germans sold their needles in this country at from eight to eleven dollars a thousand. They sold the same needle at home to their own knit-goods people for from four to five dollars a thousand. They were rapidly strangling the American needle makers.

One of the domestic manufacturers says: "We seldom got an interview where the German needle was established. We have increased our production threefold since the German imports were cut off. The only year we have made money has been since the war. The competition with Germany before the war virtually left the American factories without any resources and ready to stop business in the autumn of 1914. We have been able to recover considerably during the last two or three years. If the war had not come the German factories could have produced needles at such a price that we would have nailed the doors upon every factory in the United States."

Japan's Advantage

The strength of foreign competition seems to have depended upon the low labor costs in Germany. Domestic manufacturers say that if German needles were better than American it was because the finishing processes here at home had to be slighted to meet German costs.

The price of knitting needles has advanced from fifty to one hundred per cent during the war period, and the domestic factory owners say that unless they get a strong tariff the Germans will take the business away from them again. It is believed here that the German industry will recuperate rapidly. It is thought the German Government probably made some provision for the continuous manufacture of needles because of the importance of the German knit-goods industry. Needle makers could be easily trained to take the places of those lost in the war. Many of the processes easily can be carried through by women. Neither the American nor the English needle makers have been able during the war to supply demands from South American and Asiatic markets formerly exploited by Germany. The Germans will have a strong incentive to recover these markets.

Japan probably reaped more advantage than any other country from the embarrassment of German manufacturers. An outstanding fact in the present situation is that Japan has established a needle business in the United States that may give domestic manufacturers more concern than the old German competition. It is not unlikely that imports in the future will come from the Orient and not from Germany. The Japanese have peculiar advantages in labor costs, lower even than in Germany, and the native deftness of the women, who are admirably suited to such work. The extremely high prices the Japanese have been able to demand for their product during the war period have made it possible for them to establish business on a firm basis. One Japanese plant three years after it had been established claimed an output of six million needles annually.

The importance of the knitting-needle industry does not depend upon the size of the industry but upon its relation to the making of knit goods. The knit-goods mills must be assured of an adequate supply of well-made needles. The industry is too important to be left dependent upon foreign needle makers, with the possibility that any war disturbance will cut off the supply. The cost of needles is but a small factor in their business. Both here and in England strong measures of governmental protection to promote the making of needles is being urged.

Germany's Stuffed Clubs

Individually and as a people the Germans were implicit believers in threatening. They had no liking for mutual accommodations and arrangements. They liked to walk heavily and brandish a spiked club. In politics and diplomacy every discussion was attended by the German Army. The shining German sword was rattled on the slightest provocation. In business they had two clubs which for a time they used with great effect: The world used to be told regularly that it would crumble and decay if deprived of German dyes and German potash. The war has proved that both these clubs were stuffed.

Germany held a complete monopoly in potash salts. The German potash syndicate, closely allied with the German Government, was active in stimulating the sale of potash throughout the world by means of advertisements, demonstration farms and exhibits. It was highly successful. The industry is controlled in Germany by a syndicate in which the Prussian Government is a partner. All German mines were compelled to join the syndicate. The price of potash was artificially maintained at a level high enough to yield an abnormal profit, but low enough to kill all competition.

Since German imports were cut off by the war the American industry has at least demonstrated that a German threat to withhold supplies need have no terrors.

Imports of potash into the United States the year the war began had been the greatest on record, a total of 1,085,000 tons valued at $16,350,000. At this time there was no potash industry in the United States. The Germans laid an embargo on further exports in 1915. The urgent need for potash for fertilizer, munitions, matches and various chemical purposes caused a rise in price to about ten times normal. The demand and the high prices obtainable resulted in the creation of the new American industry. Seventy-eight firms were engaged in the production of potash compounds in the United States during 1918. They produced 52,135 short tons of actual potash.

Is this new industry to be permanent? That is the present question facing Congress and the producers. The problem is complicated by the circumstance that the American supplies come from many sources and by different processes. In some cases the potash is a by-product of other industries; in others it is the primary product. It seems taken for granted that a part of the German war indemnity must be accepted in potash salts, even if the indemnity is nominally payable in gold. The potash producers are now in Washington attempting to make some arrangement with Congress that will enable them to carry on.

The conclusion seems to be that if it is made worth while we can always find the fuel to keep the home fires burning.

Paste Without Waste

THE Cico jar is full of real paste from top to bottom and side to side. There is no water well to take up room, to run dry, to cause endless jabbing and mixing. Cico paste is ready for instant use, never gets hard, is usable to the last atom, and sticks like a bull dog to a bone.

If you have never used Cico, there's a real treat in store. It needs just one little word to the stationer (pronounced by the way, Sy-co).

CICO PASTE

Note the Cico adjustable brush, with the aluminum guard, which absolutely protects the fingers from contact with the paste. Moving the guard up or down on the brush handle keeps the bristles at the proper height to pick up just the right amount of paste. The guard also serves as a cover to the jar, so that the screw cap need not be replaced after each using.
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NO MUSS
NO MIXING
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The easiest, quickest and cleanest way to rid your premises of rats and mice. Where rats and mice frequent, just crumble up a

Rat Bis-Kit

For *Mice* too

They will seek it, eat it and die out-doors. Each Bis-Kit contains a different bait, so attractive that rats and mice will eat it in preference to the choicest grain and food. Why take chances mixing poisons when RAT BIS-KIT comes all prepared?

25c and 35c at all drug and general stores

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You also can kill roaches, rats, mice, etc., with Rat Bis-Kit Paste. In tubes 25 cents.

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Dr. A. Reed CUSHION SHOES

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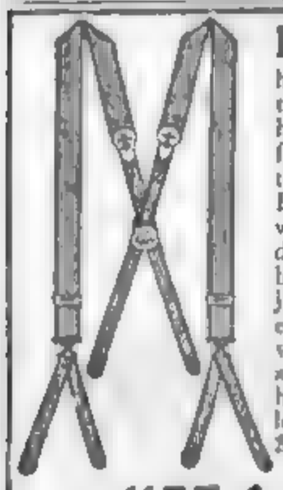
If there is no Dr. A. Reed dealer in your city, write us.



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have gained the high esteem in which they are held through the comfort, quality and style they assure the wearer. Bend or twist as you will, the little patented device concealed in the back of the "Kady" adjusts the suspenders to every movement, prevents pulling or binding and keeps the trousers hanging *just right*. At leading stores—75c and $1.00.

"KADY"

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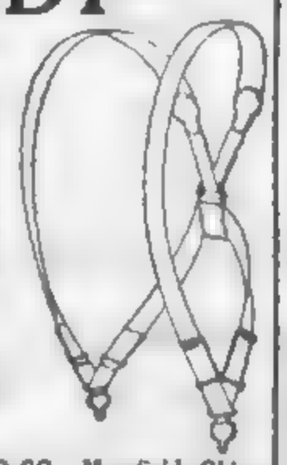

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Write for further details

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Detroit, Mich.

5A MOTOR ROBES

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 34)

his relatives who had helped him to acquire it. He was the one plunger who always played them from the ground and got away with it. Like as not the main secret of his success or the why of his uncanny knowledge concerning race horses and race-track activities, or his vision, or luck, or whatever you want to call it, died with him, because those who were most closely associated with the Pittsburgh plunger during his lifetime have not been conspicuous on the track since his demise.

In appearance George Smith looked more like a divinity student than anything else. His apparel was always severely plain. He was directly at variance with the popular conception of a roistering race-track plunger. In manner he was gentle, almost diffident, polite and courteous to all, still not the kind of man from whom one would expect an exchange of confidences. It is reasonable to predict that had he followed any other calling and branched out in the business world he would have been a success from a monetary standpoint, because Pittsburgh Phil was system personified. He had all the boys who tell you about efficiency and method and the saving of excess energy lashed to the mast. He came on the turf without any particular flourish of trumpets. He departed as quietly as he came and he hung up a record that will stand for many a day.

The funny part of it was that the bookmakers always reached eagerly for Pittsburgh Phil's bets, notwithstanding the fact that he was so successful. The reason for this was that they argued that some day he would slip a cog and slide down the toboggan like the rest of the big betters who had made so many advents and exits. But he fooled them. He had not come back like the common or garden variety. He just kept on going and died a winner—died with the reputation of being perhaps the only big operator the American turf ever produced who met all comers in the betting ring, played the horses from the outside and took the long end of it for his.

On the distaff side of the house there have been few big betters, because the average woman wants to bet a little and bet it often. At the same time, when the female of the species gets the race-track fever it is pretty hard to wean her away from it. In the early days and in localities where racing was conducted almost continuously the fact that so many women became regular attendants at the races and gambled off every cent they could get their hands on had more perhaps to do with the adverse legislation against race tracks than anything else.

There were very few men—even those who gained their livelihood by working in or about the tracks—who were not outspoken against this evil, and in that one respect at least the "Wousers" who were behind the crusade against racing did creditable work.

The most daring female race-track plunger of the old days lived in Chicago. Her husband owned one of the largest racing stables in the West; in fact, at one time in the caliber of the horses and from a numerical standpoint it was one of the largest stables in the world.

Strange to say, this man never bet on his horses himself but was content with whatever they won in the way of stakes or purses. The lady, however, did gambling enough for a whole flock of families.

One day out at Washington Park this woman bet sixty thousand dollars on a horse belonging to her husband. He was second choice in the betting and ran head and head with the favorite all the way round the track and right down to the draw gate. Then ensued one of those hair-raising, heart-disease, sudden-death finishes, with both horses and riders straining every nerve to gain an advantage of a few inches.

Standing to win a hundred and twenty thousand dollars or to lose sixty thousand, the lady sat and watched the contest without batting an eye. The horses crossed the finishing line so close together that an ordinary blanket would have covered them both. No one but the judges could tell which had won. There was a slight delay before the numbers were hoisted, and when they were, that of the favorite went up first on the indication board.

"Tough luck," sympathized a friend who occupied a seat in the female plunger's box.

"But what's the matter? You don't appear to mind it any more than if you had lost five dollars."

"Why should I?" replied the other coolly and without displaying the slightest emotion. "It's not tough on me. The joke is on the bookmakers, because I'll never bet another cent on the races as long as I live."

And then the wonderful thing happened, because as if to demonstrate the glorious uncertainties of the turf, the jockey who rode the horse on which this lady had bet a fortune climbed into the judges' stand and claimed a foul. Would you believe it? The judges allowed the claim and she won her money after all. But if any lady ever got a sensation on the race track that woman surely did, though from her words or manner no one could have sensed that it made the slightest difference to her one way or the other.

There have been other women who bet big money, of course, but none of them had the nerve of the lady from Chicago. She began where they left off.

John W. Gates stands alone in the history of the American turf as the colossal plunger; but, of course, he cannot be classed with the men who made their money betting on races and lost it through the same channel. Everyone knows that Gates made his money in business. He was a tremendously wealthy man and the actual loss or gain of money meant little to him. They used to call him Bet-a-Million Gates and it is said by those who know that frequently in the good old days when one would find sixty-odd bookmakers doing business in the ring, his bets for the day would often total round the million mark.

Gates would simply walk up to a bookmaker and inquire how much money he would take on a certain horse. Then he would bet whatever amount the bookmaker designated. In one of his pilgrimages round the ring it was not unusual for him to bet a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on one race.

Like many others who loved to gamble on the horses, Gates was interested in a racing stable. At the outset the racers carrying his colors were wonderfully successful, but after a while they commenced to lose. Gates loved to gamble to the last. Toward the close of his life, however, he was not nearly so enthusiastic a supporter of the turf. They could not break him or even make a dent in his armor, because he had too much money. But they beat him so often that they made him respect the high card; and it is safe to figure that his racing experiences and his battles with the bookies put him many millions on the wrong side of the ledger.

When Bet-a-Million Gates first made his appearance on the turf the touts used to say that any stable boy could get the Chicago plunger to put a bet down for them. But toward the last the agile-minded gentry numbered Gates among the wary birds, and as one turf adviser expressed it: "Gates was educated until nobody could tell him nothin' about nothin'."

In this connection he ran to the form of all those who had preceded him and of the army which are following along every day. They all get educated if they stay long enough on the turf—wised up until they don't believe that cherries ripen or that trees have leaves or that rain falls perpendicularly.

Of course I have not mentioned many of the other notable plungers who from time to time lent color to the betting ring. Nearly every season saw a new one, but with few exceptions their histories were all the same—they came, made a splurge for a few minutes and passed on.

Turning to the other side of the betting ring and taking the bookmakers' end, this branch of endeavor has produced many unique characters. There was old man Al Burton, for instance.

Burton was a tall gangling Tennesseean, who when in the humor would take any kind of a bet. He was reputed to own most of the stock in the street-railway system of one of the largest cities in the South.

Burton's shibboleth was that the public couldn't pick them, and when he thought a horse did not have a chance to win he

(Continued on Page 185)

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MEAN HEALTH

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Ye Jolly Little Tailor

THERE'S no mistaking that air of distinction expressed in correctly tailored clothes, and there *must* be something more than friendly interest to inspire one's friends to ask—

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No tailor's mark ever expressed more in integrity, more in quality, more in authenticity of style, or more in value than that to which our host of patrons point in answer—

This superior tailoring service is within your reach through our Ed. V. Price & Co. dealer in your town. Write us for a copy of Togs, the book of correct styles for particular men

Ed. V. Price & Co.

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CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Your Barber on the Limited—why does he use this type of Razor?

EVEN on speeding, suddenly swerving Limited trains, barbers shave you with razors of the GENCO type.

Barbers *everywhere* keep right on shaving customers and themselves with professional blades. Were there any better for shaving purposes, they would use them, for barbers are noted for the despatch with which they have always taken advantage of all improvements. One fact barbers thoroughly understand: A perfect shaving edge for one good shave can be had on any blade only by stropping.

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The GENCO is built to strop. It has a broad back; its blade is concave ground; it is ground with a slight bevel immediately behind the edge. These three features cause the blade to meet the strop at precisely the correct angle. Its business-like shaving edge can be renewed with a few easy strokes.

Call on your dealer and inspect GENCO Razors. Each one is hand-forged and hand-ground by master cutlers, of special, high-grade steel. This guarantee goes with each one: "GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

Ask your dealer to show you our razors.
If he hasn't them, we will supply you.

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Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

Have you ever stropped a blade scientifically designed to strop —a blade made with a broad, firm back, hollow ground, and swelling into a slight bulge to give back-bone to the edge? This blade can be stropped by you as easily as by your barber. The blade meets the strop at just the correct angle to assure a perfect shaving edge.

Genco RAZORS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

(Continued from Page 182)

would always lay several points more against him than any other bookmaker in the ring. He had several pet maxims and was quite a philosopher in his way. When he wanted to give counsel of special weight, he always commenced by saying, "Don't bet on anything that can talk." His favorite beverage was champagne and plenty of it—in fact he rarely ever drank anything else. Then he would mount his block in the betting ring and yell like a Comanche Indian: "Come on if you want to back 'em."

When Burton felt like that you could bet him a king's ransom without making him turn a hair.

Sometimes, of course, he got out of line and the sharpshooters stung him good and plenty. But in the main his theory stood up. The public couldn't pick them—not as a regular thing—and as Burton had lots of money behind him, he was always able to come back to the old stand the next day. He knew better than anyone else that they couldn't continuously do the guessing and win his money.

After a particularly bad day like as not Burton would parade round the corridors of his hotel in the middle of the night. Guests who were still awake could hear him knocking his head against the walls and taking himself to task.

"Yo damned ole fool, Burton!" he would exclaim. "Yo infernal ole idiot! Who told yo, Burton, that yo could make book? And won't yo please tell me, Burton, how come yo got it in yo fool head that yo knew anything about race hosses? Mules for yo, Burton! That's what I said—mules! When yo die, Burton, if yo ever come back to this country, like folks say folks do, yo is goin' to be a gray street-car mule. That's what's goin' to happen to yo, yo miserable old fool, Al Burton."

Burton was a character, but whenever he thought he was right and that you were wrong, oh, boy! You could bet him till the cows came home. When he died he left a very large fortune. But Burton never gambled on the outside. He had only one system. He let the public do the choosing and he got their money.

Then there was "Virginia" Carroll, an impressive-looking and well-educated Southerner who took the booking end of it for his. Carroll was the quickest thinker the race track ever harbored; moreover, a master of invective and repartee.

Once on a wet day when a crowd was swarming round Carroll's book and as he was taking the money as fast as he could, a seedy individual approached and pointing with his umbrella expressed his desire to bet on a horse that was quoted at a hundred to one on Carroll's slate.

It was too small a bet for the high-rolling bookmaker to bother with—and besides he was busy. So he kept pushing the umbrella to one side. But this did not faze the bedraggled patron, who persisted in pointing at the horse of his choice.

Finally Carroll in desperation grabbed the rain protector and threw it into the booth behind him.

"One hundred umbrellas to one umbrella!" he shouted to his sheet writer—and so the bet was recorded.

There is an old race-track expression called "betting on the finger" It is a term which—being interpreted—means betting on credit. On another occasion a man whose reputation was not eighteen carat in the way of settling his bets or making good his losses approached Carroll's stand.

"I'll bet you a hundred on the top one!" he exclaimed, pointing with his finger at the bookmaker's slate.

Carroll pushed the man's hand aside.

"Take it some place else," he enjoined. "I have a barrelful of pickled fingers at home now."

Another pioneer bookmaker, named Joe Gleason, made a fortune by laying odds that the public could not pick them to run first, second or third.

He was the originator of what is popularly known as the one-two-three book, and it goes to show more than anything else perhaps what Gleason thought the real percentage was against the man who has to do the picking.

Some people say that there is more money bet on the races to-day than there ever was. This may be so, but I doubt it, when one considers the big betters of bygone days.

They used to tell a story of the times when Isaac Murphy, the famous colored rider, went to ride for Lucky Baldwin of California. His first mount was on an untried two-year-old and as he had worked the colt Baldwin came to the jockey seeking advice.

"Is he worth a small bet, Isaac?" queried the master of Santa Anita.

"What do you call a small bet, Mr. Baldwin?" asked the rider.

"Oh, twenty or twenty-five thousand!" replied the California horseman carelessly.

Another anecdote is told about Gates. He was traveling in the South and a coterie of gentlemen belonging to a famous club knew that Gates loved to play poker. They also were aware of the fact that small stakes would not interest him. So they clubbed together and got a bank roll of forty thousand dollars. Then they invited Gates to sit in.

The Chicago plunger pulled out his watch.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he exclaimed heartily. "I'm mighty sorry I can't accept your hospitality this evening, but I have to catch a train."

"That's too bad, Mr. Gates," explained one of the prospective hosts. "That's very disappointing to us. Why, do you know, we have clubbed in together and have forty thousand dollars among us that you can shoot at? Doesn't that interest you?"

"Forty thousand?" laughed Gates. "Sure it does! I can't stay and play poker with you, but I've lots of time to flip a copper for it before I catch my train. That'll only take a minute."

Even the Chinaman has succumbed to the lure of the race track and "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" you have got to hand it to Little Pete, a Chinaman who flourished some eighteen or twenty years ago on the Pacific Coast.

When Pete undertook to beat the races he went right after the cube root of things. Race horses had to have riders and Pete sensed that if he could form a coalition with jockeys he could sew up racing. The wonderful part of it all was that this slant-eyed celestial did succeed in forming the strongest

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The people of this country demand of the Bell System the best possible telephone service. The one endeavor of the company, its only reason for existence, is to give the best possible service.

Every dollar the Bell System receives goes to provide telephone service.

Its entire receipts are expended on operation, upkeep and development. More than half goes directly to labor. The remainder is expended for materials, for the maintenance of plant and equipment, for the interest on money borrowed, for dividends on the investments of tens of thousands of shareholders, and for the payment of taxes assessed by public authorities. In its last analysis all telephone money goes for wages; wages for labor and wages for the necessary capital which investors have put to work in the Bell System.

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Corrects and prevents white stains on brick walls. Makes concrete walls waterproof. Cannot peel from mortar or brick because it penetrates like a stain.

Send for color card and dealer's name.

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ART PLAN BOOKS— Modern Bungalows" ... interior and exterior ... new, artistic ... and ... Modern Homes" ... 50 larger reproductions of ... tion and beauty ... many 2 story ... and practical ... to any ... on ... with $1.50. Send today, newest and best home ideas in America.

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Clothes worthy of your boy

YOUR son! A straight-across-the-shoulders young American. An upstanding, up-and-coming future citizen. The best is none too good for him. You'll agree to that, won't you? But how can you make sure that your boy has clothes worthy of the kind of youngster he is? Here's how!

"Get him a "Sampeck" Hand-Tailored Suit."

Then you may rest easy about fit. For Hand-Tailoring assures a graceful fit. You fathers know that.

Rest easy about style too. For *"Sampeck"* Hand-Tailored Clothes for boys reflect the latest style in New York—the fashion center of the world for boys' clothing.

You may perhaps wonder about economy. Ask yourself if you can ever remember a case where "quality" did not really pay.

So take your boy to the *"Sampeck"* apparel shop in your town. Get him into one of these hand-tailored suits- look him over and see if you aren't more proud than ever of him.

Sizes 7 to 18 years. And be sure to look for the *"Sampeck"* label in the inside pocket of every garment, whether it is a *"Sampeck"* Hand-Tailored suit for "dress up" occasions or a *"Sampeck"* Triple-Service Suit for school wear.

FREE TO BOYS!

The Boys' Book of Magic. Contains stories of the great magicians. And many magic tricks which you yourself can do. Send for it. In writing mention your clothier's name.

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"Sampeck"

HAND TAILORED CLOTHES FOR BOYS

combination to beat the races that the game has ever known. He actually formed a combination with four or five prominent jockeys.

They used to forgather in Pete's little hop joint every night and pick the winners for the next day. It is said that this combination hardly ever made a mistake. Their betting operations were conducted discreetly because they never bet too much. They won steadily nevertheless.

It took the race-track authorities many months of hard and expensive work to run down the Little Pete gang and by the time they did so the Chinaman who originated this system had acquired a comfortable fortune. Then his luck changed. He met a violent death at the hands of a Chinese gunman who evidently would not stand for Little Pete's monkey tricks.

There was the colored brother, too, because every game known in the world of sport—as is demonstrated by Mr. Cohen and other writers of negro stories—has its colored plunger.

The colored disciples of the game were in their glory along in the early nineties. They were headed by a negro boy from Nashville named Charlie Jordan. And they made their presence felt at a time when the large betting rings were as full of bookmakers as they would hold.

Jordan and his crowd pulled off one of the best things ever successfully engineered, with a chestnut horse named Frontenac, at the first meeting at Morris' Park. The colored confederacy were reputed to have taken the better part of a hundred thousand dollars out of the ring on this race and for a while they won just oodles of money.

Simultaneously, however, there arose a protest against the negro invasion. It was publicly charged in the press of the day that a colored riders' trust was in existence and the sleuths of the race track were put on the trail. It is very questionable whether they ever discovered anything of moment, because very little was given to the public, but somehow or another and dating from that time the colored riders became fewer in number as each season came round. To-day there are only one or two of consequence left.

It is hard to tell whether or not the fall of the black boys can be traced to the earlier turf activities of their brethren. But the fact remains that negro jockeys are no longer at a premium and that white boys have the call to-day.

The colored plunger disappeared as did his numerous white contemporaries. There are no more Charlie Jordans to keep the bookmakers awake at night. They all went broke.

The history of the turf is replete with hard-luck stories—as it naturally would be. A particularly tough one is recalled of a printer who worked on a New York paper. He bought a ticket on the great horse Hanover in the future books. It was months before the race would be run and this printer, having great faith in the famous racer, scraped together every dollar he could and bet on his choice at odds of fifty to one.

Hanover continued to do well in his training right up to a few days before the race. The printer used to go out to the track early every morning and watch him work. Everybody said he would win. I think the race was the Suburban.

Many men who knew that the sporting type sticker held a ticket calling for a long price against Hanover were eager to get it at a discount. He was offered five thousand dollars for it but refused because it called for ten if the horse won. Nothing but an accident could prevent that, but on the morning of the race the Dwyer brothers, who owned Hanover, scratched him. He did not start.

Of course this was a sad blow to the poor printer, but—metaphorically speaking—he girded up his loins and prepared to tempt fortune again. He bought a ticket in the Louisiana lottery. Three days before the drawing he found himself flat broke. He was out of a job and hungry. So he sold the ticket for five dollars—which was half its face value—to a bartender on the Bowery.

That ticket won the capital prize of fifteen thousand dollars and when the printer heard of it he went over to a cheap lodging house, hired a hall bedroom and blew the top of his head off.

As I said before, my master used to go over to the betting ring every day. He did not say much about his losses, but from a word I heard dropped here and there I knew that he was losing steadily. One evening he came back to the stable after the races were over and carelessly tossed a silver dollar over to Barney.

"What's this for, boss?" inquired the latter as he caught the coin deftly.

"Better hang on to it, Barney," enjoined my master. "Take good care of it, because it's the last of the family plate."

My master's finish in the betting ring was no different from the experiences of others, and so we found ourselves in the fall of the year with the races at St. Louis about to close and a long journey between us and New Orleans, which was our objective point. Barney took my master's split-second stop watch and pawned it for a hundred dollars to meet present necessities, but that did not give us enough money to set out for the Crescent City. I must needs leave the story of how we eventually got there for the next instalment of this narrative.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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60,000 Square Feet Occupied 32 Days After Starting Construction Above Ground

WE illustrate the construction of a warehouse built by Stone & Webster to operate in connection with Kauffman's, THE BIG STORE, in Pittsburgh. The building is 292 x 206 feet (60,000 square feet per floor) and 81 feet high, designed for a floor load of 200 pounds to the square foot, and is a heavy enduring structure.

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The entire superstructure was erected in 88 working days.

In accepting the building the client wrote:

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We began serving this Company and its engineers Messrs. Hunting&Davis at the earliest inception of the project, another instance showing that satisfaction is best assured if we work *with you* rather than *for you*, and if we begin when your plans for new construction or equipment are first taking shape.

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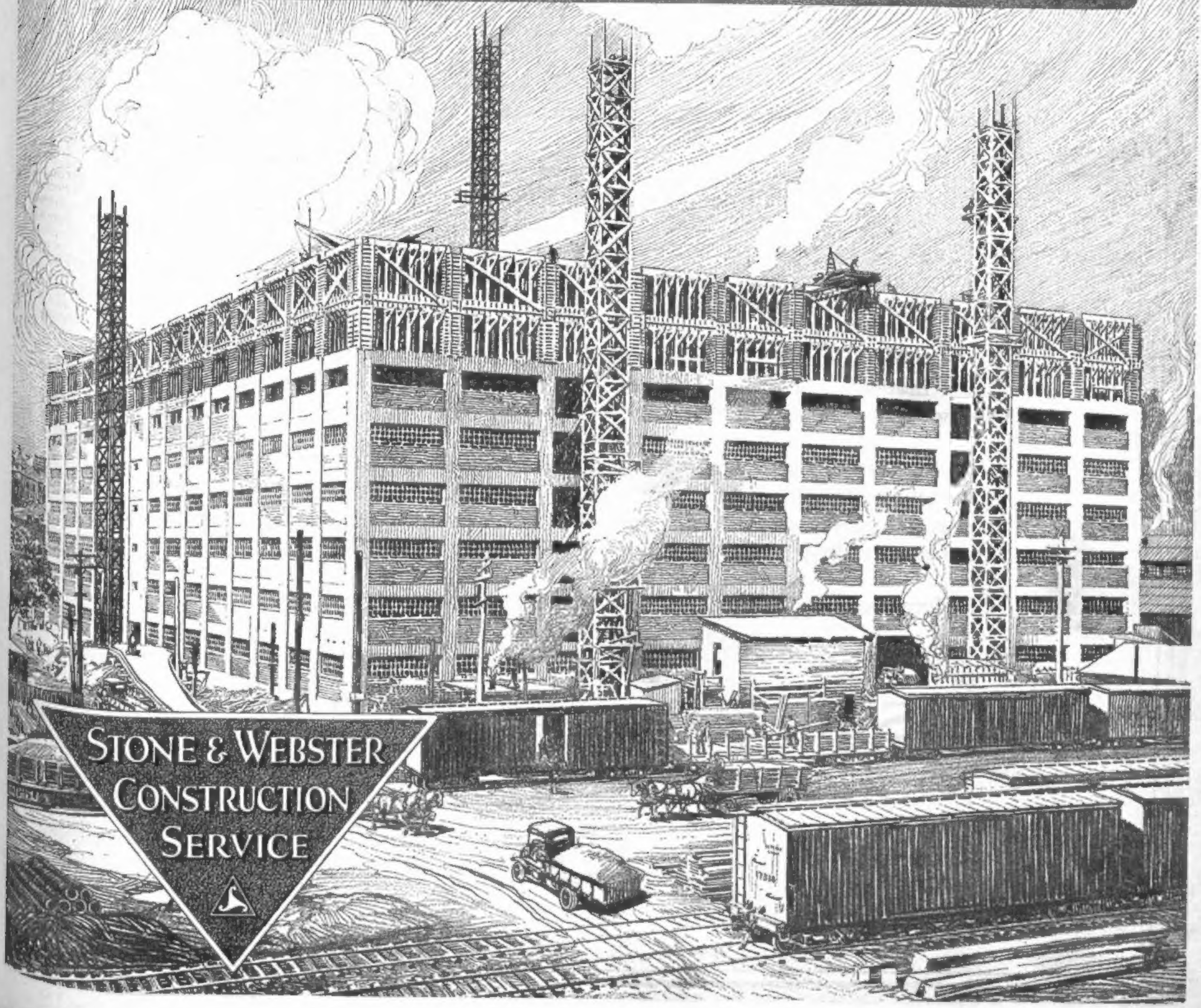

Facts

1. There are more than 150 buyers on the Chicago live stock market, other than buyers for the larger packers, all of whom are in direct and keen competition.

2. The membership of the Institute of American Meat Packers is made up of more than 150 packing plant representatives, in addition to representatives of the larger packers.

3. In addition to the packers represented above there are slaughtering plants in cities and towns all over the country which supply local needs. Products from all of these, together with meat dressed on the farm, come into competition with products of the larger packers.

4. Swift & Company is in active competition with all other packing houses throughout the United States, and is not in combination with anyone in the purchase of live stock or in the sale of products therefrom. Prices are governed by natural causes.

5. Swift & Company's 1918 total profit from all sources averaged a fraction of a cent per pound on all products! These figures are verified by certified public accountants.

6. Packer profits have a smaller effect on prices than the profits of any other industry—a fraction of a cent per pound—approximately 5 cents per week for the average family.

7. Large sized concerns can cope most economically with the tremendous production, transportation, and distribution problems of feeding this country and Europe. Large concerns are necessary for long distance business and by-product efficiency—local concerns for local needs.

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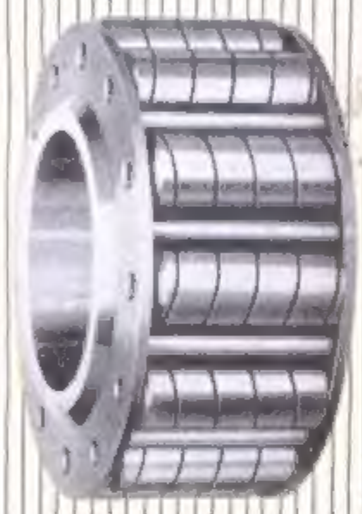

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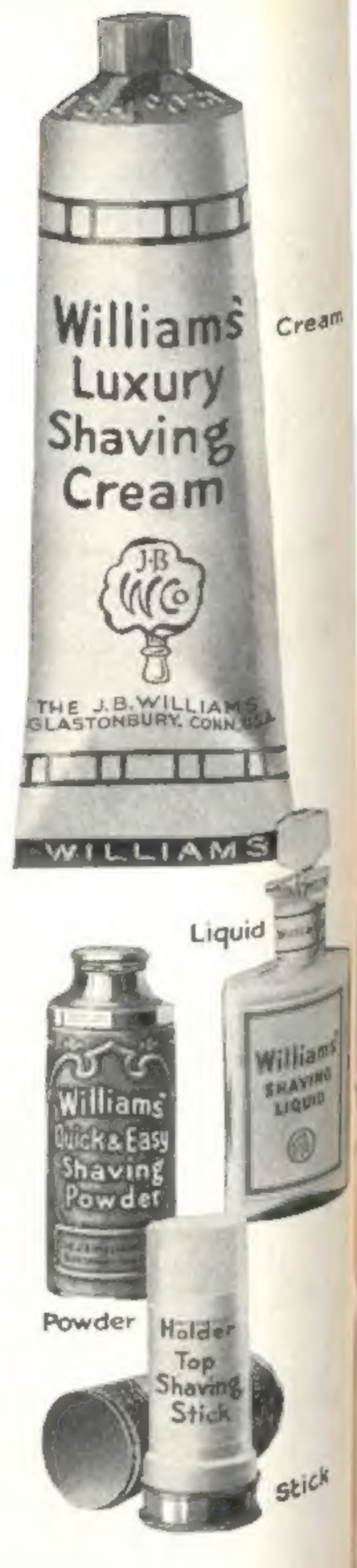

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After the shave or the bath, you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Wild Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

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If you prefer a shaving cup, as many do, ask your dealer for Williams' Shaving Soap or Williams' Barbers'

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